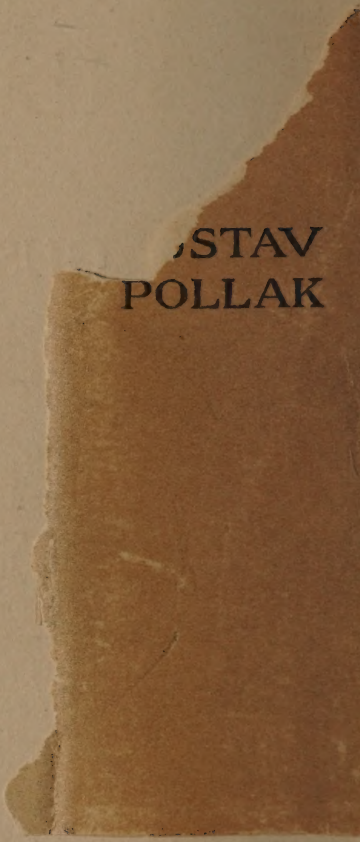
FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

BY

GUSTAV POLLAK

For half a century the New York Nation has ranked with the London Spectator as an organ of enlightened opinion. During that time it has consistently stood for a healthy idealism in public affairs.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of its founding, Gustav Pollak, a veteran staff contributor, has sketched its history and gathered together a number of the most important articles that have appeared in its pages. The result is a really notable volume, containing papers of permanent significance by such men as Godkin, William James, Carl Schurz, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and constituting an illuminating commentary on the last half century of American social, political, and literary history.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FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

THE NEW YORK NATION

1865-1915

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

THE NEW YORK NATION
1865–1915

SELECTIONS AND COMMENTS

BY

GUSTAV POLLAK

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PREFATORY NOTE

PART I of this volume embodies, with various additions, the substance of my article on "The *Nation* and its Contributors" in the Semi-Centennial Number of the *Nation* (July 8, 1915). Part II reflects the spirit of the *Nation's* comments, from year to year, on important questions of the day. Part III consists of twenty-four representative essays. Hundreds of contributions of similar value and interest, by men of eminence in widely different pursuits, might easily have been selected.

My thanks are due to The Macmillan Company for permission to quote from Rollo Ogden's *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin.*

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1915.

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FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

I

THE NATION: ITS EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

THE NEW YORK NATION

1865–1915

FEW periodicals in the history of journalism can claim, like the *Nation*, to have preserved their original features essentially unchanged during fifty years of continuous existence. The *Nation* of the present day may safely challenge comparison with the number which, on July 6, 1865, was issued by Edwin Lawrence Godkin, as editor-in-chief, and Wendell Phillips Garrison, as literary editor. The two men who thus stamped their individuality on a journal prized equally by two succeeding generations of thoughtful readers must indeed have possessed rare qualities of mind and character. Godkin and Garrison were as dissimilar in temperament and in their philosophy of life as two men of equally high ideals could well be, but they supplemented each other in a way which made their joint editorial work a solid unit.

There are two excellent sources from which to reconstruct the lives of these remarkable men as far as their connection with the *Nation* is concerned, — Rollo Ogden's "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," and J. H. McDaniels's "Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison." Striking tributes to their memory, perpetuating their individual traits, were recently paid in the *Nation* itself by Lord Bryce, W. C. Brownell, Professor A. V. Dicey, Judge Charles C. Nott,

and others. The brief outlines of Mr. Godkin's life, prior to the founding of the *Nation*, are as follows:

Edwin Lawrence Godkin was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, on October 2, 1831, as the first child of his parents. Both were of English ancestry, and his father, the Rev. James Godkin, a Presbyterian minister of literary talents, after being forced from his pulpit on account of his espousal of the cause of Young Ireland, became a journalist of some distinction.

Young Godkin received his early education at a preparatory school at Armagh, and, at the age of ten was sent as a boarder to Silcoates School, Wakefield, Yorkshire. At school, he did not particularly distinguish himself, except as editor of a magazine published in boy-fashion. Being rather delicate in health, Godkin, after leaving school, pursued his studies for some time at home under the tuition of an uncle, the Reverend John Edge. He then entered the classical department of the Royal Institution, Belfast, under Dr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas W. Moffett. In 1846 he enrolled in Queen's College, Belfast, where he won a scholarship, although, in the words of his biographer, Mr. Rollo Ogden, "his academic career was rather promising than distinguished." We are told that "he was fond of dancing parties and amusements." After graduating at Queen's College in 1851, he went to London to study for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Almost immediately, however, he found employment with the Cassells, a house with which his father had been connected, and for a time he was sub-editor of their magazine.

In 1853, at the age of twenty-one, he published his first book, "A History of Hungary," a work of considerable merit, of which years later, writing to Charles Eliot Norton, Godkin said characteristically: "I am forced to admit that the philosophical reflections scattered through

it are fearfully profound. Indeed, on looking through it, I am surprised that the production of so much wisdom at that early age did not exhaust me more."

In the same year in which he published his first book, Godkin began his correspondence from the Crimea to the London *Daily News*. A connection was thus begun that lasted through many years of Mr. Godkin's life. The Crimean letters and those which he wrote later from the United States attracted, as they deserved, wide attention.

Mr. Godkin returned from the Crimea to England in 1855, and for some months of the next year was on the editorial staff of the Belfast *Northern Whig*. In November, 1856, he came to America, as he had long wished to do. After undertaking a tour of the South, which he described in a series of remarkable letters to the *Daily News*, he settled down in New York to read for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1858. In 1859 he married Miss Frances Elizabeth Foote, of New Haven.

After a tour abroad lasting about two years, he returned to America, and was for a short time on the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. On July 6, 1865, his real career began with the founding of the *Nation*.

The project of establishing a high-grade weekly [says Mr. Ogden] [1] was in Mr. Godkin's mind long before the day of realization. He often talked of it with his friends in New York and Boston, New Haven and Cambridge. Dr. Gilman recalls his speaking about it in the Yale Library. He frequently canvassed it in his correspondence. To him the dearth was evident. He felt that he, with the talent that he might be able to enlist, could make it good. In the periodical press, he believed that the educated men of America were not fairly represented. Daily newspapers were hurried, partisan, clamorous, inter-

[1] Rollo Ogden, *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin.*

ested. Weekly publications were narrowly denominational, or else gushing, superficial, ignorant, inadequate. How to give the culture and sound judgment of the United States fit voice was the question. Mr. Godkin debated it with many friends, probably oftenest and most earnestly with Professor Charles Eliot Norton and that alert and fertile intelligence, Frederick Law Olmsted.

Mr. Olmsted's connection with the incipiency of the *Nation* was the closest. He had elaborated in 1864 with Mr. Godkin the scheme for a journal such as actually emerged a year later. Olmsted died, famous as the landscape architect of Central Park, in his eighty-second year, August 28, 1903.

The plan so long meditated by Mr. Godkin [says his biographer] came at last to fruition suddenly. A new and powerful ally appeared in the person of James Miller McKim, of Philadelphia. This philanthropic abolitionist had the interests of the freedmen deeply at heart. He had cast about to find a newspaper in their behoof, and had already secured backers in his own city and in Baltimore. A subordinate motive was to create an editorial position for Wendell Phillips Garrison, a recent graduate of Harvard, and at the time literary editor of the *Independent*, who was about to marry his daughter. Hearing in New England of Mr. Godkin's project, McKim proposed joining forces. This furnished the last and decisive push. Norton rallied the Boston friends. In New York, Mr. Godkin obtained adherents. All told, forty stockholders provided the capital of $100,000. So great a number assured a wide interest, but involved difficulties and misunderstandings about policy and control.

Mr. Garrison was but twenty-five when he became Mr. Godkin's associate. He was the third son of William

Lloyd Garrison and Helen Eliza Benson, and was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, June 4, 1840. His boyhood was passed amid the agitation of the anti-slavery struggle, of which the paternal home was the very centre. He attended the Boston public schools, — the Quincy, the Dwight, and the Latin, — and entered Harvard in 1857. He graduated in 1861, and, after two years of private teaching and tutoring, decided to devote himself to journalism, his first work being on the staff of the New York *Independent*, then edited by Theodore Tilton, which he joined in January, 1864. The following year he came to the *Nation*.

The prospectus issued by the publishers of the *Nation* clearly set forth the aims of the paper. It said:

ITS MAIN OBJECTS WILL BE

First. The discussion of the topics of the day, and, above all, of legal, economical, and constitutional questions, with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press.

Second. The maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government, and the advocacy and illustration of whatever in legislation or in manners seems likely to promote a more equal distribution of the fruits of progress and civilization.

Third. The earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South, as a matter of vital interest to the nation at large, with a view to the removal of all artificial distinctions between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race of life.

Fourth. The enforcement and illustration of the doctrine that the whole community has the strongest interest, both

moral, political, and material, in their elevation, and that there can be no real stability for the Republic so long as they are left in ignorance and degradation.

Fifth. The fixing of public attention upon the political importance of popular education, and the dangers which a system like ours runs from the neglect of it in any portion of our territory.

Sixth. The collection and diffusion of trustworthy information as to the condition and prospects of the Southern States, the openings they offer to capital, the supply and kind of labor which can be obtained in them, and the progress made by the colored population in acquiring the habits and desires of civilized life.

Seventh. Sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art.

To this was added the promise:

The *Nation* will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

In a general way, Mr. Godkin sought the models for his paper in England, but there were essential differences between the *Nation* and such periodicals as the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. At all events, the type of journal Mr. Godkin had in mind was new to American journalism.

The *Saturday Review*, established in 1855 [said Lord Bryce],[1] was for the first ten years of its life, and to a less degree for the first twenty, the most brilliant journal that England had known, commanding the pens of an extraordinarily large number of men of first-rate literary talent. It was, however, much stronger on its literary than on its political side, for in politics it was always critical rather than constructive, having no positive views to advocate, and influential chiefly by its keenly destructive cynicism and air of intellectual superiority — attributes which made John Bright call it the Saturday Reviler, and provoked Thackeray into dubbing it the Superfine Review. The *Spectator* was a very different sort of organ. Unlike the *Saturday Review*, in which all sorts of different minds and casts of opinion were visible, the *Spectator* was written almost entirely by two men, Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend. Hutton was the greater of the two, and indeed one of the best English public writers of the nineteenth century, but Townsend's vivacious and almost reckless audacity in stating his views, always ingenious and often paradoxical, helped to give the paper a distinctive character. Down till 1866, when it parted from Mr. Gladstone on the question of Irish Home Rule, it was a bulwark of the Liberal party.

The *Nation* resembled the *Spectator* in devoting its opening pages to comments on current events, and also in the definiteness of its political programme, while it recalled the *Saturday Review* in the pungency of its tone as well as in the excellence of its literary criticism. It was, however, no mere imitation, either of those journals or of any other, but a new creation which brought new elements into the American press.

Mr. Godkin was under no illusion as to the difficulty of establishing in the United States a paper such as he had planned. He knew that he had to create his audience

[1] Article on "Two Editors" in the Semi-Centennial Number of the *Nation*.

and, in a manner, to educate his contributors. "It is very difficult," he wrote to Olmsted, "to get men of education in America to handle anything with a light touch. They all want to write ponderous essays if they write at all." However, he hopefully admitted, "people of the lighter sort turn up every week unexpectedly."

The first number of the *Nation* showed how high Mr. Godkin's ideals as to the conduct of his paper were from the outset, and how well he had succeeded — better than he seems to have been aware himself — in gathering together a few men who could handle weighty subjects with a light touch. Foremost among these was Charles Eliot Norton.

It is difficult to overestimate the aid rendered to the *Nation* by Mr. Norton during the years when the experiment of conducting a journal of its character in this country was on trial. "If the paper succeeds," wrote Mr. Godkin, in one of his letters to Norton (July 6, 1866), "I shall always ascribe it to you"; and when the success of the *Nation* was assured, Mr. Godkin could say: "Its existence is largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me."

Norton's contribution to the first number of the *Nation* was a review of Richard Grant White's first volume of his edition of Shakespeare, followed, in the second issue, by a memorable essay on "The Paradise of Mediocrities" — more hopefully patriotic, as we now see, than was conceded at the time. From among Mr. Norton's contributions during the early years of his active connection with the paper, one recalls a few whose very titles show the variety which his pen lent to its columns: "Draper's Civil Policy of America," "Tuscan Sculptors," "Waste," "The American Lectureship at Cambridge, England," "Sir Alexander Grant's Ethics of Aristotle," "Mr. Long-

fellow's Translation of the Divine Comedy," "Mr. Emerson's Poems," "The Harvard and Yale Memorial Buildings," "Female Suffrage and Education."

Among the other contributors to the initial number of the *Nation* were Professor E. W. Gurney, of Harvard ("Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism"); the essayist, Charles Astor Bristed, better known by his pseudonym of "Carl Benson" ("Critics and Criticism" and "Club Life"); G. P. Marsh, the philologist and diplomat ("Were the States Ever Sovereign?"), and Henry James, father and son, the former of whom, well-known as a Swedenborgian philosopher and a gifted essayist, wrote on "Carlyle's Frederick the Great," the latter on "The Noble School of Fiction." Professor Gurney held the chair of history at Harvard, and for a time taught Roman law. As Dean he was President Eliot's principal adviser in the extension of the elective system. He was for a year editor of the *North American Review*, after Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton withdrew from it. His contributions to the early numbers of the *Nation* were marked by his extensive knowledge of the classics, modern as well as ancient, and his wide reading in the fields of philosophy, law, and politics. George Perkins Marsh, for more than twenty years United States Minister to Italy, was one of the foremost American scholars of his time. Equally interested in matters of philology and the natural sciences, he published a "Compendious Grammar of the Icelandic Language" and a remarkable work on "The Earth as Modified by Human Action." Besides his striking series of articles on the subject of State sovereignty already referred to, he contributed to the early volumes of the *Nation* a number of papers, entitled "Notes on the New Edition of Webster's Dictionary," and wrote on such subjects as "Pruning Forest-Trees," "Agriculture in

Italy," "The Mont Cenis Tunnel," "Physical Science in Italy," and "The Proposed Revision of the Bible." At the age of eighty he still contributed to the *Nation* a charming "Biography of a Word" and a letter on Lanciani's "Aqueducts of Ancient Rome." He died in July, 1882, at Vallombrosa, in his eighty-second year.

Other writers were probably represented in the first number of the *Nation*, but their identity can no longer be established. A comment, under the heading of "A Strange Story," on a letter written to the *Evening Post* by a chaplain of the First New York Volunteers, foreshadows the campaign against General Benjamin F. Butler waged by the paper for so many years with extraordinary skill and effectiveness. Mr. Godkin's own article on "The Essence of Reconstruction" and his paragraphs in the "Week" sounded the keynote of the *Nation's* campaign on the Southern question. And with the initial number began the *Nation's* long fight for civil service reform, in a paragraph on the need of protecting the President against the assault of "office-seekers, pardon-seekers, delegations and busybodies of both sexes, who threatened to make an end of him."

> It is lamentable [Mr. Godkin wrote] that some way cannot be hit on of sifting the President's business before it comes before him. This is done to a certain extent with his letters, but the men and women who want to see him reach him, chaff and all. The easiest way of doing it would be to render access to him more difficult. Whether this could be arranged without raising doubts of his "democracy," we must leave it to others to determine.

It took fifty years and the determination of a latter-day President to realize Mr. Godkin's prophetic hope.

Mr. Godkin seemed reasonably well satisfied with the

success of the first number of the *Nation*. He wrote to Mr. Norton: "No. I is afloat, and the tranquillity which still reigns in this city, under the circumstances, I confess amazes me. I hope you will like it. The verdict here seems favorable."

The second number of the *Nation* introduced, in a review of Praed's poems, a new member of the staff, John Richard Dennett, who for nine years, with the exception of a short period spent at Harvard as assistant professor of rhetoric, devoted his rare talents entirely to the *Nation*. He was but one year older than Mr. Garrison (twenty-six) when he became connected with the paper, and his maturity was as remarkable as that of the literary editor. The experience gained by Mr. Dennett, shortly after his graduation from Harvard, on a cotton plantation in South Carolina, and his thorough familiarity with all the phases of the Southern question, enabled him to act as the *Nation's* correspondent in the Cotton States, and he wrote in this capacity for the first two volumes of the paper a series of articles on "The South as It Is," which attracted wide attention. The first of these letters appeared in the third number. Through the whole of his short career the shadow of the disease to which he finally succumbed was upon him. "Of what he might have accomplished with a constitution better adapted to his surroundings," wrote the *Nation*, in its obituary tribute to him (December 3, 1874) "one got an idea, however faint, from his extraordinary powers of apprehension, which we have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed."

One who knew him well, and labored for the *Nation* side by side with him, wrote of Dennett recently: [1]

[1] Arthur G. Sedgwick, in an article on "The *Nation's* Critics" in the Semi-Centennial Number of the *Nation*.

Everybody who was near him in time at Harvard knew him at least by the reputation his class ode made in 1862 — Lowell speaks of it somewhere as having made a marked impression. He had very wide knowledge, both in literature and all "humane" reading, an incisive, and at the same time delicate, humor, and great fertility. His "South As It Is" remains his most enduring monument, likely, I fancy, to be referred to, as time goes on, as the most valuable contemporaneous picture of the South after the end of the Civil War. This was his smallest contribution to the *Nation*. He really *wrote* the *Nation* in enormous quantities, paragraphs for the "Week," political editorials (he had an extraordinary amount of knowledge of the details of contemporary politics, and also that exact memory for them which is so rare and valuable), social articles, and book reviews of remarkable originality.

Two other writers, whose connection with the *Nation* as more or less frequent contributors was lifelong, appeared in the second number — Daniel C. Gilman and Octavius B. Frothingham. It is interesting to notice that the future president of Johns Hopkins, in discussing the projected Cornell University, unconsciously outlined his own plans for the founding of a university, which he was later to carry into effect at Baltimore. He said in the number of the *Nation* referred to:

The new university, we presume, will not be fettered by precedents, but will mark out for itself a new path, enlightened by the past, but adapted to the present. . . . It may be intrusive for us to offer a suggestion to the managers of the new university, but we cannot refrain from doing so when we reflect how constantly in this country one error is repeated. It is not bricks and mortar, but men and books, which constitute a university. We delight in appropriate and decorated architecture. . . . But we trust that a desire for suitable edifices will not pre-

vent a supply of higher wants. Let first-rate teachers be first secured. Let no expense be spared to secure the highest educational ability which the country will afford. Then, as the scholars assemble, as the courses and plans of the university are developed, let such buildings go up as will best provide for the wants which have been created.

Mr. Frothingham was widely known as the head of the First Independent Liberal Church of New York, at one time the largest congregation in the city. His first contribution to the *Nation* was a review of Forsyth's "Cicero." Another clergyman of great scholarly attainments, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, contributed to the second number of the *Nation*. Dr. Thompson, in addition to filling the pastorate of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York City from 1845 to 1871, was, successively, editor of the *New Englander* and the *Independent*, and was recognized as a profound student of Oriental literature. His connection with the *Nation* lasted until his death, in Berlin, in 1879. Dr. Noah Porter, president of Yale from 1871 to 1886, also began to write for the *Nation* with the second number.

The name of Arthur G. Sedgwick is found as a contributor in the third number of the annotated file of the *Nation* (Review of Russell's "Canada"). He was the youngest of the remarkable group of young writers whose promise Mr. Godkin's keen eye so early discerned. Sedgwick was not yet twenty-one when he first wrote for the paper. A melancholy interest attaches to the reminiscences which Mr. Sedgwick contributed to the Semi-Centennial Number of the *Nation*, for barely a week after their appearance in print, he died by his own hand in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. His association with the *Nation* and Mr. Godkin was probably closer, and cer-

tainly more continuous, than that of any other member of its staff. Mr. Sedgwick, in the article referred to, thus outlined the nature of his work on the *Nation:*

My first connection with the *Nation* as a contributor was when I was living in Cambridge and practicing law in Boston, and editing with Oliver Wendell Holmes (now Justice Holmes) the *American Law Review.* For a year, I think, I wrote continuously for the paper, sending an article every week from Cambridge, in 1868 or 1869. I made the acquaintance of its editor — a source of lifelong friendship and instruction — through my brother-in-law, Charles Eliot Norton, who, as editor of the *North American Review,* had encouraged me to try my hand at writing, and who was one of the most interested promoters and contributors to the *Nation* from the beginning. Afterwards, from 1872 on, in New York, I had a much closer connection with the *Nation,* being in the office for several years with W. P. Garrison and J. R. Dennett. It was during this period that Mr. Godkin, after the death of his wife, went to live in Cambridge, remaining there for some two years. From 1881, for some three years, I was connected, as assistant editor of the *Evening Post,* with both papers at the same time. During one summer at a later period I went back, at Mr. Godkin's request, for a number of months to the office of the *Evening Post* to assist editorially while he was away. From 1865 to 1895 there were years when I wrote nothing, and periods when I may say that I wrote rather voluminously, not merely political and legal editorials, but social articles, paragraphs for the "Week," literary notes, and book reviews.

Mr. Sedgwick's brief summary does far less than justice to his work for the *Nation.* The mere quantity of matter contributed by him to its columns for more than forty years was prodigious; the style of the youthful writer showed marked individuality. It was, as Mr.

Brownell expressed it, in a letter to the *Nation* written after Mr. Sedgwick's death, "the acme of well-bred simplicity, argumentative cogency, and as clear as a bell, because he simply never experienced mental confusion." But from the beginning he wrote as one infused with the *Nation* spirit. What was true of him was true of the *Nation's* contributors in general. It was observed, early in the history of the paper, that a peculiar literary flavor and a certain uniform elevation of treatment, no matter what the subject, were among its chief characteristics. Mr. Lowell, in a letter to E. L. Godkin, dated September 25, 1866, remarked: "Every Friday morning, when the *Nation* comes, I fill my pipe and read it from beginning to end. Do you do it all yourself? Or are there really so many clever men in the country?"

With the third number of the *Nation*, Russell Sturgis, an authority on architecture and kindred subjects, began to write on the fine arts, his contributions continuing until his death, February 11, 1909. In the same issue appeared the first of three notable papers by Henry Villard, entitled "Army Correspondence."

The list of "regular or occasional contributors," published in that number, contained the names of Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, and James Russell Lowell. Whittier wrote a poem, "To the Thirty-ninth Congress," for the issue of December 7, 1865, but it does not appear that either Longfellow or Lowell, interested as they were in the new venture, felt moved to contribute to the first volume. Lowell, with characteristic humor, and with his equally characteristic inclination to procrastinate, wrote to Mr. Godkin under date of January 10, 1866:

> I have got something half written for you and hope to finish it to-day — some macaronic verses on the editorial sham-fight

at Richmond, under some such title as "Kettleo-Pottomachia." I am not yet sure whether it is not dull. However, I will send it, and you can use it or not, as you like. I had begun an essay on "Autographs" when I was drawn off by this. Meanwhile, I have raked out of my desk a little poem which I wrote for an autograph for the St. Louis Fair two years ago. (The Muse does n't come often to professors!) I do not know that it has ever been printed, and don't think it has. I send it merely to justify my name on your list of contributors. I will send you the macaronics in a day or two, and you may put them in the fire if you like.[1]

Evidently, the "macaronics" referred to are identical with the poem printed in the *Nation* of January 25, 1866, under the title of "A Worthy Ditty. Sung before the President his Excellency at Washington, to a Barrel-Organ Accompaniment." The "little poem," entitled "What Rabbi Jehosha Said," appeared in the previous number.

Mr. Lowell's poetic contributions to the *Nation*, though infrequent, were well-timed, and always produced a telling effect. They were generally on the political subjects of the day, such as his caustic "The World's Fair" and "Tempora Mutantur," both printed in August, 1875, and his "Campaign Epigrams," in the number of October 12, 1876. In a different vein were his touching tributes to three of his friends — the astronomer Joseph Winlock (*Nation*, June 17, 1875), the great physiologist, Jeffries Wyman (September 10, 1877), and Edmund Quincy (May 31, 1877), himself a valued contributor to the *Nation* from its foundation. Of Mr. Lowell's prose writings in the *Nation* only a few can now be identified with certainty, such as a letter on "Mr. Emerson's New

[1] Rollo Ogden, *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin.*

Course of Lectures" (November 12, 1868), a review of Henry James, Jr.'s, "Tales and Sketches" (June 24, 1875), two essays on "Forster's Life of Swift" (August 5 and 26, 1875), and a review of White's "Natural History of Selborne" (April 27, 1876).

With the third number, the *Nation* reached a circulation of five thousand copies, and Mr. Godkin felt hopeful of the success of his venture.

> We have got so much money [he wrote to Olmsted] that I don't think we can fail, unless by stupendous mismanagement. $100,000 *paid up*. My engagement is for two years, with complete control over the editorial department, payment of contributors, etc. . . . Our leading political aim is to secure equality before the law in all parts of the Union; all others are open questions, but I seek to have everything discussed more temperately and accurately than is usual. "Social articles," however, are my great need.[1]

The fourth number of the *Nation* marked the advent of two writers who were among the most important and prolific of all the contributors to its columns — William Francis Allen and Michael Heilprin. Allen was an historical scholar of rare attainments, who held the chair of ancient languages and history in the University of Wisconsin from 1867 until his death, in 1889. The *Nation* said of him, in its obituary notice, that he was perhaps the most constant, if not the most voluminous, contributor in the quarter-century of the journal's existence. Scarcely a number had appeared without something from his pen. His first essays were political, and connected with his visit to South Carolina in 1865. On that journey he noted down the old slave songs — words as well as music — which he afterwards embodied in a volume

[1] Ogden, *Life and Letters*.

("Slave Songs of the United States") that has remained the best work of its kind. The range of his interests was remarkable. He wrote in the *Nation* on minority, personal, or proportional representation, on civil-service reform, on city government, village communities, etc., and he reviewed, with competent knowledge, books on ornithology, political economy, English literature, and ancient and modern history. His character was in keeping with such mental endowments. His accuracy in literary matters was unfailing.

There was a certain intellectual and moral kinship between William F. Allen and Michael Heilprin. The extent of Mr. Heilprin's scholarship, as revealed in his contributions to the *Nation*, was during his lifetime known to comparatively few. On his death, in May, 1888, the editors wrote of him:

> How great is the loss sustained by American scholarship through the death of Mr. Michael Heilprin, the general public, owing to the man's invincible modesty, cannot know. To this journal and its readers it may fairly be pronounced irreparable, so largely has he contributed during the past twenty years to whatever reputation the *Nation* may have acquired for literary accuracy or breadth of information.

From the day he furnished in his first article — on "The Crisis in Austria" — a comprehensive sketch of the political history of the Empire since the revolution of 1848, Mr. Heilprin gave the *Nation*, in the words of the editors, "the benefit of his extensive command of all the leading tongues of modern Europe, besides the Latin and Greek classics, the Hebrew, and other Oriental speech." His knowledge of history, wrote Mr. John W. Chadwick (*Unitarian Review*, for September, 1888), was "nothing less than an epitome of its universal course." And as in

his articles on European affairs, so in his critical reviews, Mr. Heilprin set an encyclopædic standard for the *Nation* to which few literary periodicals in any language have been able to conform.

Mr. Heilprin's extraordinary intellectual grasp descended to his sons, Louis and Angelo, both valued *Nation* contributors. The three articles on the new Encyclopædia Britannica by Louis Heilprin (*Nation*, 1911) are undoubtedly the most comprehensive and authoritative review of that work that ever appeared in print. His brother, the naturalist, Angelo Heilprin, contributed to the *Nation*, among various scientific articles of general interest, an account of his visit to Martinique (*Nation*, August 20, 1903), where, a year previously, during the catastrophal eruption of Mt. Pélée, his indomitable courage and his rare powers of observation had won for him universal renown.

The work of creating a *Nation* public began, as we have seen, with the earliest numbers. From the start, and until they laid down their pens, Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison had, in their conduct of the paper, only one aim in view — to make it representative of the most enlightened American opinion. That they felt it necessary, in the beginning, to "educate their writers" (as Norton wrote to Lowell), as well as their readers, merely added zest to their task. But the paper was fortunate enough to have among its early contributors several who possessed something more than the art of "weekly journalizing." Young in years, but with all the maturity and grace of the master of the craft, Henry James and W. D. Howells wrote sketches and essays for the *Nation* which have long since passed into literature. The first volume contains, from Mr. Howells's pen, such reminiscences of his Italian days as "A Pilgrimage to Petrarch's

House at Arquà," "A Visit to the Cimbri," "A Day in Pompeii"; and for the second he wrote on "Certain Things in Naples," on "Massimo d'Azeglio," "Men and Manners on the Way from Ferrara to Genoa," etc. In addition, Mr. Howells contributed in 1865 and 1866 editorial articles to the columns of the *Nation*. Henry James, Jr., was barely twenty-two years of age when he wrote his article for the first number. Among his contributions to succeeding volumes of the *Nation* were critical papers on Miss Braddon, Walt Whitman, Eugénie de Guérin, and Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend."

Until a few months ago there was still among the living one of the most valued of the contributors to the first volume of the *Nation* — Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, who utilized his experiences in the Civil War in an editorial on "The West Point Military Academy" (December 28, 1865). He subsequently gave the *Nation* the benefit of his insight into military matters, in such papers as "Ought Soldiers to Vote?" and "The Militia System"; among his contributions to literary criticism were reviews of "Dowden's Shakespeare," "A Dictionary of English Phrases," and "Mrs. Oliphant's England."

Gradually the foremost American authorities in many fields gathered to the support of the editors of the *Nation*, solicited or unsolicited, most of them to remain true to the paper throughout life. Among these earliest friends — to mention only a few — were the scientist and philosopher, Chauncey Wright; the philologist, William Dwight Whitney; the jurist, Francis Wayland; the diplomatist and student of Russian history, Eugene Schuyler; the philanthropist, Charles Loring Brace, and the art critic, W. J. Stillman, widely known as the United States Consul, during a memorable period, at

Crete and Rome. His relations with Mr. Garrison were of the most intimate.

Chauncey Wright gave a course of university lectures on psychology in Harvard College in 1871, and three years later conducted there a course in mathematical physics. Professor William James wrote of him in the *Nation* at the time of his death, in September, 1875, at the early age of forty-five: "If power of analytic intellect pure and simple could suffice, the name of Chauncey Wright would assuredly be as famous as it is now obscure, for he was not merely the great mind of a village — if Cambridge will pardon the expression — but either in London or Berlin he would, with equal ease, have taken the place of master. . . . As little of a reader as an educated man well can be, he yet astonished every one by his omniscience, for no specialist could talk with Chauncey Wright without receiving some sort of instruction in his specialty." Wright's contributions to the *Nation* included articles on "Speculative Dynamics," "Sir Charles Lyell," "McCosh on Tyndall," and "German Darwinism."

Eugene Schuyler's varied diplomatic career was interestingly reflected in the articles and reviews furnished to the *Nation* during the quarter-century of his connection with it as a frequent contributor. He began to write for the paper with its ninth number, and a week before his death, on July 16, 1890, as Consul-General of the United States at Cairo, the *Nation* had a brief contribution from his pen. He wrote on "The Progress of Russia in Asia" not long before he was made Consul at Moscow, and during all his subsequent changes of residence — at St. Petersburg, where he was Secretary of Legation; on his travels in Central Asia; at Constantinople, where he was Consul-General; while he was Consul at Birmingham,

and as Minister-Resident to Greece, Servia, and Rumania — he continued to write for the *Nation*. His most important work is his two volumes on Turkestan.

The foreign correspondence of the *Nation* assumed from the beginning the character it has ever since maintained. Edward Dicey, for many years editor of the London *Observer*, sent his first letter to the *Nation* in August, 1865, and Auguste Laugel, a noted contributor to the Paris *Temps* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, began in December of that year a series of letters which ranged for a period of forty years over a vast field of French literature and political history. Laugel's connection with the United States dated from the Civil War, during which he accompanied the Orléans princes who served on McClellan's staff. He died in November, 1914, at Paris, at the age of eighty-four. Friedrich Kapp, one of the most prominent of the German patriots who sought our shores after the Revolution of 1848, and whose works on early German-American history are of lasting value, acted, after his return to Berlin in 1870, for many years as the *Nation's* Berlin correspondent. His connection with the paper began with the first volume, to which he contributed articles on Bismarck and the Prussian constitutional crisis. Dr. von Holst, the eminent author of the "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," who first began to write for the *Nation* in 1869, became one of its foreign correspondents after his return to Europe in the seventies. Jessie White Mario, a noble-souled Englishwoman, married to one of the Idealist leaders of the *risorgimento*, was for forty years the principal Italian correspondent of the *Nation*. Another valued writer from Italy for many years, after his withdrawal from Cornell, was Willard Fiske, widely known for his Petrarchan collections. The polyglot Karl Hille-

brand wrote occasional letters from Florence, outdone in absolute mastery of a foreign idiom by the Pole, E. Gryzanowski, whose comments on Italian events and philosophic discussions of certain aspects of the Franco-Prussian War ("International Ignorance," "Popular Notions of Prussia," etc.) are among the most brilliant pages of the *Nation*. Conspicuous among the correspondence from the British Isles were the London letters of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert D. Osborn, who had made India and Afghanistan his special province, and the first-hand discussion of Irish matters, as keen and farsighted as it was patriotic and humane, sent by Alfred Webb from Dublin. Leslie Stephen also wrote much, for a number of years, on British topics. That the *Nation* was so long privileged to retain on its list of London contributors the names of Lord Bryce and Professor A. V. Dicey is one of its chief distinctions. It is more than forty years since the *Nation* printed the first contributions of James Bryce and Professor Dicey. The number of June 18, 1874, contained the former's review of Cleasby and Vigfusson's "Icelandic Dictionary" — possibly not the first of his contributions to the paper. It is safe to say that few important contemporaneous events in British public life and the deaths of few British leaders in politics, literature, and science have been left uncommemorated in the pages of the *Nation* by its distinguished English contributors.

The editorial sanctum where so much important work was being prepared, presented a scene of singular simplicity and repose. Mr. W. C. Brownell, who in 1879 became a member of the editorial staff, has, in his article on "The *Nation* from the Inside" (Semi-Centennial Number) admirably rendered the spirit which prevailed in the *Nation* office.

Crossing Beekman Street some time in 1879 from the old *World* office to the old *Nation* quarters, and establishing myself at the third desk in the editorial rooms of the latter, was to me an event of more moment than if I had changed hemispheres. It was, of course, much more than graduating from daily into weekly journalism, though that in itself was desirable enough in the case of one whose first eight years out of college had been an experience of much variety and interest, no doubt, but one containing an element of drudgery that had finally lost any disguise of novelty. Moreover, the *World* office was no longer what it had been in the days of Mr. Marble, most appreciative of chiefs and most captivating of men. And the weekly in question was the *Nation*, association with which would have been the acme of any newspaper man's ambition who had distinctly literary predilections. It was certainly undreamed of by me when the good Stedman, always on the lookout for opportunities of beneficence, hearing Mr. Godkin speak of a vacancy in his office, introduced me to him, and so paved the way for me to, if not paradise, at least a veritable Land of Beulah.

To me, at any rate, the *Nation* had always worn a halo. I used to read it in college — what it contained that I was up to — and try unavailingly to think the *Round Table*, a short-lived Democratic venture, a real rival to it. Then in early Park Row days I had known Dennett, who was an intimate of some of my own circle on the *World*. And Dennett was from a literary point of view the most remarkable talent New York journalism has ever had; see Mr. Godkin's memorial of him in "Reflections and Comments," in which he speaks of Dennett's death as being an irreparable loss to the *Nation*. Acquaintance with Dennett would have keyed up any young writer's standards. His articles were fluid rather than articulated, and perhaps they would have gained in effectiveness if they had had more "argument." But his genius, which was unmistakable, was wholly untinctured with ambition, and he wrote as if to please himself,

though he could have had no severer critic. Of course, the substance of what he wrote was commensurate with his rare capacity and solid attainments; it is hard to hold one's hand in speaking of these. But his form was dictated mainly by fastidiousness. I remember his following a proof once to the printing-office to change "cheerful" into "cheery," as the epithet for some rascal or incompetent he had been writing about. What could be "neater" than his article on "Knickerbocker Literature," whose writers "we remember as forgotten"? In brief, the opportunity of following in his footsteps, however *longo intervallo*, was so stimulating as almost to overcome the diffidence it inspired.

The moral atmosphere of the office was ideal. I mean more in the extended, and not alone in our specific English sense, though in the latter it was perhaps even more marked. There was not only no temporizing, compromising, compounding with candor, in either major matters or in trifling; there was no partiality or ingenuity or bland indifference by which the devil may be, and so often is, whipped around the stump. There was in the *Nation's* field and conception of its function no temptation to anything of this sort, to be sure, which consideration may conceivably qualify its assessment of merit on the Day of Judgment — a day when we may hope the sins of daily journalism will, in consequence of the same consideration, be extended some leniency — but certainly cannot obscure the fact of its conspicuous integrity. There were people then — as now — that complained of its fairness; which involved, to my mind, the most naïve attitude imaginable, since it was the *Nation's* practice that had provided the objector with his criterion of fairness in journalism. Of course, he might assert that this was only a way of saying that the paper made extraordinary claims which in his estimation it failed to justify; but this was verbiage, the fact being as I have stated it.

But I also mean by moral atmosphere the peace, the serenity,

the gentleness, the self-respect, the feeling of character, that pervaded the office. We seemed, to my sense, so recently filled with the reactions of Park Row phenomena, "to lie at anchor in the stream of Time," as Carlyle said of Oxford — which, actually, we were very far from doing; there was never any doubt of the *Nation's* being what is now called "a live wire," especially among those who took hold of it unwarily — as now and then some one did. Mr. Garrison shared the first editorial room with me. Mr. Godkin had the back office. The publication offices were in front, occupied by the amiable Mr. St. John and his staff, which included a gentle and aristocratic colored bookkeeper who resembled an East Indian philosopher — plainly a Garrisonian protégé. The silence I especially remember as delightful, and I never felt from the first the slightest constraint; Mr. Garrison had the courtesy that goes with active considerateness. The quiet was broken only by an occasional interchange of conversation between us, or by the hearty laugh of Mr. Godkin, whose laugh would have been the most noteworthy thing about him, if he had not had so many other noteworthy characteristics; or by a visit now and then from Arthur Sedgwick, in my time not regularly "on" the paper, who always brought the larger world in with him (the office *was* perhaps a little claustral as a rule), or the appearance of Earl Shinn with his art or dramatic criticism — both the best written, if not also the best we have ever had in this country, and the latter, I think, so distinguished as to be unique.

Of course, there were visitors, contributors and candid friends, but mainly we worked in almost Quakerish tranquillity five days in the week during my incumbency.

All this, however accurate, does not convey an idea of the influence exercised by Mr. Garrison in the building up of the *Nation's* reputation for scholarship. How did it happen that a young man of twenty-five, from the

moment the paper was started, was able to make the literary part an unapproached model of excellence? By what art did he succeed in ever widening the circle of his eminent contributors, in so many diverse fields, and in retaining, for the paper and for himself, the friendship of so many men of widely differing characteristics? The answer may be found in the illuminating pages of Professor McDaniels's memorial volume.

In speaking of Mr. Garrison's letters to *Nation* contributors Mr. McDaniels justly remarks that they admit us to the editor's workshop — "they reveal, on the whole, the secret of his extraordinary fitness for his profession, his attention to detail, his painstaking accuracy, his unwearied interest in everything pertaining to his craft."

He had, for example, prepared most of the material for an exhaustive treatise on punctuation and syllabication, which began with the usage of Latin and Greek manuscripts and embraced a synopsis of the most careful practice in French, Italian, German, and English. . . .

Of his larger gifts and fitness for editorship, the *Nation* itself is a sufficient monument. His apprenticeship began early. As a matter of course his collegiate standing was very high, and he carried off from Harvard College an adequate and serviceable preparation for his future work. He took a catholic interest in a wide range of subjects, from geology to Greek literature. At the very period when Mr. Charles Francis Adams was a voice crying in the wilderness for the modern languages, Mr. Garrison came away with an accurate and sufficient introduction to German, French, and Italian literature — so intimate and vital that it is witnessed repeatedly in his verses, his correspondence, and his editorial work. At the same time he practiced his pen in the *Harvard Magazine*, he corrected proof in the office of the *Liberator*, and he managed to find time to supervise the educa-

tion of his brother Francis, a service of love and duty that could never be forgotten. He was therefore not a journalist by accident. He swept all this experience into his net.

Mr. Garrison's unfailing tact in making allowance for the proverbial sensitiveness of writers, coupled with a firm insistence upon the requirements of his paper, was the wonder of those who were privileged to work near him.

Copiousness [says Mr. Brownell] was naturally interdicted to the *Nation* in any case. Its field was universal, and its space was limited. Brevity was, therefore, a necessity, and yet the essay-like character of much of its matter tended to fulness. Mr. Garrison circumvented this with positive genius, and, though never interfering with their freedom of opinion in any task he had assigned them, with what probably seemed ruthlessness to those contributors who needed room to turn around in.

And Mr. Garrison "circumvented" much more than the exigencies of space. The *Nation* wanted men of independence as well as authority to write for it and this independence turned not rarely against the *Nation* itself. More than one eminent scholar, supreme in his field, and therefore indispensable to the *Nation*, refused to write any more for a paper which had taken liberties with his style; another gave similar notice because Mr. Garrison had omitted a Greek quotation in a footnote — yet a charming letter of exculpation from him never failed to soothe the wounded pride, and the irate contributor returned, in time, a greater admirer of the paper, and certainly a warmer friend of its literary editor, than ever before.

But while Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison were fully

prepared to cope with the difficulties inherent in the plan of the *Nation*, they met in the very first year of its existence with obstacles which they could not have foreseen. The stockholders had guaranteed Mr. Godkin complete independence in the conduct of the paper, but soon dissenting opinions arose among them; some, headed by Wendell Phillips, did not approve of the *Nation's* policy, and the heaviest stockholder, Major Stearns of Boston, even charged its editor with bad faith. Needless to say, the accusation had no real basis in fact. Mr. Ogden mentions it only in order to show "what superadded difficulties Mr. Godkin had to confront in founding the *Nation*." But he was determined to succeed, or at least to continue as long as the *Nation* represented his ideals.

He threw himself into the work unsparingly. Those who knew him only in later life would be surprised at the mastery of printing detail and business statement which he showed in his frequent letters to Norton. Nothing escaped him. He was fertile in suggestion; quick and docile in acting upon advice. Various plans were tried in the course of the first year in the hope of putting the *Nation* on its feet financially. Olmsted was brought in for a time as associate editor. The experiment was made, in the second volume, of a semi-weekly issue. The price was raised. The size was changed. But the end of the first year saw nearly all the capital drawn upon. Virtual liquidation followed. A faithful few stood by; the rest of the stockholders were bought out. Mr. Godkin took over the property, throwing up his contract for another twelvemonth, and, instead of the *Nation* Association, the proprietors were thereafter, E. L. Godkin & Co.[1]

The charge of being a "foreigner," and therefore incapable of editing a paper like the *Nation*, did not

[1] Ogden, *Life and Letters*.

seriously disturb Mr. Godkin's equanimity. In a letter to Norton he wrote (January 15, 1866):

Bowles of Springfield told me last week that he heard the subject discussed at a dinner party in Boston at which it was said that "an Englishman might be fit for the kingdom of heaven, but not to edit an American newspaper." I said the joke was good, but would have more sense if the most successful paper in America, in the common low sense of the word, and that whose influence has received the strongest acknowledgment from the public and from politicians, had not been conducted by a blackguard Scotchman. He mentioned also that a paragraph written by Garrison about Mr. Cobden, and put by him at the opening of the "Week," during my absence in the country, was cited as a proof of the English direction of my thoughts in editing the paper. The acuteness of some people is wonderful. Olmsted's coming in relieves my mind a good deal, particularly in ridding me of the hateful burden of over-caution. We go over all the editorial matter together, so that he is in fact, as well as in name, responsible for all it contains; but I am amused sometimes to think how little my assistants are likely to gain by the change. Bowles tells me that Emerson took back from here the news, or the idea, that Olmsted had "supplanted" me. This report I care nothing for. The only fear I had about his coming in was that it might seem an endorsement by more respectable men of Stearns's attacks on my character. But there is no danger of this, and you know how little I cared for the *fame* of editing the *Nation*, and how anxious I have always been to remain in the background. So I am very well satisfied to have it supposed that Olmsted writes every line of the paper. Fame has to be very well won before I either admire or care for it, and notoriety I abhor.

Let the matter end how it may, I think you and I may always look back on it with satisfaction, and look over our two or three

volumes of the *Nation* without any other regret than that it did n't succeed. If it failed to-morrow, I should feel myself abundantly repaid in having by means of it been brought into such close relations with so kind and sympathizing a friend as you have been. The worst charge that has arisen against me out of it is that I am an "Englishman," but I don't think my children will blush over it.[1]

Mr. Godkin did not, however, have to wait long for the praise of the most judicious among those who at first had been inclined to doubt the wisdom of placing him at the head of the *Nation*. Mr. Norton wrote to him:

Emerson spoke to me last week in warmest terms of its [the *Nation's*] excellence, its superiority to any other journal we have or have had; its breadth, its variety, its self-sustainment, its admirable style of thought and expression. It was the *amende honorable* made in his best of all possible ways.

Unaffected alike by praise and blame, the *Nation* pursued its course, dealing with its readers in a spirit of absolute frankness. A striking instance of its candor may here be quoted (*Nation*, October 24, 1867):

The New York *Tribune*, in commenting on our recent attempt to forecast the political future, imputes our prediction that the Republican party in this State will be defeated to a wish that it may be defeated. All we have to say on this point is, that there is nothing in the course of *The Nation* to warrant any such assumption. We have never professed to be a thick-and-thin supporter of the party, and have criticised it very freely; but we make bold to say that if anybody thinks it worth his while to run over our utterances on the leading public questions during the last two years, he will come to the conclusion that, had the Republican party always been of our way of

[1] Ogden, *Life and Letters*.

thinking, it would have done all the good it has succeeded in doing and would now be in no danger of defeat. We remember with great satisfaction that we denounced a good many "bold measures" when many politicians who, since the Ohio election, have been protesting that they always thought them foolish, were loud in their advocacy of them, and when anybody who sought to remind the public of the experience of mankind and the lessons of science ran the risk of being denounced as "weak-kneed," "weak-backed," or a "dilettante," if not a Copperhead. We recall with peculiar pleasure just now our course on impeachment, confiscation, excessive tariffs, vengeful legislation, Barnum, and the Fenians, and divers other schemes and questions of which the public is now witnessing the repudiation by their downcast authors. The whole thing only satisfied us more firmly than ever that the work of government here, as elsewhere, has to be done by reason and not by bellowing and hallooing. With regard to our unpleasant predictions as to the elections, we may explain — though for our own readers no explanation is necessary — that we never on any subject play the part of the Roman soothsayers. We do not put forward one thing in print and say another thing in private. We profess to supply opinions exactly as we have formed them, and not in the shape in which they will be likely to please or encourage or console. If they damage the Republican party or any other good party, we are sorry for it; but we cannot, for the benefit of that party, either say what we do not believe or suppress what we do believe, while professing to supply our readers with honest comments on public affairs. Moreover, we shall regret the defeat of the party as much as anybody; but the American nation is to live after the next State election and after the next Presidential election, and after every party now in existence; and it is because we believe it cannot live in any way that will be of any service to mankind unless politics can be made and kept purer than they are now, that we say our say without regard

to immediate consequences. We do not place any extraordinary value on our influence; but, as far as it goes, we are determined it shall only be exercised in a way that moralists — not party politicians — will approve. We treat our readers as grown-up men and women who can bear to hear the truth, and know how to reason from it with regard to their own duty, and not as children who have to have pretty stories told to them and fine promises made to them to keep their courage up.

The cry that the *Nation* was not thoroughly American in spirit was made to cover its literary columns as well as its political, and early in its career (March 1, 1866), the editors repudiated the charge in an article of great effectiveness, which is here reproduced entire:

OUR LITERATURE AND OUR CRITICS

We have seen in various quarters during the last six months the imputation thrown out that *The Nation*, as well as other literary journals, has devoted too large a portion of its space and attention, in its literary department, to the consideration of foreign literature and literary news, neglecting American books, and American authors, and the current subjects of American thought. We believe the charge was never seriously made by anybody who both read the paper carefully, and watched closely the sources from which our people draw their reading matter, and the class of topics which most occupy the attention of the studious portion of the public. But then it is just the kind of charge which finds ready acceptance with that large class who talk under the influence of vague impressions, and that still larger class who are morbidly sensitive touching the proper recognition of American talent, and can never thoroughly rid themselves of the idea that there is a conspiracy amongst the critics, both home and foreign, to rob it of its due.

Now in these cases there is, after all, nothing like facts, and

to the facts let us go. In the first volume of *The Nation*, from July 6th to December, 1865, there were ninety reviews of books, of which forty-five were devoted to foreign books and authors, six only of these being on books not republished in this country. There were also fifty-five short notices of books; of these not fifteen were of foreign books. In truth, then, more than half of our space devoted to literary criticism was taken up with reviews of American publications; and we have really to plead guilty to not having paid due attention to foreign literature.

Let us now see what books were published in the United States during those six months. We have taken the lists given in the "American Publishers' Circular," and, excluding directories and volumes of statute laws, we find 681 works. Some of these are probably counted twice, as the lists given are not always correct, and there are frequent repetitions which we have tried to make allowance for. Of this number, 105 are publications of foreign books; of the remainder, at least three-fourths are pamphlets, "dime novels," Sunday-school books, or law reports, which are excluded from literature proper. This leaves us about 140 books. Of these, again, some are new editions and some republications of early books and tracts printed privately or by literary societies. The forty-nine reviews and forty notices of American books in *The Nation* for that period cover, then, nearly the whole ground of the national literature. Some of the reviews are of books previously published, and some were published too late for notice in this paper at that time, and many were not worth notice; but the result will remain about the same.

Such has been the quantity of American literature for six months. As respects quality, there is also something to be said. In poetry we have had nothing but Brownell's small volume; in criticism no works of account except White's two volumes on Shakespeare and Botta's compilation on Dante; in history we

have had various chronicles of the war, by such writers as Headley and Abbott; but to call them "history" would be an abuse of language. We have had, however, to set them off, Parkman's "Pioneers"; and in biography the lives of Adams and Warren. There has been but one even respectable novel, Mrs. Stoddard's "Two Men." In theology we have had Bushnell's "Vicarious Sacrifice" and Hurst's "History of Rationalism." Some valuable contributions have been made to military science and military surgery. In mental philosophy we produced absolutely nothing; in political economy nothing but Professor Perry's manual, if we except the ton of pamphlets, some wise, some foolish, called forth by the condition of the currency. In general literature we have had Wheeler's excellent "Dictionary of Fictitious Names," Godwin's "Cyclopædia of Biography"; in political science, Draper's "Civil Policy"; and to these may be added a few good school-books to make up the sum total.

Let any one now go into Christern's or Appleton's or Scribner's, and look at the mass of books which lie on their tables or figure in their foreign catalogues every month, of history, criticism, metaphysics, philology, ethnology, jurisprudence, travels, natural philosophy, political economy — most of them the product of years of labor, and that the labor, in a very large number of cases, of the most gifted and highly cultivated minds in the world. Let him compare all this mountain of reasoning and research with what we have to show in the same fields, and then ask himself who is to blame if American literature does not occupy a larger share of the attention of American critics.

But does foreign literature occupy the attention of the American people in the ratio of the value of that literature? Yes, it does. Nearly all the great European works of the day are reprinted here — one hundred and fifteen during the six months ending December 31, 1865. Nearly all the books of any permanent value which American publishers produced during the

last two years, on history, on metaphysics, on physical science, on jurisprudence, and political economy, have been works of foreign authors. The large importing bookstores here are filled with foreign books — French, German, and English — which are sold and renewed constantly; books of a kind that never have been written here — books on art, on philosophy, on science. The call for such literature is very great, and rapidly increasing. And not only foreign books are largely read and reprinted, but foreign journals are reprinted here. Four English reviews and one monthly are reprinted bodily, some of them having a much greater circulation here than at home. Three or four other magazines are published simultaneously both here and in England. At least four periodicals are avowedly made up entirely of articles from English journals, and the rest of our journals, from *Harper's Monthly* down, are in a great part filled with English articles for which no credit is given. In fact, the reading matter of this country is almost entirely foreign. This, we admit, is an unfortunate state of things; we deplore it as much as anybody, more than most people, for were the taste for home literature more widely diffused, journals like *The Nation* would be all the better for it. We do not mean that we deplore the existence of the love of good books, no matter where they come from — that we consider eminently healthy; but we deplore the fact that American writers, as a body, are not able to do more towards satisfying the wants of their own countrymen. We trust they will never completely satisfy them, because we think the Chinese are not good models in literature any more than in art — and a determination on the part of any people to draw its mental food from only one quarter would, sooner or later, produce a Chinese type of civilization.

It could not, in the nature of things, be expected that in six months, and the six months following a great war, the state of literature would be any different. Literature is not a lucrative

profession, and there are few inducements here to pursue it. The best talent of the country is turned in other directions from authorship. There are few men of large wealth and corresponding culture who have been able to give thought enough to one subject to make themselves authorities on it. We have some fine scholars, but they occupy poorly paid professorial chairs, and all their spare moments are taken up with ephemeral writing for reviews and newspapers. Indeed, it is rather a matter of surprise that we have even as many good authors as we have. The production of great works in literature is not always possible, and the present seems to be one of those preparatory periods when men are being educated and trained who, some day, will be good scholars and writers, and will produce works worthy of being set beside the contemporaneous literature of other countries. A desire to read good books will act on culture, and will affect the power of producing good books.

It is certainly no part of our purpose, any more than that of any newspaper, to build up a literature. It would be silly and presumptuous for us to entertain or proclaim any such intention. The *rôle* of a weekly critic is, after all, a very humble one. It is to examine the fields from which it finds the community drawing its mental food, and to point out, to the best of its ability, what those fields produce — what is bad and what is good; what had better be tasted, what digested, and what thrown away; to keep before the public the best standard in every department, and point out departures from it, according to the critic's understanding of it. If people go to England for political economy and history, to Germany for philology and metaphysics, to France for everything by turns, it is our business to go with them and find out what the English, French, and Germans are getting ready for their entertainment; and we are no more responsible for the extent to which those markets are ransacked for our literary wares, than we are for the condition of our dry-goods trade. We protest against the shallow

notion that a peculiar standard of art or literary criticism has been evolved by our political and social system. This is one of those bits of Anglo-Saxon conceit which gives Frenchmen and Germans so much amusement. Truth and beauty are eternal and immutable, and of no country. The style of the "Peloponnesian War" was a good style two thousand years ago, is now a good style, and will continue to be as long as the world lasts. In arrangement and diction, what orator has yet improved upon Demosthenes? If all the congresses, parliaments, and academies in the world were to sit over the matter till the crack of doom they would never discover a better way of writing history than to tell the truth at least grammatically and, if possible, pleasingly and picturesquely. There will never be an English, or French, or American astronomy, or geology, or chemistry. The world of knowledge belongs to the whole human race, as the ocean does.

In 1870 the *Nation* came near facing a crisis when Harvard offered Mr. Godkin a chair of history. He was much inclined to accept the offer, which was tempting from many points of view, and he hoped that his professional duties might still allow him to return to the editorship of the *Nation*. But the advice of those of his friends who knew him best prevailed. Lowell's outspoken opinion perhaps influenced him most.

You know how heartily I should rejoice [he wrote, August 23, 1870] to have you here and how excellent a thing I should think it for the College, and so when I say stay, you may be sure my opinion is disinterested. I mean *stay* if the two things are, as you say, incompatible. We may find another professor by and by, — not one that I shall like so well, but who will serve the purpose, — but we can't find another editor for the *Nation*. Without your steady hand on the helm it would be on the rocks, in my judgment, before six months were out. You

know my opinion of its value to the country and I need not repeat it. Your leaving it would be nothing short of a public calamity. Its bound volumes standing on Judge Hoar's library-table, as I saw them the other day, were a sign of the estimation in which it is held by solid people, and it is they who in the long run decide the fortunes of such a journal. One of these days it will bring you a revenue of money as large as it now does in the respect of the thoughtful and the fear of charlatans. You have made it, and you alone can sustain it. I see daily evidence of the good influence you exert, and that influence is growing. Don't so much as *think* of giving it up. No man holds a more enviable position than you. You have made yourself a real power, and a man who can do that and know it without having his head turned and becoming a bully is rarer than Hamlet's honest man.

My private satisfactions would be enlarged by having you here, but the loss in other and more weighty respects would be simply *irreparable*. There is my sincere judgment. Stay where you are — on condition of coming to see us oftener. When I see, as everyone daily sees, the influence of bad or foolish newspapers, I cannot doubt that a good and strong one like the *Nation* is insensibly making public opinion more wholesome with its lesson of sound sense. There is no journal that seems to me on the whole so good as yours — so full of digested knowledge, so little apt to *yaw*, and so impersonal. And yet, take away *your* personality, and it would soon sink to the ordinary level. You can hold American opinions without American prejudices, and I know very few of my countrymen who have a large enough intellectual and moral past behind them to deal with politics in their true sense. Our editors generally are beggars on horseback, and where would you find a successor who would not deal with his topics either in the hand-to-mouth style or the *parvenu*, which is on the whole worse?

No, my dear Godkin, we must give you up, though it go hard, and you must keep on doing good, though against your will — *sillogizzando invidiosi veri.*

In June, 1881, the ownership of the *Nation* passed into the hands of the proprietors of the New York *Evening Post.* Mr. Henry Villard, Mr. Garrison's brother-in-law, had acquired control of the *Evening Post,* and Mr. Godkin, who now became one of the editors of the *Post,* together with Carl Schurz and Horace White, thus announced the change to Mr. Norton (June 9):

I sold the *Nation* yesterday, after much deliberation and perplexity, to the *Evening Post,* as the weekly edition of which it will appear after July 1st. It will not be changed in appearance, and I hope not in quality, but most of the articles will have previously appeared in the *Post.* Garrison goes over with me, and will continue in special charge of the *Nation,* and our publisher becomes publisher of the *Post.*

The whole affair has given me a good deal of anxiety during the past fortnight, and I have not the resort of "prayer for guidance," which so many people have; but now that it is decided I am satisfied, and I hope it will seem a wise conclusion to you. I had other offers for the *Nation,* but felt sure in every case that the paper would, if transferred, die in a couple of years.

In speaking of the change in the ownership of the *Nation,* Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard could properly say[2] that "just as into no journalistic enterprise commercial considerations entered less than into the first launching of the *Nation,* so they faded away when the *Nation* passed into the hands of the present owners."

[1] Ogden, *Life and Letters.*
[2] Semi-Centennial Number. Article on "The *Nation* and its Ownership."

To both Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison financial profits could naturally make no appeal. Their lives were devoted to things spiritual and intellectual; their rich rewards came in the appreciation and gratitude of men of light and leading, which was theirs in the beginning and in the end, and in the consciousness that they had profoundly influenced the thought and conscience of their time. That was the success they aimed at — to make the *Nation* the monitor and the mouthpiece of intellectual America, and in this they succeeded. With Mr. Godkin's advancement within a year to the position of editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Schurz retiring, Mr. Garrison became the editor and the soul of the *Nation*. From 1881 until his retirement the *Nation* was precisely what Mr. Garrison thought it should be, both on the editorial and the business side, and no man ever gave his life more happily, more earnestly, or more completely, to the object of his daily labors.

The political course of the *Nation*, after its consolidation with the *Evening Post* in 1881, is properly part of the history of the latter journal. In Mr. Garrison's hands the *Nation's* literary reputation was secure, while Mr. Godkin was engrossed by his daily labors on the *Evening Post*, and after he had laid down his pen, and Mr. Garrison assumed entire editorial control of the *Nation*, it suffered no loss of prestige. The men who conferred on the *Nation* part of their own scientific and literary lustre continued to write for it, and a new generation worthily filled the gaps caused by death. Of the giants who have passed away, and who, with their services to the paper, had given their friendship to its editors, during the first twenty-five years of its history and a good part of the second period, only a few can be commemorated in this place. One of the foremost, who did not quite round out the first quarter-century of his important contributions to the *Nation*, was Asa Gray, the great botanist, who died in

January, 1888. Some of his articles, such as "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" (*Nation*, March, 1868), "Evolution and Theology" (January 15, 1874), his summing up of the conclusions concerning insectivorous plants (April 2 and 9, 1874), "What is Darwinism?" (May 28, 1874), and his review of "Darwin's Insectivorous and Climbing Plants" (January 6 and 13, 1876), have become permanent parts of the literature on their subjects. Professor Gray's last contribution to the *Nation* was an exhaustive review of Darwin's "Life." His expositions of Darwinism and kindred philosophical matters were not the least of his great services to science. In his letters to Sir Joseph Hooker and to Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin frequently expressed his deep appreciation of Gray's approval and criticism. He wrote to Lyell in 1860: "No one, I think, understands the whole case better than Asa Gray."

Several of William James's brilliant papers on philosophical and physiological subjects first saw the light in the columns of the *Nation*. One recalls, among others, his "Moral Medication" — a review of Liébault's "Du Sommeil et des États Analogues" (*Nation*, July, 1868) — his paper on Taine's "Intelligence" (August, 1872), his discussion of "Vivisection" (February, 1875), his "German Pessimism" — a review of Pfleiderer's "Der moderne Pessimismus" (October, 1875) — and his article on Maudsley's, Ferrier's, and Luys's treatises on the Mind and Brain (June, 1877).

To the manysidedness of the great mathematical astronomer, Simon Newcomb, the pages of the *Nation* bear ample testimony. The titles of some of his contributions to the earlier volumes speak for themselves: "Bowen's American Political Economy" (*Nation*, May, 1870), "Proctor on the Moon" (October, 1873), "The

District Investigation" (June, 1874), "Price on Currency and Banking" (December, 1875), "Walker on the Wages Question" (July, 1876), "Who Are the Friends of Negro Suffrage?" (January, 1877), "The Life-Insurance Failures" (March, 1877), an obituary article on Professor Joseph Henry (May, 1878), "Education at the Naval Academy" (June, 1878), "The Signal-Service Succession" (December, 1880). That even in his later years Professor Newcomb continued to be stirred by the practical questions of the day, was evidenced by such articles in the *Nation* as his "Shall We Raise a Statue to [Boss] Shepherd?" (October, 1902), "The Functions of the Senate" (November, 1903), "The Cost of Life-Insurance Business" (July, 1905), and "What the Navy Needs" (December, 1905).

Particularly intimate were the *Nation's* relations with General J. D. Cox, Grant's high-minded and ill-used Secretary of the Interior. "For a generation," Mr. Garrison wrote in his obituary article, "we have enjoyed with him an intimacy characterized by entire mutual esteem through all vicissitudes of opinion; enlivened by constant intercourse by letter, in connection with that attached and cordial collaboration which has lent so much weight to the reviews of this journal." A few of the subjects treated by General Cox in the *Nation* were: "General Joseph E. Johnston's Narrative" (May, 1874), "General Sherman's Memoirs" (June, 1875), "The Army of the Cumberland" (December, 1875), "The House of Representatives" (an editorial, April, 1878), "Parliamentary Procedure" (editorial, September, 1878), "Howard's Nez-Percê War" (August, 1881), "Van Horne's Life of General Thomas" (October, 1882).

Henry C. Lea, the historian of mediæval Europe, author of the monumental "History of the Inquisition in

the Middle Ages," often chose the *Nation* as a medium for expressing his views on some of the many subjects that engaged his attention.

The late Charles Francis Adams, Jr., kept up an active connection with the *Nation* and its editors during all his life. The first of his contributions, as nearly as can be traced, was an article on "The Secret of the Rise in Steel" (*Nation*, March, 1870). In subsequent issues he treated, among many other subjects, "Railroad Subsidies" (October, 1870), "The 'Pooling' of Railroad Receipts" (November, 1870), "Railroad Investments" (August, 1872), "The Farmers' Clubs and the Railroads" (April, 1873), "The Experience of a Great Corporation" (October, 1874), "The Railroad Usury Law" (April, 1881), and "Sewall's Diary" (a book review, July and August, 1882).

It would be an interesting task, did space permit, to follow in the pages of the *Nation* the development of American thought during the fifty years of the journal's existence. That the work of the editors and the writers of the *Nation* — many of whom had so largely aided in the country's progress — was constructive in the best sense of the word, will, after the lapse of so many years, be readily conceded. The story of an important epoch in our economic history is told in such contributions as David A. Wells's luminous comments on matters of internal revenue and on the enormous discretionary powers of the Secretary of the Treasury (October, 1872), and in his article on the absurdities in American local taxation (February, 1873); in Edward Atkinson's papers on the contraction of the currency, and in Professor W. G. Sumner's discussions of the tariff and bimetallism. To enumerate the most noteworthy articles in the *Nation* on subjects connected with the natural sciences, philosophy, jurisprudence, history, Biblical criticism, philology, and

a large field of belles-lettres, is to tell the great names of the last fifty years. A few may still be added to the list of the warmest friends of the paper from its early years. None, perhaps, was closer to Mr. Godkin than Francis Parkman, of whom he said: "He impressed me, of all the men I have ever known, as the most of an American." Parkman was not a frequent contributor to the *Nation*, but what he wrote was generally on the subjects nearest to his heart. One recalls his reviews of "Découvertes et Établissements des Français dans l'Ouest et dans le Sud de l'Amérique Septentrionale" (September, 1876), "Montcalm et le Canada Français" (May, 1877), and "The Chronicle of the St. Lawrence" (July, 1878). Francis James Child, author of the classic "English and Scottish Ballads," and one of the men whose achievements in letters and devotion to the highest interests of the country have made their university illustrious, was from the inception of the *Nation* one of its most valued contributors. Few of the literary men of New England wrote more constantly for the *Nation*, or were more in sympathy with Mr. Garrison's ideals, than Thomas Wentworth Higginson. With him may be linked, as holding all his life a message for freedom, in thought and action, John White Chadwick, for forty years pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. His connection with the *Nation* began in Volume I, with a notice of the life of Edward Irving, and his last review was printed shortly before his death, in 1904. Colonel George E. Waring, who by his work as a sanitary engineer placed New York city and the whole country under deep obligations, began in the early seventies to write for the *Nation* on the subjects which he had so thoroughly mastered. Another specialist of high renown, who for thirty years gave the *Nation* the benefit of his

extensive knowledge, was Professor W. W. Goodwin. The most notable of his contributions to the *Nation* were the articles on Schliemann's discoveries. One who did much important work for the *Nation* in its early years should be remembered — Earl Shinn, who, while studying art in Paris, wrote some graphic letters to the paper, and for a number of years was its principal art critic. The editors said of him that he employed a vocabulary of remarkable scope and originality, and delighted as much in the stroke of his pen as of his brush. One of his early *Nation* letters from Paris attracted the attention of Lowell, who wrote to Mr. Godkin (July, 1869): "I have n't seen a better piece of writing than that French *atelier*. It is the very best of its kind. Cherish that man, whoever he is."

Not the least important part of the *Nation's* work was done by men who cultivated a restricted specialty with life-long devotion, content with the appreciation of the discriminating few. There leap to one's mind two writers on military affairs, General Francis W. Palfrey — "as fine an example of patriot and Puritan stock as this generation has seen," Mr. Garrison said of him — who wrote admirably on Antietam and Fredericksburg and other campaigns of the Civil War, and John Codman Ropes, an eminent student of military history in general and the admirer and authoritative historian of Bonaparte — and yet no imperialist. Robert Traill Spence Lowell, the elder brother of James Russell, enriched the columns of the *Nation* with articles, written in a peculiarly racy style, on his favorite subject — Newfoundland. The Reverend Samuel Beal, professor of Chinese at University College, London, wrote learnedly and agreeably on Buddhism, and Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorringe, remembered for his semi-naval exploit in bringing to these shores the Alexandrian obelisk, treated of the Inter-

oceanic Canal, the North African Inland Sea, and other gigantic projects around which his fertile mind played. And there was the stanch American, Fitzedward Hall, many years of whose romantic life were spent in England, teaching Sanskrit, Hindustani, and Indian jurisprudence, who sent to the *Nation* the fruits of his minute studies in English lexicography.

Mr. Garrison's life-long familiarity with the special qualification of every leading scholar in the country enabled him to assign, without hesitation, any book to the man best fitted to review it for the *Nation*. Thus, for certain aspects of theology and church history, he would turn to Professor George P. Fisher; for Confucianism to Dr. S. Wells Williams; for civil law to Professor J. Norton Pomeroy; for bird lore to Elliott Coues; for Mexican antiquities to A. F. Bandelier, etc. As authoritative as the specialists at Mr. Garrison's disposal, were the men of vast general knowledge and fine literary instincts who could be trusted to deal competently with a large variety of subjects. One of the ablest publicists of the last century, Goldwin Smith, did much of his best work, mostly unsigned, for many years in the *Nation*. His reviews possessed an unmistakable flavor of their own. Cobden said, early in Goldwin Smith's career: "His pen is a power in the state." Such it remained after his removal to Canada. It is fair to say that he rarely betrayed, in the columns of the *Nation*, that bitterness of spirit under attack which made his warfare against Disraeli so memorable.

An even more versatile and scarcely less brilliant writer, and an unexcelled popularizer of sound knowledge, John Fiske, was but an infrequent contributor to the *Nation*. Still, the titles of some of his articles, written between 1875 and 1877, indicate his wide range: "Works on Music," "Draper's Science and Religion,"

"Norse Mythology," "Paine's Symphony," "Pilgrim Memories," "Hammond on Spiritualism," "Mivart's Lessons from Nature," and "Bateman on Darwin."

One of the most remarkable of the encyclopædists on the *Nation's* list of contributors was Charles S. Peirce, — logician, mathematician, and philosopher, to mention only a few of the designations that could be applied to him, — the son of Professor Benjamin Peirce, the foremost American mathematician of his day. Charles S. Peirce was connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for a number of years, and at one time lectured on logic at Johns Hopkins University. His papers on algebra of logic and on the logic of relatives were pioneer work, and his treatise on "Photometric Researches" was scarcely less important. He was one of the most voluminous of *Nation* contributors. A random mention of a few of his articles can give no hint of their depth and variety — "Webster's Dictionary," "Essays on Gravitation," "Berkeley's Works," "Pasteur," "Giddings's Inductive Sociology," "Studies in Chemistry," "Ethics of Spinoza," "Analytical Geometry," "Chromatics," "Theory of Optics," "Radio-Activity," "Descartes."

Some of the earliest contributors, fortunately, remain with us, a few still to labor on in the pursuit of ideals identified with them and the *Nation*. Charles W. Eliot's pen is as tireless to-day as when he began to write on scientific subjects for the *Nation* in 1866, and Basil L. Gildersleeve still graces any subject he touches upon, as in the days when — thirty-four years ago — he wrote in the *Nation* on the performance of "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Harvard. One of the most important and most prolific of the writers for the *Nation* survives in the person of C. C. Nott, born in 1827, President Lincoln's appointee as Judge of the Court of Claims (of which he became Chief Justice under

President Cleveland) who enlightened the earlier generation of *Nation* readers on some of the weightiest aspects of Constitutional law. It is a pleasure to include with these living witnesses of a bygone period contributors like General A. A. Woodhull, who has furnished the *Nation* with so many valuable papers, during so many years, on climatology, modern theories of infection, and other medical subjects; Professor Charles H. Moore, long identified with American art and art criticism; Professor C. H. Toy, equally prominent at Harvard in another domain, that of Hebrew and other Oriental literatures; the eminent botanist, Professor George L. Goodale; Horace White, whose important discussions of economic subjects cover almost the entire period of the *Nation's* existence, and the bearer of a name forever associated with the founding of the *Nation*, herself a cherished contributor to its columns, Miss Grace Norton.

The *Nation* is fortunate in numbering among its old friends and contributors not a few eminent specialists who continue to write for it, as they did forty years ago or more. Of such are the naturalist, William H. Dall, the comparative anatomist, Burt G. Wilder, the philologist, James Morgan Hart, and Professor T. F. Crane, an authority on Romance languages. The versatile author, J. K. Hosmer, now past eighty, still writes for its columns, W. E. Griffis, an authority on Japan and Korea, has been contributing to the *Nation* since 1880, and from the same year dates the connection with the paper of two scholars still far from the Biblical age, the astronomer, David Todd, and the political economist, Professor F. W. Taussig.

Of the men on the staff of the *Evening Post* and *Nation*, the oldest in point of service is Henry T. Finck, the well-known musical critic, who sent, as his first contribution

to the *Nation*, a correspondence from Munich on Wagner's "Meistersinger," printed in the issue of March 8, 1877. In these early days he discussed in the paper, besides musical matters, such topics as: The Influence of Schopenhauer, Darwinism, The Migration of Birds, Haeckel's Reply to Virchow, and Fechner's "Second Soul."

Fabian Franklin, mathematician and economist, sent his first communication to the *Nation* in 1875; J. R. Towse, the dramatic editor of the *Evening Post*, has for many years written authoritatively on his subject for the *Nation*, as has Alexander D. Noyes on finance. Mr. Rollo Ogden, the present editor of the *Evening Post*, began to write for the *Nation* in 1881.

Among the men of a younger generation who represent old ideals of scholarship, the most regular contributors to the *Nation* of to-day are: Paul Elmer More, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Stuart P. Sherman, Irving Babbitt, William MacDonald, O. W. Firkins, A. O. Lovejoy, Warner Fite, and Sidney B. Fay.

It is fitting to add here the names of the men who succeeded Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison as editors of the *Nation*. They were Hammond Lamont, from 1907 to 1909, and Paul Elmer More, from 1909 to 1914. Harold de Wolf Fuller is the present editor.

It is not possible, within the compass of this book, to do more than allude to some of the important events in our country of which the *Nation* for fifty years has been the spectator and — as must be conceded — one of the most influential of commentators. Mr. Godkin, in his "Retrospect," on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the paper, touched upon the great political and social changes that had taken place within that quarter of the century. Surely not less remarkable has been the transformation

since then. It is profitable to recall some of Mr. Godkin's comments on the events of the earlier period. The bare facts stated emphasize the share which the men who spoke through the *Nation* had in promoting political progress. What Mr. Godkin said, as to the passing away of the military spirit, is of peculiar interest at the present day. In the issue of July 3, 1890, he wrote:

> In the year in which the *Nation* was started there was hardly any political observer who did not look for the permanent retention among us of the military spirit, for a considerable increase in the standing army, and for an increased disposition to use it either for purposes of foreign aggression, or for the more complete and peremptory assertion of a strong central authority. All did not go as far as Wendell Phillips when he declared in that year, in a speech in Boston, that our old farming and reading republic was at an end, and that a strong military and perhaps predatory republic was to take its place. But certainly few looked for the rapid disappearance of the army, and the almost abrupt banishment of military topics from the forum of popular interest, and for the eagerness with which a community which had just been throwing all its powers into a fierce military struggle, diverted its energies to the business of money-making. There was something very fine, as well as unexpected, about this, and it called forth the admiration, as well as the surprise, of the civilized world.

Mr. Godkin did not have to quote from the early columns of the *Nation* to remind his readers what part the paper played in the dark days of Reconstruction, and what share it had in ushering in a new era in the South, with justice to both the negro and the whites. Nor did he allude, in his "Retrospect," to the services rendered by the *Nation* during so many years to the causes of sound money and of civil service and tariff reform. Five

years earlier, on the completion of its twentieth year, Mr. Godkin had spoken of some of the difficulties which beset the *Nation* at a very early period, and had dwelt with pardonable pride on some of its achievements:

Almost in the first number it questioned the wisdom and soundness of a plan then in favor among many of its friends for having the Supreme Court do the work of reconstruction, by deciding what was or was not "a republican form of government." At a somewhat later period it questioned, amid much obloquy, the necessity and value of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, on the success of which a large proportion of the Republican party had set its heart. It maintained that even if Johnson were impeachable, his conviction might work mischief by throwing the Government into the hands of extremists, among whom Benjamin F. Butler was the most influential, and that his acquittal would simply be the end of a piece of elaborate and expensive folly. In one month after the failure of the trial the whole country, including its chief promoters, was ashamed of the undertaking. The *Nation*, too, undertook to expose the pretensions of Butler to be considered an honest and useful politician in 1867, or many years before his party found him out, and while criticism of him still, in Massachusetts at least, seemed an expression of indifference to the results of the war. In fact, it was nearly ten years in advance of popular opinion about this particular politician, and has had the satisfaction of seeing its very earliest diagnoses of him accepted by all Republicans at last. . . .

The *Nation* opposed the greenback theory from the first moment of its appearance, and when it had such very respectable Republican champions as the late Oliver P. Morton; and advocated a return to specie payments when a large number of leading Republicans doubted whether a return would ever be practicable, and, if practicable, desirable. It was, if not the first

journal to engage in regular and persistent advocacy of civil-service reform, after Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, had brought it up in Congress, certainly the first to place it in the front rank of public questions. The first foreign complication, its discussion of which attracted any attention, was the Alabama case, in which it, from the opening of the negotiations, attacked the theory of consequential damages, then in much favor with the public, and continued to attack it amid some obloquy, until it was rejected as an absurdity by the Geneva Tribunal. The silver craze it opposed from the beginning, and has had the satisfaction of seeing the correctness of most of its positions as regards the use of silver in the United States acknowledged by most of its opponents.

While dwelling, with not unpardonable satisfaction, on its past achievements, the *Nation* faces the new tasks before it with new hope. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Godkin, looking forward as well as backward, wrote:

The leading colleges of the country have been almost transformed since the *Nation* was started, and a class of advanced students have come into existence who were unknown and unexpected at the close of the war. The schools of political science which the principal universities now contain turn out yearly both writers and thinkers whose contributions to the literature of political philosophy, history, archæology, political economy, and administrative law are extremely important, and have placed the country in the very front rank in fields of inquiry in which it was, five-and-twenty years ago, almost wholly unrepresented. Not only have they made the task of conducting a critical journal like the *Nation* increasingly easy, but they carry on periodicals of their own, in which the best thought of the time on political and economic questions finds adequate expression.

The history of the twenty-five years now closed has borne out Mr. Godkin's prophecy. With its old traditions and the impulses of a new life stirring throughout the land, the *Nation* of the future may hope to be worthy of the *Nation* of the past. The columns of the *Nation* of to-day certainly bear ample evidence of the continued vitality of the principles which animated its founders. American scholarship and literary ability still flourish, as of yore. Many of the names that have so largely contributed to the reputation of the paper still appear in its pages, and new men follow in the footsteps of the masters.

Mr. Godkin died on May 21, 1902, at Brixham, South Devonshire, England. His health had been failing for some years, and in September, 1899, he was compelled to retire from active editorial work. How the loss to journalism was viewed by his friends, may be gathered from a letter to him by Charles W. Eliot (November 30, 1899):

I saw lately that you had retired from active work. Naturally I fell to thinking about the results of your work on the *Nation*. One may sometimes infer from his own experience probable effects on others who have been subjected to life influences. Now I am conscious that the *Nation* has had a decided effect upon my opinions and my action for nearly forty years; and I believe it has had like effects on thousands of educated Americans. This does not mean that your readers have always adopted your opinions; but if you have not convinced them, you have forced them to find some good reasons for holding opinions different from yours; and that is a great intellectual service. Then you have pricked any number of bubbles and windbags, and have given us keen enjoyment in the process. And how often you have exposed humbug and cant to the great refreshment of sincere people!

I have sometimes been sorry for you and your immediate coadjutors, because you had no chance to work immediately and positively for the remedying of some of the evils which you exposed. The habitual critic gets a darker or less cheerful view of the social and political state than one does who is actively engaged in efforts to improve that state. All the greater are the obligations of society to the critic.

I have said nothing about the *Evening Post* because I have seldom seen it; but I remember that James Bryce told me that he thought it decidedly the best paper printed in the English language[1].

When the *Evening Post* celebrated its centenary, Mr. Godkin was too ill to do more than send a cable message manifesting his interest in the occasion; but in return for the feeling tributes paid him he wrote to Mr. Garrison, from Torquay (November 29, 1901):

I have received your account of the *Evening Post* anniversary; it was evidently a very gratifying occasion for all who were concerned in it. I do not remember any newspaper ever having received a similar compliment before. It is some return for the way in which we all spent ourselves. I read most of the speeches. I have read what you saw fit to say of me with emotion; it is certainly most gratifying. The dearest thing I recall in it all is my thirty years association with you. You have been to me, in it all, the kindest and most devoted friend. That you are able to hold such a meeting, seems to me one of the best rewards you could have had; you will feel surer of your public, and your task therefore should be easier in future. Some day I believe civil service reform will have become as obvious in America as it is here; anything else is unthinkable. The anti-slavery fight seemed even more hopeless, yet it was won, and now people wonder that there was any fight at all.

[1] Ogden, *Life and Letters*.

Five months later (*Nation*, May 22, 1902), Mr. Garrison paid the last tribute to his friend and associate. Strictly just to the subject, it is no less characteristic of the writer. Mr. Garrison said:

A great journalist has departed. His name, absolutely unknown to the American public in 1865, blazed up instantly upon the appearance of the *Nation*, at a moment when Bennett and Bryant, Greeley and Raymond were approaching the end of their careers, leaving no successors. He was not a great editor in the sense of being an organizer or manager. The *Nation* was avowedly patterned after the London *Spectator;* the *Evening Post* was already in its ninth decade when Mr. Godkin joined Messrs. Carl Schurz and Horace White in assuming editorial direction of it. He had, strictly speaking, no business instinct, no faculty for details, nor any liking for the task of coördinating the departments of a daily newspaper. He was *par excellence* a leader-writer, with an astonishing productiveness, and a freshness in handling old themes which won even the hardened proof-reader's admiration. The prospectus of the *Nation* laid stress upon the advantages of a weekly over a daily newspaper in respect of leisure for ascertainment of the facts and deliberation in comment; and the argument was as incontrovertible in 1881, when Mr. Godkin became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, as it was in 1865. The change might not have come about had the *Nation* prospered so as to warrant an enlargement of its staff. The strain of writing from three to five pages for it weekly was felt at last to be too severe as well as too unremunerative, in view of the scrutiny to which Mr. Godkin was subjected while all but single-handed.

Apart from the resultant greater conspicuity, the merging of the weekly editor in the daily was not a promotion, for the *Nation* had already placed him in the front rank of American journalists even during the lifetime of the veterans we have

mentioned. It was a familiar flattery to have his articles made over at a safe interval in a metropolitan daily; and in the country at large the practice was still more common. The *Nation* was eagerly read in every newspaper office of importance, and its ideas filtered down without acknowledgment through a thousand channels. On the other hand, in his new position, Mr. Godkin became inevitably a greater target for censure and abuse; the more because a New York daily must needs come to close quarters with local corruption and misrule, and its editor be more exposed to pay with his person for incurring the wrath of organized iniquity. This Mr. Godkin did in his memorable campaign against Tammany.

Few journalists have labored less whose writing was of as high a quality as Mr. Godkin's. His pen was fluent and ready, but his diction was never careless; rather it bore at all times the marks of training and culture of a high order. While able to develop a subject at any length, he had extraordinary aptitude for paragraph writing; his touch in either case was always light, his matter always pithy. His expression was very direct, vigorous, and trenchant; and he had an exceptional gift for descriptive narration. His style, indeed, was adequate for every use to which he applied it, and passed without effort from the journalistic to the literary vein, treating nothing that it did not adorn. Such adaptability is seldom encountered, and perhaps the nearest parallel to his is to be found in the writings of Harriet Martineau, long an editorial contributor to the *Daily News*. Mr. Godkin's humor, which

> "was ever
> Lance and sword to him, and buckler and helmet,"

perplexed the simple-minded, while it enraged his enemies. Its droll visualizing quality lightened every page that he wrote for the *Nation*. On this side he has never been surpassed, if approached, and the effectiveness of his humor as a political

weapon consisted in the freedom with which he directed it against the objects of a sham popular and partisan reverence. He owed this freedom, undeniably, to the foreign birth with which he was constantly reproached; but it was his humor which first pierced the glamour and enabled him to see men and policies in a dry light. Biting as it might be, it was never cynical. His conversation was naturally playful and seasoned with a hearty laughter, and his daily companionship most delightful.

As no American could have written Bryce's "American Commonwealth" or Goldwin Smith's "History of the United States," so it may be doubted if any native of this country could have erected the standard of political independence which Mr. Godkin set up in the *Nation* and maintained in the *Evening Post.* He did this, however, not as a foreigner, but as an American to the core. A utilitarian of the school of Bentham, an economist of the school of John Stuart Mill, an English Liberal to whom America, with all its flagrant inconsistency of slaveholding, was still the hope of universal democracy, he cast in his lot with us, became a naturalized citizen, took an American wife — gave every pledge to the land of his adoption except that of being a servile follower of party. He brought to his high calling sound principles of finance, with which he fought the good fight of honest money, specie payments, and currency reform; of political economy, with which he combated protection and its attendant corruption; of popular government, which stood by him in the removal of the Reconstruction scandal; of office as a public trust, which made his journal the most potent medium for the promotion of civil-service reform and the exposure of machine and boss government. Nowhere is there such a body of useful doctrine for serious-minded youth seeking to fit themselves to be "perfect citizens" (as was said of the late John M. Forbes) as the files of the *Nation* contain during Mr. Godkin's thirty-five years'

connection with it. Nowhere can the historically-minded man more profitably turn for light upon our latter-day decadence.

Many volumes of speeches are compiled, but few are read long after their publication, and the same oblivion more certainly overtakes the political editor's monument. His contention is for the hour; his triumph is in his shaping of passing events. Those, however, whom curiosity or study leads to examine the writings of Mr. Godkin, will find them distinguished by a philosophic cast not unknown to American oratory before the war, but so ominously wanting in the legislative debates of the past two decades. It may be that Mr. Godkin will be currently quoted hereafter no more than Greeley, but not for the same reason. His text abounds in broad general sentiments and reflections such as find corroboration wherever "history repeats itself," and which in fact have in them the essence of prophecy. The number of fortunate predictions, both generic and specific, was truly notable in Mr. Godkin's case.

His judgment, as was proper in one whose function was criticism, was as rare a faculty as any that he possessed. Applied to public characters, it was almost unerring; and to measures, seldom at fault. To say that it was wholly unaffected by the heat of controversy, or was free from occasional excess or unfairness, would be an unnatural claim. But time itself has already approved the more significant estimates placed by him upon the men of his day; and where the legend is more lenient, it will be found that the popular memory is defective. The application of his judgment to causes was, it is needless to remark, purely ethical, and divorced from considerations of the winning or the losing side. *Sed victa Catoni* was honor enough for him. Yet when one enumerates all the crazes past, all the dangers averted, and all the advances won in the struggle for good government on this continent, Mr. Godkin's mental balance is clearly apparent to those who remember his

attitude towards each. And if we extend our consideration to foreign affairs, we can but admire his treatment of them in former years, when he followed them more closely and "saw what he foresaw." In this department his superiority was pre-eminent. In domestic affairs his judgment reposed on faith in the American character and in the ultimate sanity of democracy. If it was often disappointed, it was often gloriously vindicated.

There was occasion enough for melancholy in retrospect. Specific reforms with a definite aim in view attainable by legislation may reach a happy conclusion. Such was the fate of the anti-slavery agitation, and those who began it lived to see the fruit thereof. Their active labors lasted, including the civil war, but thirty-five years — little more than a generation. For precisely the same term Mr. Godkin strove — above all — to create a spirit of independence of party and to abolish the spoils system of government. The task was more difficult than the destruction of slavery. He witnessed a beginning of civil-service reform in the national domain and in one or two States; yet witnessed a ceaseless attack upon it in all, an evasion of it where possible, a betrayal of it by a President committed to the support of it — amid the general apathy of the people at large. He saw, at the Presidential election of 1896, party ascendency secured by pledges, made to be broken, which for the moment confounded party lines. He saw the Democratic party manifest at one time a miraculous power of self-regeneration, only to sink back into the deepest of its abysses; the Republican party all the while stolidly implacable towards its come-outers for conscience' sake. Worse yet, he saw public men of both parties involved in a repudiation of the fundamental maxims of our republican experiment, and the conversion of a self-contained, peaceful, industrious democracy into an earth-hungry belligerent, seeking points of hostile contact with the most warlike monarchies.

"He grew old in an age he condemned,
Felt the dissolving throes
Of a Social order he loved,
And, like Theban seer,
Died in his enemies' day."

It testifies to the fibre of a moralist whom the infirmity of age was consciously drawing from the scene, that he was neither soured nor dejected by such a prospect. It was in Mr. Godkin's mind to strive to the end. His formal retirement, however, from the *Evening Post* was none too soon for his failing strength of body. Though he recovered, beyond all expectations, from an apoplectic stroke incurred on Febrary 4, 1900, and continued to write at intervals for this journal during another twelve-month, he could not complete the revision of his Reminiscences, for which many publishers had besought him, and we shall never have his own summing-up of his life-work — wherein it satisfied him to remember, where haply it fell short in method, manner, or temper, what title it gave him to good fame and lasting human gratitude. Some who first heard his trumpet-call and have had their spiritual natures determined by his lofty and disinterested teaching — call it preaching, if you will, and his press a religious press — have recently publicly confessed their indebtedness. More will be moved to do so now; and more still, alas! — a multitude — will never know what benefaction they have received from his hand, who moulded for good the generation from which they sprung.

Many able pens have supplemented Mr. Garrison's judgment of his associate with reminiscences of his public activities and light personal touches. None has inquired into the secret of his success as a writer with greater philosophic depth than Professor A. V. Dicey, who wrote of him:[1]

[1] *Nation*, Semi-Centennial Number.

A little study of Godkin's writings is quite enough to prove that his knowledge of the matters on which he wrote, in so far as it did not arise from his observation of life, was due to the careful perusal of books, and of good books. Then he had a talent absolutely essential to the success of a pamphleteer. It is the gift of "appositeness," or, in other words, a writer's habit of interesting himself in the matters which are passing before every one's eyes, and which at a given moment occupy the thoughts of his neighbors. It will be found that men of considerable intellectual power are sometimes disqualified from gaining influence as pamphleteers or journalists, because such men have a tendency to turn their minds at a given moment towards subjects which, whether important or not, have no interest for the ordinary public or the so-called general reader. An illustration best shows the nature of this error. Vain, indeed, would be the labors of a man who in this year 1915 addressed the English public about woman suffrage or proportional representation. Englishmen who care about the conduct of public affairs are thinking about the war, and nothing but the war, and probably they are right in turning away their minds from every subject not connected with the conduct of the war. But whether they are wrong or right, no born journalist will ever waste his skill in trying to force upon the English world topics to which that world will pay no attention. It was one proof of Godkin's genial nature and common sense that he always brought his powers of thought and his capacity for lucid exposition to the examination of questions which at a given moment both concerned and interested the citizens of the United States.

But let no one suppose that the gifts of a pamphleteer are enough to insure his success as a leader of opinion. Cobbett was at one moment the leading journalist or pamphleteer of his day. He possessed shrewd sense, homespun eloquence, and independence of judgment. He is still credited by admirers

with a genuine interest in the welfare of the poor. But as a leader of public opinion his career was a failure. He lacked the virtues which in England, as in America, transformed an active agitator into a trusted leader of men.

The second cause of Godkin's success was of a quality which, where it exists, every man perceives, but very few of us can define. It is best described by the term "character." Instead of attempting definition, I propose to enumerate some few of the traits by which Godkin convinced all men of sound judgment that the editor of the *Nation* was a man of character. From the very opening of his career as a journalist, and years before the *Nation* was founded, he had shown the capacity for acquiring the trust of every man who really knew him. Very soon after his arrival in the United States he gained the esteem of a body of friends mostly connected with the University of Harvard, who formed the glory of Boston. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the *Nation* was originally created in order that the men who trusted Godkin might find for him a field in which his genius could be best employed for the advantage of the whole American commonwealth. It soon then became apparent that Godkin, besides his trustworthiness, was endowed with a gift which does not necessarily fall even to an able and a perfectly honest pamphleteer. Though he gained his influence by his pen, he was by nature a man of action as much as a man of letters. It may well be that an eminent writer and a man inspired with high public spirit is by nature nothing but a critic. Such a man may well play an important part in the formation of public opinion. He may warn the country against the acceptance of popular fallacies. He may denounce politicians who are undeserving of trust, but he will hardly be numbered among the leaders of a people or a party. Criticism, after all, for the most part, deals with negations. It warns men against errors; it does not tell them how to act on some critical occasion. Now, Godkin was no mere critic. His

thought lay very near to action. He was a good adviser; he had the capacity for pointing out in a time of difficulty the right course of action. If he was once convinced, say, that a judge of New York was guilty of judicial misconduct, Godkin could never stop at exposing the offender's errors. Godkin was not satisfied till he had driven the corrupt judge from the office he disgraced. If a statesman was accused of conduct which morally unfitted him for high office, Godkin was certain to press the accusation home, and, until it was disposed of, was ready to move heaven and earth in order to prevent a political leader of fame and of influence from obtaining a position of which Godkin deemed him unworthy.

This capacity of making action the immediate result of thought is so closely connected with the highest statesmanship that admirers of Godkin may occasionally regret that he had not the opportunity of playing a direct part in the public life of the country whereof he ultimately became a citizen. It also suggests a last feature in Godkin's character and in his views of public life on which it is worth while to dwell with emphasis, just because it will hardly be noted, except by the body of men, now rapidly dying off, who have been, speaking broadly, Godkin's contemporaries. When he came to the United States, Godkin was a mid-Victorian who thoroughly shared and sympathized with the liberalism or radicalism which from, say 1845 to 1880, colored the whole public life of the United Kingdom. And Godkin, be it remarked, accepted the political creed of the mid-Victorian era in its wisest and in its noblest form. He accepted the maxim then adopted by almost every Liberal that the object of rational government should be the attainment of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." He was no pacifist. He sympathized, like most Liberals of the day, with the Crimean War, which was popularly held to be an attack on European despotism and certainly did facilitate the liberation and the unification of Italy. But he maintained

throughout life that, though war might be sometimes a necessity, peace was the necessary condition of progressive improvement, and he has been heard to argue, not without force, that Roman success in war was at bottom grounded on the discipline imposed by severe training in the virtues of civil life.

Retrenchment, or the cutting-down of unnecessary expenditure by the state, was to the best of my belief always with Godkin desirable, because the lightening of taxes both relieved the pressure of taxation upon the poorer classes and in effect increased the area of individual freedom. Reform, lastly, was with mid-Victorian Liberals, and certainly with Godkin, a matter of wider significance than any mere improvement in the constitution of Parliament. It meant the gradual, the considered, and therefore the effective, removal of every demonstrated evil which could be curable either by legislation or by the improvement of social habits or sentiments. It also was the rejection no less of the dull conservatism which aimed merely at keeping all things, or at any rate all things not absolutely evil, exactly as they were, than of the revolutionary schemes which, even if unconnected with lawless violence, assumed that even the best institutions existing in the civilized world ought to undergo a fundamental change. No one can doubt that Godkin, whose knowledge of life was wider and far more varied than that of many statesmen, and whose Irish birth and education had in many directions extended his sympathies, gave a very wide sense to reform. Still it is perfectly plain that, like a true mid-Victorian Liberal, he was neither an obstructive Conservative nor in any sense a revolutionist. He was in short a mid-Victorian reformer. . . .

In him at least were strongly developed two virtues which will ultimately be admitted to be characteristics of the Victorian age. The one was the stern belief that reform, and constant reform, was the law of progress, and that reform must be based upon the dictates of enlightened common sense. The

other was an intense hatred of injustice, and especially of injustice which, being committed by mobs, is the odious parody of judicial punishment. Godkin at any rate might at all times use the words to be found somewhere in the works of the wittiest as well as the most sensible of English pamphleteers: "I am an enthusiast for common sense; I am a fanatic for common justice."

In nothing else was this combination of clear common sense with unflagging zeal for common justice so apparent as in the ceaseless pleading for better municipal conditions carried on for so many years by Mr. Godkin and the *Nation*. The war against the Tammany chieftains declared by Mr. Godkin in 1890 was but the culmination of an activity begun with the founding of his paper in 1865. In the campaign of 1890 Mr. Godkin caused to be prepared, for publication in the *Evening Post*, a series of merciless biographical sketches of Tammany leaders. The subjects thus shown up in their proper light answered with charges of libel. Mr. Godkin was arrested, and summons after summons was served upon him, but the Grand Jury found that there was no cause for action, and all the cases were dismissed. As in the campaign of 1890, so in 1892, and in 1894 Mr. Godkin spoke in ringing terms against Tammany iniquity, and when the foe seemed vanquished at last, a number of his admirers united in an acknowledgment of his services to the city and the country by presenting him with a loving cup.

Two letters of the many that were addressed to Mr. Godkin on this occasion by eminent men may be reprinted. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, wrote (April 1, 1895):

I am one of "*your boys*," and of course the recognition of the Master is most grateful. I well remember your words, just

twenty years ago, when I passed through New York, after my first visit to Baltimore, and I go farther back and remember your *project* for the *Nation*, — way back in New Haven days. Few numbers of the *Nation* have appeared in all that time which I have not read, and if I have kept a steady head during this long period it is due in no small degree to the intellectual and political inspiration that I have received from its pages.[1]

James Bryce sent Mr. Godkin the following letter (February 17):

Thank you for your very interesting letter. Shortly before it came, we had heard from Randolph Robinson of the gift of the loving cup, and were rejoiced that some appreciation had been shown of your inestimable services to good government not only in New York, but in the United States generally. I am sure it is not friendship, but such little knowledge as I have gained, that makes me feel that no person in this generation has done as much to stem the current of evil and preach a high ideal of public duty and of political honesty as you have. Nor has any one had more annoyances or even dangers confronting him, though your very courage has abashed your enemies. So it was a sincere pleasure that this tribute should have been paid to you.[1]

To the end of his career as a writer Mr. Godkin's articles glowed with the same zeal for the public good, the same indignation against public malefactors which inspired his pen in the early days of the *Nation*. What he said on the downfall of Tweed (*Nation*, October 18, 1877) bears its lesson to citizens of New York even at a later and more hopeful day.

The few years which have elapsed since the period of Tweed's exploits have already to a considerable extent disconnected our

[1] Ogden, *Life and Letters*.

feelings from the facts of his public history, and as the once familiar names of his associates appear and reappear in the dreary testimony which for several weeks past he has been pouring out before a committee of Aldermen, the impression made upon the listener is not unlike that made by the repetition of an old story already partly forgotten. The confined "statesman" himself gives his recital with the air of an old campaigner who still chuckles from long habit over the memory of his deeds, but whose feelings only occasionally become enlisted in the narrative. Indeed, the nonchalance of the relater, his apparent indifference to the effect of his statements, and insensibility to their moral bearings, are, in some respects, the most interesting phenomena of his examination. Some of his answers to questions, if we could but set aside for the moment our knowledge of his career, would have all the effect of genuine naïveté, and, as it is, we are surprised into a forgetfulness of our habitual disgust for the man, and are led away into fruitless speculations concerning his psychological state. Tweed, in fact, possesses something of the interest which the physician attaches to an overgrown tumor or other abnormal development, the dissection or treatment of which constitutes the doctor's "beautiful case" even when the causes of its existence are not wholly fathomable. To the pious clergymen of the old school, Tweed, of course, presents no difficulties. He is simply "given over" to "hardness of heart," and may be employed, if occasion require, as an awful example, without any necessity of explanation. But it is worth noticing here that Tweed does not regard himself as "given over" or in any especial need of explanation. On the contrary, he has evidently, on the whole, a rather comfortable feeling of satisfaction with himself as he looks back on his past record, and cherishes a somewhat tarnished hope that his reputation as well as his person may yet be redeemed from the assaults of his enemies and oppressors. "Ah! politics, politics," he remarked to a

friend as he left the City Hall at the close of one of his last interviews with his tormentors, "I am suffering from them now." And he probably, in part at least, believes this, and in his fall from power is not without some of the consolations of the martyr at the rack.

A man who can deliberately assert with reference to his present course, "I believe I am doing right, and am willing to submit myself to the just criticism of any and all honest men," is not wholly cast down or likely to regard himself as a monster of iniquity. That he has no suspicion of his chieftainship among sinners is apparent also from the connection of the above words. They are found in a written outburst of indignation against Mr. John Morrissey, State Senator and ex-pugilist, some of whose questions, proposed to the Committee, Tweed had been compelled to answer. Morrissey is taken to task roundly for some of the misdemeanors of his early life, and shown up as an unfit person to question the ex-boss, although the latter admits that "as an organizer of repeaters he had no superior, and at the time when the Ring was in power such capacity was always recognized." Even the most serious crimes are transfigured in the sight of this peculiar moralist and become satisfying virtues. Perjury is not confessed, — for to use that word would be to imply that he regarded it as wrong, — but referred to as a natural consequence of certain circumstances, and its special effects are complacently spoken of: "The understanding was that men's families and themselves should be protected, and we all agreed to stand by that. . . . My testimony was given to save men and their families, and a great many were saved. Most of it was false." It is evident, indeed, even to the most cursory reader of the recent revelations, that Tweed, in his own estimation, is not a criminal, but "a man of the times" — an unfortunate, it may be, but none the less unusually clever representative of his age. It is true he admits that in his testimony he does not "favor" himself as a

good and honest man, but even this expression implies a decided recognition of some share of goodness in his moral make-up, and, paradoxical as it may seem, even of honesty.

And it cannot be denied, we think, that in a certain sense he is indeed "a man of the times," and from one point of view, therefore, entitled to recognition as a representative man. His insatiable greed for money was accompanied by a good share of capacity for control. Not very many years ago, therefore, under a somewhat different civilization, he would have been, without doubt, a freebooter or brigand, and, at the head of a troop of followers, would have robbed upon the highway or plundered villages or laid towns under tribute. But in a different generation, when brigandage had changed its form and become possible only as modified into carpet-baggery, Crédit-Mobilier companies, freedmen's savings-banks, forgeries, and all the peculiar manifestations of the speculative era which ended (or at least came to a crisis) four years ago, Tweed took his position by a sort of natural selection or fitness for the times, and his career was such as might have been prophesied by a wise observer of the man and his opportunities. He was as dependent upon his surroundings as, in a somewhat analogous way, the Italian brigand is, or was until recently, dependent upon the villagers around him. Tweed could have done nothing without the Watsons, Keysers, Joneses, and Garveys who abetted him, as well as the Halls, Connollys, Sweeneys, and other members of his band who plundered with him, without legislators willing to be bribed as well as tradesmen willing to connive. Tweed was an amazing villain, but was nevertheless a legitimate outcome of his time, and his present complacency, or absence of conviction of sin, as our clerical friends might express it, is readily explainable in view of his associates and opportunities.

But has his day gone by? His particular hour is undoubtedly past, but we are not so sure that the day of great criminals is

ended. The ever-increasing complexities of modern civilization furnish greater opportunities alike for saints and devils. Our social forces are so powerful that a slight derangement of them, sure to be taken advantage of by the criminal class, works infinite mischief. As civilization tends to make wars less frequent, but — owing to the invention of more highly destructive agencies, and the enormous expensiveness of vaster armaments, with the attendant financial derangements and interference with commercial relations — makes them more terrible than ever before, it is probable also that, in a somewhat analogous sense, civilization is reducing the number of criminals, but, for the time being, furnishes opportunities for greater crime and the production therefore of more amazing criminals than ever before. Whether highway robberies, larcenies, and the like are diminishing or not, may be an open question, with the chances in favor of an affirmative decision, but of more stupendous crimes — forgeries, defalcations, breaches of trust, swindles, and systematic peculations — we have witnessed recently a plentiful amount. Besides, Tweed and the Southern carpet-baggers may be said to have made one distinct addition to the catalogue of crime, as remarkable for its novelty as for its magnitude, and that is the seizure of a government by a band of criminals, for the purpose not only of dividing the taxes among themselves but of pledging the public credit for their own use and behoof. This is something absolutely new, and is peculiar to this age and country. Adventurers have seized on the sovereignty of great communities before now, but it was through love of power mainly — love of money only secondarily — and they have always had some sentiment, tradition, and prestige at their back, and have had some political ambition. Our "rings" have been in pursuit principally of "commissions," "divvies," or merely furniture and jewelry.

There is one thing more which is important to be noticed here. Social science, notwithstanding its manifold imperfec-

tions in many respects, teaches plainly that great crimes indicate, or any extraordinary prevalence of crime of any kind indicates, a cause probably preventible; and not unfrequently, also, there is suggested at the same time an obvious remedy. Tweed was the manifestation of a social disease, the particular cause of which becomes apparent on investigation as certainly as some fevers may be referred without doubt to defective drainage or malarial poison or improper food. The handling of enormous sums of money, and consequent opportunities to abstract "percentages," was made possible to Tweed for so many years solely by reason of our vicious system of municipal organization — a system which, in its worst features, is repeated in nearly all the large cities in the nation, and has fastened upon them all modifications of the same evil from which New York has suffered so terribly. We have for a long time permitted all the paupers and criminals in the community — those who have no interest whatever in municipal administration beyond fear of the policeman or desire for free soup or city work and wages — to have an equal share in the management of enormous financial interests with those who furnish the money and who alone are likely to desire its economical administration. Tweed's revelations should at least open the eyes of all loose talkers about natural rights and human brotherhood to the only possible practical effect of their a priori theories in a great commercial city. Power without correlative responsibility is a curse to those who exercise it and a constant injustice to those who suffer from it. To confer the privilege of disbursing money, or of choosing those who are to disburse it, upon one who has had nothing to do with its acquisition, has paid no share of it, and has every possible inducement to squander it, will soon, we believe, be looked upon in municipal affairs as the method of madmen, and any attempt to defend it as too irrational to call for serious discussion.

Mr. Godkin's article of the year 1877 may be fitly supplemented by one written in 1894 (November 15) on the "Future of Tammany":

There is a good deal of talk just now of reorganizing Tammany, and it has a good deal of interest for all classes of citizens, for even if Tammany should disappear, the possibility of Tammany will always remain unless there should be a complete disappearance of political partisanship among its opponents. It must not be forgotten that Tammany on November 6 polled 108,000 votes, in spite of all the exposures of the last six months. These 108,000 are a very formidable factor in city affairs. They show that there is among us a very large body of persons who do not care particularly for good government, who do not object to government by corruption or intrigue, to whom ignorance and vice are not blemishes in public officials, and on whom discussion and exposure do not make any impression. We must remember that Tweed was reëlected in his district after all his frauds and thefts had been laid before the public. The Tammany voters are now controlled, and always have been controlled, by Tammany, by means of the police and police justices and by the offices. Through the offices Tammany secures competent "district leaders"; through the police and police justices, it keeps the rank and file in order, partly by threats, partly by persecution, and partly by intercession at the police courts and civil justices' courts. A district leader often spends his whole mornings at the police courts, furnishing "pulls" and bail for drunkards and other disorderly and criminal persons.

This body is not likely to diminish in this city. It is fed by immigration, by the drift of adventurers and broken-down men from the country, and by what theologians call the "natural depravity" of the human species. It will stand ready to jump into power again every year of the next fifty. It likes

power and the good things which power gives, and it has no scruples about modes of getting power. It will therefore furnish a constant temptation to the class of politicians who rule Tammany to try their old games over again. It is what we might call the raw material of their trade. In three years after the fall of Tweed, which blew the wigwam to atoms, the Tammany society was reorganized and ready for action, and had induced large numbers of people to believe that it was going to be decent this time, etc., etc.

Now this very thing will happen over again, and sooner than most people now imagine, unless there is a complete change of heart among partisans on both sides about city affairs. The Committee of Seventy has shown what can be done by union against the common enemy, but so did the Committee of Seventy of 1871. Nevertheless, the practice of running party candidates for the mayoralty on federal issues began again as early as 1880, and was continued steadily until 1890, Tammany gaining ground all the time, until in 1888 a Tammany liquor-dealer and "sport" was actually welcomed as a deliverer of the city. The Democrats said, "This is a Democratic city: why should we not have the mayoralty?" The Republicans said, "We have 100,000 votes: why should we always be the ones to yield?" Whenever there was any sign or prospect of a secession of decent Democrats from Tammany, the Republican machine always marshalled its forces to rush in at the breach. At last the city was treated to six solid years of Tammany, and we know with what result.

We cannot help hoping that we have reached the end of these mistakes and delusions. The Committee of Seventy have shown, more conspicuously than ever before, the power which, even in this city of many nationalities and creeds, lies in the union of good people. We believe the Good Government clubs are doing invaluable work in turning the lesson to account. They are spreading the non-partisan (not bi-partisan) view of

city affairs. It is especially important that they should hammer it into the brains of the young, for the men who have conducted this campaign against Tammany will be gone from the state in twenty years, as the men of 1871 are now, and in about twenty years Tammany regains its old strength. Tammany will surely come again, unless young and old get into the way of looking at the city as they look at their bank, and think no more about the mayor's politics than they think about the politics of the cashier who keeps their accounts. All the well-governed cities of the world are governed on this business plan, all the badly governed, on the other.

The plan of going down among the rank and file of Tammany with books and pamphlets, and University Settlements, and popular lectures, we know has merit. It is a work of humanity and civilization which is always in order. But they deceive themselves who think the city can be saved by any such missionary work. What Tammany offers to the ignorant and poor is always something more palpable and succulent than enlightenment, or free reading-rooms, or cheap coffee. It can never be met and vanquished except by union among the honest, industrious, and intelligent. These are now in a majority and have always been in a majority. A great commercial city like New York could not exist and prosper if they were not in a majority. Whenever they cease to be in a majority, capital and labor will both begin to move away from Manhattan Island.

If Mr. Godkin had in the admiration of a wide circle and in external honors rich compensation for labor performed with so much zest, Mr. Garrison toiled on for forty-one years in self-imposed seclusion, and appreciated only by the initiated few. One great tribute, almost painful to one so modest, came to him on the completion of forty years' service on the *Nation*, when, on July 6,

1905, more than two hundred of the *Nation's* contributors presented him with a silver vase, inscribed by Professor Goldwin Smith as a recognition of "forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*."

The end came to him on February 27, 1907, at South Orange, New Jersey. He had been a patient sufferer from a cruel malady for some months.

Self-effacement [said the *Nation* in its obituary tribute to Mr. Garrison] was so the law of Mr. Garrison's being that, even now when his lips can no longer frame a protest, one hesitates to essay his praise. It was his life-long joy to sink himself in his work. For forty-one years editor of the *Nation*, he seldom put his name to anything he wrote in its columns.

Between Mr. Garrison and the large corps of *Nation* reviewers and writers which he built up there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride well-nigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than fraternal. There must be thousands of his letters, written out in that beautiful hand of his, and with his marvellous felicity and justness of expression, still in the possession of his contributors as a witness to his high conception of the tie that bound him to them. No one could surpass him in discriminating encouragement. Even in his later years he kept a young heart and a keen eye for rising writers. He thought of his band of workers as one continually to be renewed by the influx of youth; and if youth brought, at first, immaturity and awkwardness, none so patient and tactful as Mr. Garrison in bearing with it and correcting it. Critical severity he could convey with the most exquisite delicacy — wreathing it in the garlands of friendship.

To be, rather than to produce, was always the first motive with Mr. Garrison. To him life was more than books. And

how high he pitched his life, every man who was ever long in touch with his grave courtesy, his unfailing kindness, his unbending integrity, and his lofty ideals, would enthusiastically testify. To be in contact with him even in a newspaper office was to have one's admiration for him kindled and continually heightened; while those admitted to the intimacies of his friendship cannot find words to do justice to his faithfulness and self-sacrificing ardor in bestowing a favor or anticipating a need.

Mr. Garrison impressed all who knew him as a man of the well-fibred virtues of an elder day. He nourished himself on inward and hidden strength. One felt that his soul dwelt apart, yet one saw him cheerfully laying the lowliest duties upon himself. In the total combination of nearly ascetic sternness with himself and infinite consideration for others, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

In closing this cursory review of what the *Nation* and its first editors have stood for, something remains to be said of the attitude of those into whose hands the *Nation* of to-day is committed towards their great masters. Let this be done in the language of an editorial, written by Mr. Rollo Ogden, in the number which closed the fifty years of the paper's existence:

Those to-day responsible for the conduct of the *Nation* look back to its fifty years of life with a kind of proud humility. The secure past is not theirs, yet they, as inheritors of a high tradition, must not discredit it. As they think of the men who conceived the *Nation* and nourished its early years — both editors and contributors during the time when its fame was solidly built up — the sensation is like that of one walking through a gallery of the portraits of his famous ancestors. They are his, yet not his — his, if he lives worthy of the name they bequeathed to him; not his, if he fastens disgrace where they stamped only honor.

Of *Nation* personalities in the earlier day, we must leave others to speak. They have done it in this issue richly and with grace and justice. Over the still recent and still mourned loss of Mr. Hammond Lamont, we could not pass in complete silence. His was a very tragedy of premature death.

> "Early didst thou leave the world, with powers
> Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
> Firm to their mark, not spent on other things,
> Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt."

Tributes to Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison finer than those paid elsewhere, no friend and admirer of theirs could desire. There is perhaps room for a word on the felicitous way in which the two supplemented each other in their joint work. Mr. Godkin's was the greater elemental force. He had an impetuous rush. But sometimes the mighty flood of his argument, surcharged with humor, was in danger of overflowing its banks. He occasionally needed a dike-builder. It was a piece of rare good fortune for him that he had at his elbow a man of the coolest judgment, of accurate scholarship, willing and pleased to wreak himself upon the perfecting of the smallest detail. In Mr. Garrison's hands, verification was as a religion. Even punctuation became to his pen a fine art. His patient labor behind the curtain was not of a kind that the high gods of literature delight in, yet it was indispensable to the rounding out of the *Nation*. No one was quicker to perceive this than Mr. Godkin. He once wrote to Mr. Garrison, after years of associated endeavor: "If anything happens to you, I shall retire into a monastery."

No one has ever written comprehensively of the place of the *Nation* in the intellectual life of the United States, or, more particularly, of its true position in the history of American journalism. The hints, the echoes, the scattered individual testimonies, the treasured memories, abound. We have the

letters of Lowell and Norton. We have the men of sixty whose hearts still burn within them as they recall what the *Nation* was to them in the years when their minds were expanding to the light. In the colleges it was a power with the choicer natures; on more than one farm it was a college to awakening intelligences denied a college education. Not long ago, a man who had spent forty-five years in the service of a railway, rising from train-hand to conductor of a trunk-line express, spoke simply of the *Nation*, which he had read for all that time, as "the only university I have been able to attend." No doubt, the new weekly of 1865 fell happily upon the period. America was still very provincial-minded, more than a trifle crude, afflicted with Chauvinism. Yet there were stirrings of a new life, gropings after more severe standards, an increasing perception that American achievement must submit to the test of the best that had been done or written. Then along came the *Nation* to express trained and cosmopolitan judgment of books and men and movements. To many a youth — and his elders, too — it was like the opening of a new world.

The *Nation's* influence in shaping the American press was out of all proportion to the mere number of its readers. It did not strive nor cry. The effects it wrought were subtle and insinuated, never clamorous. A virtue went out from it which was unconsciously absorbed by many newspaper writers. They could scarcely have said where they got their new impulse to exercise a judgment independent of party. All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed. To-day the most powerful newspapers in the United States are those which have the reputation of being always ready, on a question of real principle, to snap the green withes with which politicians would bind them. But until twenty years after the *Nation* was founded, how few they were, how sneered at, how disliked! The steady light which Mr. Godkin burned in the *Nation*, and

later in the *Evening Post*, had its slow but cumulative radiations. Not merely did it become impossible to employ, with a grave face, the partisan shibboleths which he was continually holding up to ridicule, but it was made easier for editors to refuse to give up to party what was meant for country. In this way, the *Nation* was as leaven in the lump of American journalism. Its primary appeal was to "the remnant." Yet those whom it taught and inspired were all the time going out to teach and inspire others. Thus the result was like a geometrical progression. The *Nation* reaped where apparently it had never sowed. And in the whole matter of unbiassed and informed comment upon great affairs, it gradually became a sort of external conscience to other publications. They waited to see what it would say before finally committing themselves. Coming down to a later period, that of Mr. Godkin's larger identification with the *Evening Post*, we have the remark of a veteran Western journalist, in reply to some one who was lamenting the fact that such a paper had not a larger circulation. "You idiot," he exclaimed, with profane emphasis, "don't you know that there is n't a decent editor in the United States who does not want to find out what it has to say on any subject worth writing about, before getting himself on record in cold type?"

We would not end on a purely commemorative note. The past of the *Nation* ought to be a pledge for the present and a guarantee of its future. Walter Bagehot chose a newspaper as a good illustration of the doctrine of persistence of type; and no one connected with the *Nation* could escape, if he would, what the years have wrought into it. If it has seen many of the causes advocated by it come to triumph, there are others still to be struggled for. If it drew to itself rare spirits in a day that is dead, it will continue to invite the best thought and to seek to secure and express the soundest verdicts on literature, science, politics, life. This number of the *Nation* is largely given

up to memory, but hope is interfused. Coming days are to be fronted bravely. An institution like the *Nation* is self-renewing. The spirit of youth is forever interpenetrating it. So that there is the more reason for confidence as it grows old, since, with Rabbi Ben Ezra, it may hope that the best is yet to be.

II

THE NATION'S VIEWS FROM YEAR TO YEAR

THE NATION'S VIEWS FROM YEAR TO YEAR

1865

THE appearance of the *Nation* coincided with the opening of a new era in the history of our country. The early numbers of the paper bore testimony to the stress of the process of transformation which a society that had just emerged from a cruel civil war was undergoing. The editorial columns had to deal with grave public questions. Three States — Delaware, Kentucky and Maryland — had refused to ratify the amendment abolishing slavery; the rights of the National Government to proceed against the Confederate leaders for treason, and the duty to hold the vanquished States under provisional rule were vehemently discussed throughout the country; the growth of the public debt called urgently for wise financial legislation; the policy of giving the vote to the colored people of the South, and the problem of doing justice to their former masters, now impoverished, agitated all minds. Moral, economic and educational problems were in the air. Political conventions were everywhere in session, and the most diverse views were held as to the reconstruction policy of President Johnson. The Alabama controversy was looming up portentously; commissions were busy with the reshaping of the tax and tariff systems of the country, and the Eight-Hour Movement in the interest of the laboring classes was coming to the front. Such were some of the burning questions of the day. But signs of a brighter future were in the sky, and reasons for gratefulness for what had been accomplished in many directions were abundant.

The Dawn of Brighter Days

Swift as was the collapse of armed rebellion [said the *Nation*, in its issue of July 20, 1865,] it has been attended with no appreciable shock to the country. War had come to be our normal condition, yet we relapse without disturbance into the ways of peace again. One by one the evidences of change accumulate: to-day the return of regiments to be mustered out; to-morrow a sale of war-vessels and transports; the unsealing of the ports followed by the removal of all restraints on interstate traffic. To these is now added the farewell address of the managers of the Sanitary Commission to its agents throughout the land. With the fourth of this month the work of making and procuring supplies was officially directed to be brought to a close, and all that remains for the Commission is to attend to the distribution of stores on hand, to collect the pensions and back pay of the soldiers through its one hundred and twenty-seven offices, to account for its stewardship to the public, and make up its scientific record, for the advantage of every nation that is so luckless as to be involved in war. These duties, though assuredly not trifling, do not require that vast combination of charitable workers which has hitherto existed at the North, and to the members of which, especially, the Commission proffers its admiration and gratitude. It is indeed marvelous that a scheme of benevolence so extensive and so efficient as we know the Commission to have been, should have been sustained without ostentation, without bustle, and with so much certainty that, as the address says, "volunteer work has had all the regularity of paid labor," by the women of the loyal States. The phenomenon is without example in the history of this or any country, and deserves something more than applause and compliments. Honor as we may the tender sympathy, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the faith that faltered not, the patient endurance of the wives and mothers and sis-

ters whose toils are now ended, their harmonious coöperation and business-like punctuality — their division of labor and calculation of means, excite surprise in almost an equal degree. In thus displaying qualities which are commonly appropriated to the other sex, they suggest the permanent enlargement of their field of usefulness, since what they have accomplished in an extraordinary emergency, without previous training, is an earnest of their achievements when they shall have been regularly bred to habits of industry and self-support.

Changes in Population

Two great changes resulting from the war engaged the attention of thoughtful observers — the enormous tide of emigration rolling westward and the opening of new channels of trade and industry in the East. A significant allusion to these movements occurs in the *Nation* of July 20:

> Fort Laramie is situated at the junction of the Nebraska and Laramie Rivers, in almost the exact latitude of Boston, but about thirty-five degrees nearer to the Pacific. Some estimate of Western emigration may be formed from the passage of trains through this point in the last two months. In May, over 5000 teams and 40,000 head of stock. In June, about 4000 emigrants and 30,000 head of stock. This monstrous tide is pouring over the Rocky Mountains, while the plains they have traversed are lined with the trains of their immediate successors.

There was as yet little inclination on the part of Northern emigrants to renew the wasted soil of the South, to clear its forests and drain its swamps, to impress the water-power into their service and to set up the cotton-mill alongside of the cotton-field; to build highways and

to explore mines. Still, the emigration to Maryland was described as very large, though the lower counties, which had been the home of slave labor, were less favored by the newcomers than the others.

New England had but a few years previously possessed a large population engaged in general farming. Said the *Nation*, in its issue of August 17:

> The families of the farmers furnished operatives for the factories, the daughters constituting the larger proportion of the weavers in both the cotton and the woollen mills. But for many years it has become evident that New England must yield to the West in the cultivation of all the great staples of food, reserving only the raising of stock, of wool, and of the hay crop, occupations requiring but few hands. The farming population decreases in number, and this decrease will be vastly stimulated by the knowledge of other sections of the country gained by the New England soldiers. At the same time, the demand for skilled labor in printing-offices, in book-binding, and in the immense amount of work done by the sewing-machine, has gradually withdrawn American girls from the factories to these better paid and more independent branches. This change has been greatly stimulated by the war demand for clothing and material, and it seems probable that such has been the increase of population, and the consequent increase of demand upon those whose business it is to put the textile and other fabrics into a form for use, that even in times of peace all the females who have been thus employed will continue to be.

The *Nation* saw one of the regrettable results of the war in the tendency of New England to a sparse population in the country, engaged in special branches and not in general farming, and to a dense population in the cities and towns, largely foreign, employed in extremely subdivided labor, and needing wise and vigorous legislation

to prevent ignorance and vice from increasing rapidly. But while there were dangers in all this, New England had the certainty of maintaining her supremacy in manufacturing, the cotton or woollen mill of Lawrence being destined to undersell the isolated mill in the South or West.

Thus [the *Nation* argued], while a radical and somewhat dangerous tendency affects New England, a change as great and much more desirable must affect the Middle and Western States. The Eastern soldier, brought up in boyhood upon a farm, then developed in the mill or the workshop into the skilful artizan, has by his own observation of the South, and by his intimate companionship with the Western soldier, learned of the great opening which exists for him, and he will carry to Virginia, to Maryland, Tennessee, and Kentucky the better method of farming pursued in Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania. He will carry to the West the skill of the artizan, to be applied not to the establishment of great factories, but to the thousand smaller branches which are carried on in the workshop and at the forge or lathe. He will establish by natural methods that diversity of employment in the West which is sure to follow individual enterprise and skill, and which is far better than the forced growth induced by protective legislation. And at the South, who can foresee the changes? The Eastern and the Western man, alike attracted by the immense profits sure to follow the application of improved methods of agriculture, must buy out the planter, and give employment to the freedmen, and to the foreign emigrants who will soon be attracted there. He will save the waste, like that of cotton seed, which in the hands of a Yankee would yield value almost equal to the fibre. And as the population thus changes, and new wants are developed, the artizan must follow, the village must begin to have an existence, the city must become one in fact as well as in name.

1866

A Counsel of Moderation

With all its pronounced views on the Southern question, the *Nation* never failed to point out the importance not only of dealing justly with the vanquished States, but of making allowance for ebullitions of Southern temper and the recrudescence of old prejudices. An instance in point is worth recalling.

Mr. Pollard, the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, had secured from the President permission to resume publication, on promise of good behavior. General Grant, however, issued an order directing the various commanding officers to keep their eyes on the Southern press, with the view of punishing such newspapers as were guilty of continued attempts to excite hatred of the Government and sow ill-will between North and South.

This [said the *Nation* of February 22] may, at the present juncture, seem a necessary precaution, but we doubt very much whether the muzzling of the press will do much towards putting the South in a good humor. The theory of despotic government is that, by carefully preventing all public expression of disloyal feeling, the feeling itself will be at last extinguished, but the plan has never succeeded, though it has been tried in a dozen countries ever since the invention of printing. Nor will it succeed in the South. The only antidote that we know of for the raving of Southern zealots, is the maintenance of free speech by the strong hand in every part of the country. Let Southern editors say what they please, but give those who differ with them a chance of making themselves heard, also, with safety, if not with comfort. Mr. Pollard writes as he does, and his readers feel as they do, solely because for years before

the rebellion no man dared to gainsay any of the teachings by which the country was at last plunged into civil war. Can the Reconstruction Committee and Congress not see that this must be the basis of all plans for the social or political regeneration of the South?

It is difficult to realize, at this distance of time, how great was the service rendered by the *Nation* in counselling moderation while the air was thick with fierce attacks on the President, who, in a notorious speech, had himself set the example of unparalleled recklessness. In an extraordinary passage of his address at Washington in February, 1866, Andrew Johnson had brought the charge against members of Congress of seeking his assassination, and when the press and the public repudiated the accusation with equal fierceness of speech, the *Nation* said (March 1):

> Keenly as we feel the terrible mistake of the President, we would not have it forgotten that Andrew Johnson has in times past been tried and not found wanting in patriotism, in devotion to the Union, in faithfulness to his obligations. He stands now with a heavier responsibility than ever resting upon him. He cannot be removed for evidence of a ferocious temper or for bad manners, so long as his misconduct does not take the form of unconstitutional obstruction to the machinery of our Government. He will be President for three years to come, and must be the instrument through which alone we can exercise any legal influence on Southern society. No member of Congress, no leader of the people, can be equal to the occasion who now betrays more anxiety about his record or the record of his party than about the means, as things now stand, and as men are, of securing not only the reëstablishment of the Union but the restoration of the reign of law to all parts of the country.

The Austro-Prussian War and Rights of Private Property

The overshadowing event of the year was the Austro-Prussian war. A comment of the *Nation*, in its issue of June 22, on the general question of the rights of private property at sea, is not without interest at the present time:

> The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have both signified their intention of respecting private property at sea in the coming war. As neither of them possesses navy enough to do anybody much harm, the sacrifice is not as great as it seems, but it is, nevertheless, unquestionably an indication, and a valuable one, of the advance of civilization. There is nothing, even in the absurdity of war, more absurd than the practice of destroying the ships of private persons, by way of bringing the government to terms. It has never had any such effect. Ship-owners are, even in maritime countries, a small class; the mass of the community are very little affected by their troubles, as was shown in our own war, and the most important result of what is called "the destruction of an enemy's commerce," is the transfer of the carrying trade to some other power. There is sometimes a touch of the comic lent to the matter by the indignation of those whose property is all on shore, when ship-owners show too great a reluctance to have their vessels burned. Congress treated those amongst American ship-owners who made transfers of their ships to a foreign flag, to escape Semmes, as if they were little better than traitors.

The Atlantic Cable

The significance of the laying of the Atlantic cable in promoting international understanding was thus spoken of in the *Nation* of August 2:

The cable has at last been laid and is working. Some eminent scientific men still doubt whether it will work well, or work long, owing to the inequality of pressure at the various depths at which it lies, the abrasion on the rocks, and other causes; but this is for the present idle and profitless speculation; time only can test it. In the meantime let us all unite in rejoicing over it, as one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, triumph of human ingenuity — one whose beneficent results, both moral and material, are still only foreshadowed, but which seem likely to pass all present imagining. It is the complement of the application of steam to navigation. It strikes the last grand and, we hope, fatal blow, not at national distinctions (for we hold national feeling and pride to be as necessary to civilization and freedom as individual self-respect and independence), but at international hates and prejudices — at the mediæval philosophy which makes national isolation the highest good, and the Chinese empire a model polity. There is, perhaps, nobody connected with the enterprise who deserves so much credit as Mr. Cyrus Field. In England the cable was a national undertaking, and those who worked at it were surrounded by sympathizers and supporters. Mr. Field kept his faith and his energy here amidst the scoffing, doubting, or indifferent, and we are glad to say he has his reward.

1867

The First Civil Service Reform Bill

THE reintroduction of the Civil Service Reform Bill, by Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, which he had submitted at the previous session of Congress, was greeted by the *Nation* with warm expressions of approval. "Here we have a bill," it said (January 10), "that meets the evil which is at the bottom of our political Pandora's box."

The good old-fashioned faith in a special Providence that cared for these United States has been somewhat rudely shaken by our experiences of the last few years. The enormous taxation imposed in consequence of the rebellion has been borne bravely by the country; but the manner in which that taxation has been levied, the utter incompetence of a large proportion of the army of tax-gatherers in the revenue service, the destruction of some branches of industry by the mischances of legislation, the apparent hopelessness (under the present system) of anything like a decent return from the excise duties, the frequent clashing of internal and tariff duties — these are the sources of well-grounded complaints. Members of Congress, revenue commissioners, and some officers of the Government even, have confessed the faults of the present state of affairs, and hope to do better. But legislation must be imperfect so long as it gropes in the dark, and light can be had only from experience, and experience is the one thing which our officials are never allowed to get. How many generations of men have sat in the revenue department of the Government, and how many of the changes made in it have been made on any other than purely political, partisan grounds? Suppose that at the outset of the new system of taxation officers had been appointed to administer it upon merit, as tested in an examination; that those officers had been retained up to this time; and that promotions among them had been made on merit, as tested by their services. What a world of difference there would be in our knowledge of the right and the wrong way of imposing and levying taxes, and what a fund of advice there would be to guide Congress in legislation, the courts in interpretation, and the Government in administration. As it is, we are in a worse sea and in a more dangerous and shifting storm of uncertainties than we were at the outset of this great experiment.

The Meaning of American Naturalization

When the question of the effect of American naturalization upon the relations of American citizens born abroad with the governments under which they were born, was discussed by the Senate, the *Nation* said (December 26):

It is well to bear in mind that the doctrine held by the English lawyers, touching the impossibility of a man's getting rid of his allegiance, is also the doctrine held by the American courts, and has been acknowledged to be sound doctrine by American diplomatists. The question now is not whether the English and Prussians are wrong in their views of the law, as some of the Fenian sages seem to suppose, but whether the law had better be changed. There is, as Mr. Sumner well remarked, an absurdity, now when men are emigrating to this country by the million with the sanction and encouragement of their governments, in maintaining that their first allegiance sticks to them forever and cannot be repudiated. This theory did very well when emigrants were rare, and returned emigrants were rarer still, but it will not do in this age of steam, telegraphs, railroads, and emigration *en masse*. It is not only unreasonable, but highly inconvenient, and if Congress will put an end to it, by making American naturalization absolute against all the world, it will do civilization some service as well as save a great many valuable citizens from loss or annoyance.

1868

American Diplomats Abroad

In discussing the American diplomatic service and the need of well-qualified representatives abroad, the *Nation* said (February 27):

The appointment of Mr. Burlingame as Chinese ambassador, and the remarkable state of relations between this country and that great empire which we now witness, are due also to the personal qualities of the minister — qualities, we may add, of which Mr. Burlingame's previous career gave little indication. We do not think anybody at home is to be complimented on his perspicacity with regard to the appointment; but it has turned out well, and proved that all Mr. Burlingame needed to distinguish himself was an opportunity. He has won from the Chinese Government an amount of confidence in himself such as it has never before accorded to a foreigner — and such, in fact, as no government has ever accorded to a foreigner — and has won with it its deep and cordial respect for his own country; and he has won it without giving the slightest umbrage to the representatives of other powers, and while retaining in the highest degree their confidence in his loyalty, integrity, and judgment. No despatches, no display of military or of naval power, no array of statistics, could have accomplished such a result as this. The opening of China to the outside world after thirty centuries of seclusion is an event of which the importance, no matter from what point of view we consider it, can hardly be overrated. It is in some respects equivalent to the discovery of a new continent; and that the empire should, on its entry into the family of civilized nations, adopt the United States as its friend and protector, is perhaps as high a compliment as any country has ever received. But whatever glory we have won by it, whatever profit we may gain from it, we owe to individual character, to the moral force that lies in the walk and conversation of a single public servant. The Chinese know nothing of Banks's speeches or "reports" or bills; they have seen no American fleets or armies; our hog returns and corn returns and population returns make little or no impression on them. In the contest of magnitudes, of numbers, and of bulk, we can produce nothing with which their

eyes or imagination is not familiar. We have triumphed mainly because we were represented by an able and honest man.

The Result of the Impeachment Trial

The result of the impeachment trial of President Johnson was, in a sense, a disappointment to the *Nation*, chiefly because his acquittal tended to create a certain amount of popular confidence in his judgment. But the paper hailed as a rare triumph of principle the behavior of the Republican Senators who voted for Johnson's acquittal.

We believe, for our part [it said, May 21], that the thanks of the country are due to Messrs. Trumbull, Fessenden, Grimes, Henderson, Fowler, Van Winkle, and Ross, not for voting for Johnson's acquittal, but for vindicating, we presume nobody but themselves knows at what cost, the dignity and purity of the court of which they formed a part, and the sacred rights of individual conscience. They have afforded American young men an example such as no politicians have ever afforded them in the whole course of American history, and at a time, too, when the tendency to put party claims above everything is rapidly increasing, and when we are adding to our voting population a vast body of persons on whom the great laws of morality sit only very lightly, and for whom party discipline has, of course, the attraction it has everywhere and always for those who have little other discipline to guide them.

The issue of the impeachment trial was no doubt important as regards the actual political situation; but the greatest of all questions for the American people is, whether amongst all the troubles and changes of this and coming ages the popular respect for the forms of law, for judicial purity and independence, can be maintained. As long as it can, all will go well, whatever storms blow; whenever the belief becomes general that a court

of justice, and especially a "High Court," can be fairly used, whenever the majority please, as the instrument of their will, it will make little difference what its judgment will be or who fills the Presidential chair.

1869

David A. Wells and his Assailants

FINANCIAL questions engrossed the attention of the public mind during the year. The report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, Mr. David A. Wells, on the condition and the prospects of the national industry was the subject of bitter attack in Congress and the press. In commenting on the charges that "British gold" had influenced his judgment, the *Nation* said (April 8):

Mr. Wells's assailants believe that high tariffs conduce to the prosperity of the working classes; therefore any man who says that in a particular country possessing a high tariff the working classes are not prosperous, must be a knave, and has probably been bribed to lie by persons interested in the importation of foreign goods.

Another remarkable and repulsive feature of the controversy has been the theory, on which most of Mr. Wells's opponents act and talk, that there is something sacred about the theory of protection, and that any person who attacks it, or even brings to light facts which are likely to weaken its hold on the popular mind, must be a bad man, and ought to have his influence destroyed, like that of a gambler or libertine, not simply by argument but by social persecution, or any other weapons within reach. One Pennsylvanian sage, or saint, was so shocked by Mr. Wells's conclusions, that he gravely, and even with much show of pious wrath, sought to have the wretch's salary stopped in the House, so that the legislature of "our common

country" might not be responsible for the diffusion of his pestiferous utterances. Now, protectionists may as well make up their minds that neither their opponents nor the public at large will submit to this kind of assumption. It was tried in the slavery agitation, and failed. There was hardly a defender of the institution in the height of its prosperity who did not take refuge behind the Bible, or the marriage relation. It was tried, too, in the reconstruction process, and failed; and in the impeachment process, and failed. Hardly a question of importance comes up in politics, that one side or other does not entrench itself behind religion or humanity or "eternal justice," and proclaim that anybody who assails the position is guilty of sacrilege. But the age for successful performance of this thoroughly profane trick is gone by. Anybody who wants legislation in our day in aid of his schemes, whether his object be his own private aggrandizement, or the regeneration of mankind, must come down into the political arena and maintain his cause, on the same level and with the same weapons as everybody else. We have no privileged opinions in politics any more than privileged classes in society. All opinions and theories are assailable; nay, if anybody knows any reason for thinking that a dominant policy, no matter in what department of public affairs, is injurious, he is bound to declare it.

The Way the Income Tax ought to be collected

When the question of continuing or discontinuing the income tax was before the country, and the Special Commissioner of Revenue pointed out in his report that the mode of collecting the revenue was enormously costly, the *Nation* remarked (November 25):

Now the remedy for all this seems plain enough. The state of society here being what it is renders necessary, if possible, more perfect and efficient collecting machinery than in Europe.

The habits of the people require that less of the work of assessment should be left to them than is left in Europe, while, on the other hand, the stronger and more pervading sense of interest in and devotion to the Government would render the proper kind of assessment and collection more productive here than it has ever proved anywhere. The multiplicity and rapidity of the changes of fortune and changes of places of abode, and the general indifference to the relation between means and style of living, to which Europeans attach so much importance, which are marked characteristics of American society, not only require that our assessors should be men of unusual skill, sagacity, tact, discretion, and judgment, but that they should be permanent officers, entirely devoted to their duties and thoroughly acquainted with the people of their district, and competent, therefore, not only to detect discrepancies in returns, but extract proper explanations of them. No returns should be left to the taxpayer's own judgment or honesty or memory. The list of questions now suggested to the assessor should not be idle forms merely; they should be asked; and the assessor should be a man of such training and manners as to enable him to ask them inoffensively and to judge of the correctness of the replies, and should know enough of individuals resident within his district to decide whether further scrutiny was necessary, and, if so, how much. A glaring difference, for instance, between a man's style of living and his income as returned by himself, he should always be called on to account for, and account for satisfactorily: and the failure of a man keeping up an expensive establishment to return any income whatever — of which there are many cases in New York — should be made the subject of thorough examination. Of course, this process would keep assessors busy, and it would need assessors of a very high order; but it would enormously increase the revenue, particularly in the large cities, both by frightening dishonest men and enlightening honest ones.

1870

The Legal-Tender Decision

THE Legal-Tender decision of the Supreme Court of the United States reopened the question as to whether Congress or the courts have the right of deciding what are the necessary and proper means for the exercise of the war power. The *Nation's* reflections on the subject were as follows (February 17):

The business of the Court is to interpret the Constitution; and even if it be true, as many people believe, that the Constitution impliedly permits Congress to declare other things than gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts, it does not follow that it permits it to license debtors to pay off their debts by offering something of less value than they agreed to pay. Legal tenders are one thing, depreciated legal tenders are another thing; and no court can be expected to declare cheating lawful, unless it is plainly and unmistakably obliged to do so by the recognized decrees of the sovereign authority. Congress may have the power to declare potatoes a legal tender, but no court can infer from this that a man who agreed, before they were issued, to deliver a bushel's worth of them to his debtor, is justified in only delivering him half a bushel's worth. The Court can very well say, and does say, that it knows nothing of legislative necessity, but that it does know that nothing but express direction would justify it in declaring lawful and justifiable the evasion of a clear moral obligation.

Moreover, even supposing the Legal-Tender Act was necessary at the time; supposing even that the permission to cheat creditors was necessary at the time, that does not make it necessary now. That a man who, in January, 1862, agreed solemnly to pay one hundred dollars in gold in January, 1870, should be allowed when the time came to pay only seventy-

five dollars in gold, is surely not "necessary" to the proper conduct of a war which ended in 1865, or to the salvation of a nation which was never more flourishing or vigorous, and which, if it runs any risk at all, owes it to the weakening of the individual moral sense. Many things which will not bear the moralist's examination have to be done in war; the concessions he ought to make to the exigencies of armed conflict are among the darkest problems in ethics, but then no such concession should be stretched one inch or one minute beyond the occasion which calls for it. If necessity knows no law, there is all the greater reason for getting rid of necessity at the earliest practicable moment.

As to the future effect of the decision in limiting the powers of Congress, we think the safest plan now is to do right, and leave the future to Providence. Let us stop at once all cheating we *can* stop. If cheating be ever again necessary to the salvation of the country, we may be sure it will be done, the Supreme Court decision to the contrary notwithstanding. If, which is wildly improbable, the national existence should ever again be placed in the peril in which it stood in 1862, we may be quite sure there will be a Congress and people who will do what the case requires. Our duty is to set an example of justice and good faith, and of respect for the sanctity of promises. This is the very best legacy we can leave to posterity, and there is no surer way of relieving the Government from ever again having to issue legal tenders than paying off rapidly those now in existence — that is, resuming specie payments.

American Sympathies during the Franco-Prussian War

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War the *Nation* was in accord with the general American opinion which saw in the action of Louis Napoleon a flagrant violation of international right. In reply to the argument of the

New York *World*, that, so far as any claim to the sympathy of the American people was concerned, Prussia was on the same footing as France, owing to the despotic temper and the feudal antecedents of the reigning King, the *Nation* said (July 21):

It must not be forgotten that he has inherited both his temper and his position, and that he is a very old man, to whose vagaries the Prussian people submit, partly because they entertain a traditional affection for his house, and partly because his reign must at best be short. In fact, he is but a relic of the old régime — the last surviving monarch who believes in the divine origin of his own authority. His heir is a liberal, and, if not a "progressive man" in our sense of the word, is sufficiently so for all the purposes of Prussian progress, which, if not rapid, is one of the surest and strongest things the modern world has to show. Nothing else certainly has offered Europe thus far so comfortable an escape from feudalism; nothing else has been so successful in popularizing the government, while upholding the claims of knowledge and skill to the supreme control of human affairs, and in stimulating industry without creating a vast proletariat. The arrogance of the Prussians there is no denying, and the foreign policy of Bismarck has certainly been thoroughly unscrupulous; but then his unscrupulousness has been displayed in the execution of schemes to which every lover of his kind must wish success; in the deliverance of a great people from being the prey of despicable and voracious princelings; and in the infusion of activity, largeness of aim, and noble ambition into their national life. King William and his minister will pass away. The work of their hands will last, and the Prussia they have aggrandized must certainly long remain that community of the old world to which those who are interested in the improvement of human character through political action will look with most hope.

There is no enemy of standing armies, too, — nobody who feels the magnitude of the evils which these vast isolated hordes of idle men inflict on the world, — but must wish that when an army composed as the Prussian army largely is, takes the field in a good cause, victory may perch on its banners. An army in whose ranks ploughmen fresh from the field, clerks fresh from their desks, and professors fresh from their chairs, stand shoulder to shoulder, must always be an object of sympathy to those, of whatever country, who look forward to the time when the soldier will never be anything else than an armed man defending his home, and must, wherever its "vollied thunders" fly, make the spread of Cæsarism impossible.

The phases of the war and the international questions involved called forth many illuminating articles in the *Nation*, of which a few are reproduced elsewhere in this volume.

1871

The Revolt of the Merchants against the Tyranny of the Railroads

A SERIOUS state of affairs developed through what was described as a revolt of the merchants against the tyranny of the railroads. The situation was thus summarized in the *Nation* of April 6:

Only within the last few months the entire postal service has been repeatedly delayed, or at times totally interrupted, at the Bergen Tunnel, during the quarrel between the Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Companies; on the Long Island Railroad, which is reported to have positively refused to carry the Sag Harbor mails; at Harrisburg, where, in a period of three months, the whole or a part of the Western newspaper mails was thirty-two times compelled to lie

over until next day, owing to the wilful neglect of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to provide the necessary room. Numerous other cases occurred which we do not remember with sufficient distinctness to specify here.

The forcible interruption to traffic on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad a few weeks since; the riotous seizure of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad by regiments of armed men, bringing the State to the verge of civil war; the wilful derangement of traffic over the road to Saratoga last summer to enable Commodore Vanderbilt to carry New York passengers over the Hudson River road instead of permitting them to take the boats from some of the river stations; the abandonment of the Bangor, Oldtown, and Milford Railway in Maine at the behest of its competitor, the European and North American; the forcible blockading of the approaches to the Suspension Bridge, and the attempt to burn the bridge across Cayuga Creek to prevent the Erie Junction road from interfering with the New York Central — an act that brings to mind the old law in force even among the "barbarians" of Peru a few centuries ago, according to which "to burn a bridge was death;" the refusal of the New Jersey Railroad Company to forward passengers to Washington, owing to their dispute with the Baltimore and Ohio Company; the Minnesota Railroad ring that made a desperate and partially successful effort last summer to use its power over transportation to control the entire wheat market of the State; the New Haven Railroad exercising a censorship of the press by prohibiting the sale and transportation on its line of a newspaper that had dared to criticise its management; the trebling of freights on coal during the bitter winter months of January and February, when thousands of poor in the Atlantic cities were all but perishing of cold; the additional two dollars a ton put on the rates by the Reading Railroad Company in March, when it found that some coal was still being mined; the case of passengers hustled

off the cars for infractions of petty rules of the companies, and especially of those who were thrust off trains while in motion over trestle-bridges; the despatch from the president to the conductor of a passenger train on the Morris and Essex Railroad:

"Put your train on the side switch, and keep it there until the commuter and his backers conform to the rules of the company. SAM SLOAN."

— all this is strong enough support for our statement. But we advise our readers also to turn to the petition of the citizens of the city of New York, published in the daily papers of March 29, in which, over the signatures of more than five hundred of the most responsible and respectable mercantile firms in every branch of the city trade, there is set forth in detail a system of extortion, ill usage, tyranny, and corruption on the part of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

As to the manner in which the country was to resume control of the power usurped by individuals and corporations, the *Nation* was sceptical. New York merchants appeared to be divided in opinion.

Their general appeal to the Legislature [the *Nation* said], to remove certain special evils, and to regulate rates of fare and transportation on all railroads running in this State, evinces more confidence in the State Legislature than that body merits, especially after their recent unjust repeal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's charter amendment at the bidding of the very Central and Hudson River Company indicted before them. Even were the present Legislature as honest as it is corrupt, as intelligent as it is ignorant, it might still be doubtful whether any remedy it could devise *and enforce* would cover the ground, since it is chiefly the inter-State relations of the different roads which give them their greatest

power for evil, and over these connections outside the State limits our Legislature would, of course, exercise no authority.

1872

The Public Reception of Mr. Greeley's Nomination

THE Cincinnati Convention which nominated Mr. Greeley for the Presidency plunged thousands of independent voters all over the country into perplexing doubt. The result of the Convention, which was to have united in a third party the best elements of the two others, was a bitter disappointment to the *Nation*. The paper had warned the patriotic men chiefly instrumental in calling the Convention together that the country would not be satisfied with a mere change of administration; that in order to get it to repudiate Grant, some one not only confessedly better than he, but unmistakably good in himself, would have to be nominated.

At first view [the *Nation* said, May 30], it was natural to imagine that Greeley would be a popular candidate. But the difficulty is that men who are enthusiastic about Mr. Greeley are not apt to care much for reform, while ardent reformers cannot be enthusiastic about Mr. Greeley. There was certainly no lack of enthusiasm before and during the Convention. But the enthusiasm was one for facts and ideas; that expected for Mr. Greeley was of the traditional raccoon and log-cabin sort. The only enthusiasm it is now in the power of this country to give, Mr. C. F. Adams was the man to embody. He would have had at his back the "honest few that give the devil even his due" — the men who neither find truth in the extremes nor yet get at it with a pair of compasses midway between them, but recognize it wherever it appears; who see

things as they are and not as they ought to be; who believe in law; who have an imperative sense of doing little things well; and who consider it not unpatriotic to accept the experiences of other countries where we have none of our own. From men who believe in these things, Mr. Greeley could never get anything but a lukewarm and an enforced support. We are not now in a condition to live over again one of our historic Presidential excitements. But even if we were, we doubt if Mr. Greeley could inspire the people with one of the old-time passions. He is not quite the sort of man to be the pet of barbecues and village processions. The popular leaders who have heretofore attracted the women with their babies to the mass-meetings, and caused hungry followers to roast and devour whole oxen, have had in their port a little more of command, have appeared with a little more of station before the people. Have we not exaggerated Greeley's strength with the multitude? Have we not confused familiarity with popularity? A man's character may be very familiar to us, and yet we may not have very great affection for or confidence in him. We may have confidence in his honesty, but it does not follow we should put great trust in his ability. The people relied implicitly upon Jackson; they believed him to be the one man who could lead and rule them, and they were utterly impatient of anybody who thought otherwise; not the most gushing of lady correspondents could "rest on" Mr. Greeley. The state of mind which the farming population of this country is supposed to entertain towards him, we fancy, is exaggerated. With the newspapers, and the telegraphs, and the immense dead-level of intelligence through the land, it is impossible that what has so long been the true estimate of Greeley should not by this time have percolated into the remotest agricultural regions. The bucolic patriot from whom so much is expected will probably, after all, turn out to be the figment of a not very cautious imagination.

The Verdict at Geneva

The result of the Geneva arbitration was accepted with solid satisfaction by the country and, not least of all, by those who had had a hand in bringing it about or in conducting it. The *Nation*, which had commented throughout with acknowledged competence and restraint on the varying phases of the Alabama controversy, might well say, as it did in its issue of September 19:

> And now, before passing away, we trust for ever, from this long and exciting controversy, it is perhaps due to those of our readers who have honored us with their confidence and forbearance, to call attention to the fact that no doctrine the *Nation* has ever combatted has received any countenance from the arbitrators, while every position it has ever maintained has been fully confirmed. We have for seven years scouted the notion that the concession of "belligerent rights" to the Confederates was of any importance in the controversy (except as a bit of evidence on the point of animus), in opposition to the popular and rhetorical view that it was the very head and front of England's offence. It has not been even mentioned before the Board. We argued that England was liable without reference to it; she has been held so to be. We insisted all along that she ought to apologize for the escape of the *Alabama*, and predicted that she would; she has done so. Finally, we derided the "indirect claims," and they have been for ever barred and extinguished amidst the laughter of the civilized world and the blushes of their authors.

"The People" and the Municipal Government

The various propositions of municipal reformers to amend the charter of the city of New York called forth the following remarks from the *Nation* (December 19):

It must be borne in mind that there are certain fundamental evils, as they may be termed, underlying our city government, and that no scheme for a charter can succeed, however ingenious or complete in its details, which does not take them in as conditions to the problem. In the first place, it is an incontrovertible fact that not only a large portion, but even a large majority, of our population consists of foreigners, ignorant, unused to the exercise of the elective franchise, unendowed with the self-restraint and instinctive discrimination of men bred to the responsibilities of citizenship and self-government, and trained from the day of their landing to follow the political leadership of the men whom we are virtually trying to depose and keep deposed. In a European city community this mass would simply have to be provided for, and that would be regarded as a sufficiently difficult task; but with us they have been elevated to the rank of providers. Having nothing of the sense of responsibility, they nevertheless have the power of voting; and as this power without responsibility is for the present inevitable, many persons are disposed to ignore it altogether, and plan a charter on the pure assumption that the responsible part of the community constitutes the majority. In the second place, the respectable part of the community, as it is termed, consists of men struggling with the highest taxes and highest rents to be found in any city in the world — a majority of whom have no early associations with the city, having come here in the pursuit of wealth, most of whom are more engrossed in business, and all of whom are more indifferent to the duties of citizenship, than any other American community. It has been for at least thirty years a saying that "the men of New York are too busy to vote," and voting is but a small part of the sacrifice necessary for effective action. In the third place, our machinery of government, through the frequency of elections and the number of offices to be filled by election, is so complicated as to have called into existence certain bands of

trained plunderers known as professional politicians; and the system is such that it not only secures to these men constant occupation, but it also furnishes them with the means for carrying on their predatory warfare, by providing for their followers a vast number of offices always vacant, or, what is the same thing, about to become vacant. Therefore, we see, as the results of our system and the conditions of our society, first, a set of adventurers, who in the nineteenth century are professional politicians, but who in the fourteenth would have been free-riders and outlaws; second, a respectable community peculiarly ill-fitted to contend with them; third, a large ignorant populace furnishing them with the armed following they especially require; and fourth, the means provided for rewarding their followers, and keeping them constantly equipped and in the field. More unfavorable conditions for the existence of free government, and more adroit artifices for the maintenance of all that is bad in our present system, could hardly have been framed and forced upon a community. Our present civilization does not admit of the armed bands that existed in the Middle Ages, going about the country as land-pirates levying contributions on cities, but we are subjected to the same plunderings, effected in the guise of "politics" instead of in the guise of warfare.

It is, therefore, idle to talk of any one change as certain to effect a reformation. Some persons are strenuous in asserting that all that is necessary to be done is to restore to "the people" of New York full and complete power to manage their own municipal affairs. But there has never been a time when a majority of the people could not have restrained the city government in its expenditures, and compelled an honest administration of its affairs, if there had been a majority really determined to do it. The trouble has not been with the power, but with "the people" — a people in part absorbed in other matters, and in part fully satisfied with their city affairs and

the men who manage them. The persons who favor this general restoration of power to the people must do so in the recollection of earlier times, and in forgetfulness of the fact that the first merchants and lawyers of New York then controlled political meetings and deemed it an honor to hold the office of alderman. The departure of local powers was not a cause but a sequence; after the decline in our municipal affairs had become apparent, the increased interference of the State with the city government was invoked as a remedy.

1873

Chief-Justice Chase

THE *Nation's* estimate of the qualities of Chief-Justice Chase coincides, it is safe to say, with the verdict of history. We quote from its obituary article (May 15) the following passages:

In Mr. Chase's own opinion and that of his friends and followers, his political conduct was never inconsistent with his attitude in his early days. Thus they justify what his enemies have condemned as his coquetting with the Democrats in 1867 and 1868. He would never, they say, have been anything but a Democrat had it not been that the Democrats adopted the undemocratic institution of slavery; that once gone, he was again a Democrat. We need not stop here to examine into the question whether, if the spirit of slavery was in 1865 the essence of Democratic doctrine, it could in 1867 have been much else than that. But whatever calamity was or was not averted when the Chief Justice failed to be nominated at Tammany Hall, we may be absolutely sure of one thing — that there was involved in that failure a very bitter disappointment to a man whose ambition and sense of masterful fitness made him eagerly long for the place — be the Democracy what it might. What other

Chief Justice of the United States ever so desired and sought the Presidency as to make thinly disguised electioneering tours for the purpose of keeping himself before the people? Undoubtedly it was his burning ambition for the coveted honor which made it possible for this proud and honorable man to degrade so greatly a dignity and place so high. It is the chief dimness on a most honorable record.

His career as a politician, or rather as a statesman, in the great struggle which so occupied the minds of that generation of the public men of whom we are now almost daily taking leave, is well known, and still better do we know his career as Secretary of the Treasury. Yet in this latter capacity some injustice has been done him which he can ill afford; for of necessity his financial procedure was of a kind, and on a scale and under a pressure which made his work open to some serious objections; but it is not open to the heaviest objection of all: neither the origination nor recommendation of the legal-tender feature of his financial scheme is to be charged to him. He never wished that feature adopted; he has always maintained that its operation should have long since ceased. . . .

As Chief Justice of the United States, there has been in Mr. Chase's life the same mingling of individual and circumstantial success. It has been his peculiar fortune to have taken a leading part in the legislative history which preceded the Rebellion, and in executive management during the Rebellion, and then to have passed judicially upon all of the important constitutional and legal questions that have arisen out of the Rebellion. Mr. Seward took part with him in the first and the second of these, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton in the executive, but Mr. Chase alone is prominent in all three of these most important chapters of the national history. The nine annual terms through which he has presided constitute a judicial period of little less importance than that period of constitutional interpretation which it was the fortune of Chief

Justice Marshall almost exclusively to fill. For many years to come the decisions of these nine terms will be referred to by lawyers, legislators, and constitutional students more than any others. In them the late Chief Justice will always appear prominent and never far from right. He brought to the court no store of legal learning, but he brought comprehensive views, considerable power of generalization, and a just sense of constitutional rights and judicial responsibility. Of this latter he gave a signal example during the impeachment trial of President Johnson. Entirely unmoved by the clamor of the party managers and the party press, he maintained complete impartiality, which, however, could teach them neither dignity nor decency, and brought on him their most savage maledictions.

> "If any care for what is here
> Survive in spirits rendered free,"

he must now listen to some of the praises which are poured out on his life and actions with a touch of sorrow for men who so little know how to honor their great while these live, and are so little able to respect themselves when their great have gone from among them, but cover with unmeasured laudation the man whom once they brutally maligned. In upholding the rights of the citizen against the exercise of arbitrary power by the Executive, and the responsibility of the Executive and Judiciary against the unconstitutional usurpations of Congress, and in striving to maintain the financial integrity of the country against a demoralization which allows a man to borrow gold and repay it in irredeemable paper, he has been firm and liberal and just; and his judicial services will be more highly esteemed when it is more clearly perceived that they uniformly tend to the maintenance of those principles which are the basis of national integrity, personal or political.

The "Virginius"

On the morning of November 7, Captain Fry and thirty-seven of the crew of the *Virginius* were shot at Santiago, by the order of the Spanish general in command. The facts of the case, as summarized by the *Nation* (November 20), were as follows:

The *Virginius* was an American-built steamer originally engaged in ordinary commerce. About two years ago she was bought by the Cuban insurgents who are stationed in this country, although doubtless the title was taken in the name of some American citizen. She once had, of course, an American register, and we assume that this register has never been changed, no matter who her real owners may have been and are. Since her purchase she has been used to convey warlike supplies, arms, material, and probably men, to the insurgents upon the island, but where she obtained her cargoes it is not now necessary to enquire. On the last voyage she had on board, besides a cargo of war material, a large body of Cubans who beyond a doubt were intending to join the forces with which they sympathized. She took on this cargo at and sailed from Kingston under the United States flag. Her destination was some concealed and favorable point on the coast of Cuba, where she was to unload the arms and ammunition and discharge the recruits. Nearing this coast she was seen by a Spanish gunboat, and immediately turned her course towards the island of Jamaica. The Spanish man-of-war pursued, overtook, and captured her. This capture was either on the high seas or within the territorial waters of Jamaica.

In an article on "What Does the Flag Protect?" (November 27) the *Nation* discussed the international aspect of the matter.

As the result of long and fierce wars between maritime countries, it is now an accepted principle — one of the doctrines which lie at the foundation of modern international law — that the ocean is the common highway of the world. Belonging to no power, it can be used by all alike; each has upon it the same rights as all the others; each may navigate it unmolested by the others, except when war introduces some modification of these common rights, which affects both the combatants themselves and also the other nations which, not taking a direct part in the contest, are called neutrals. The jurisdiction of every independent and sovereign state — that is, its power over persons and things — is, in respect of the place of its exercise, twofold. This jurisdiction may be exercised over all persons and things within the national territory; it may be exercised over the persons and things of its own citizens upon the high seas. The vessels of a nation, whether public men-of-war or private ships of commerce, are by a certain fiction spoken of as parts of the national territory. As long as these vessels remain upon the open sea, this fiction represents with sufficient accuracy the exact truth, and on it the only limit to the actual power of the nation is a physical one. In other words — and we merely state the same proposition in different terms — the private commercial vessels of a nation are always under the operation of the country's municipal law while upon the high seas, and are, therefore, liable to be stopped, searched, and seized, in any manner and by any instrument prescribed by that law — for example, by a national man-of-war. The same convenient fiction which regards a ship on the ocean as a detached portion of the country to which it belongs, carries the local law and jurisdiction of that country after the vessel, wherever found upon the high seas, and thus extends such law and jurisdiction, in respect to these movable objects, to all parts of the world. This holds good, whatever may be the character, business, designs, motives, or intentions of the owners

of these national vessels. If certain subjects of a sovereign, independent state revolt, and any condition of hostilities arises, the original jurisdiction of that state over the ships, warlike or commercial, belonging to its insurgent subjects on the high seas continues through all possible phases of the contest, until the parent government has itself recognized the independence of its former subjects. The acts of other nations do not and cannot affect this original jurisdiction; recognition of belligerency, recognition of independence even, by other states does not sever the tie which joined the parent nation and all its people. Such recognition simply affects the relations subsisting between the two hostile communities and the neutral countries granting the recognition.

The number of independent sovereign states which form at any time the whole family of civilized peoples acknowledging the modern international law is known and established by mutual agreement as a fact, and no new member can be received without the consent of the others, which consent is expressed in the act of recognition. This existing status of independent nations, and this possibility of independent jurisdiction over the high seas, running with and exercised upon the vessels of war or of commerce, has made it necessary that the nationality of every vessel should be certified to the world in some manner, so that the sovereignity and jurisdiction under which she sails should be respected. The ship's papers or commission, officially authenticated at home, and the flag are the means of certification. A private unarmed ship, without such official papers from some recognized country, and not bearing the flag of such a country, is without the protection of the international law, and would not be suffered to engage in commerce; she would be condemned and subjected to forfeiture by the municipal law of the first port which she entered. What is the condition of an armed vessel or transport carrying no commission and flag from a government properly recog-

nized? Technically, she is a pirate. In former times an actual pirate was treated as an enemy of mankind, and was liable to be captured on the ocean by any power, while the crew were justiciable in any country. The law of nations regards other armed vessels as pirates who differ far from the freebooters to whom the name is popularly given; thus, a privateer bearing commissions from two different governments is a pirate. At the present day, however, it is certain that such a privateer would not be treated as a pirate by any nations whose commerce she had not molested. In the same manner, while an armed man-of-war and a transport having a commission and flag of a people which had received no recognition — that is, of a rebellious community to which the right of belligerency had not been accorded — would technically be a pirate by the international law, she would not be practically treated as such by the countries not taking a part in the contest, but might be and would be piratical as regards the parent state against which she was carrying on hostilities. Hence arises the overwhelming necessity to a revolted community of being recognized in some manner that shall give it a *quasi* national standing. It is plain, therefore, that prior to the lowest grade of recognition — that of belligerency — a revolted province cannot carry on maritime warfare against the parent government, cannot resort to the use of armed ships or transports sailing under its own flag, without rendering these vessels technically piratical, and without subjecting the officers and crews technically to the penalties of piracy. Unless the insurgents are powerful in comparison with their enemies, and have extensive maritime resources — in which case they would undoubtedly be at once recognized as belligerents — they must of necessity, as was stated in our former article, pursue their maritime warfare under the cover of some other flag — some flag belonging to a sovereign nation, which must, of course, be a mere spectator of the conflict. That this use would be

fraudulent, would be an outrage upon the neutral, and might subject it to severe reclamations from the parent state, was the very doctrine maintained by the United States in the Alabama controversy, and triumphantly enforced in the Treaty of Washington and by the Geneva Arbitration.

1874

President Grant's Veto

PRESIDENT GRANT'S veto of the inflation bill was characterized by the *Nation* as "one of those political acts which not only gain for a man immense popularity, but which entitle him to even more of it than he gains." The paper pointed out that the difficulties surrounding General Grant were so serious that it was not for a moment supposed that he would refrain from signing the bill.

Now that the inflation bubble is pricked [the *Nation* remarked, April 30], we shall probably see how baseless were the statements that the people of the West really desired the issue of a flood of paper money. The only loud and pronounced expression of popular feeling on the subject, the only large and imposing meetings that have been held, even in the West, have been to oppose inflation. Those who think that there is any likelihood of a sectional struggle between the East on one hand, and the West and South on the other, or, at any rate, of a struggle ending in a victory for inflation, seem to forget what the actual relations existing between these divisions of the country are. The South is an impoverished and conquered country, which, if its prosperity is going to revive at all, must first gain the aid of Northern capital. It is absolutely dependent now for its very existence on the North and on Europe. What it wants is European or Northern enterprise, capital, energy, and immi-

grants. To suppose that it is going to get these by means of the allurements of the very paper money which the North and the principal European countries denounce as being dishonest, is a very strange delusion; and to begin a great national campaign for the purpose of stimulating the industries of the country and attracting capital and increasing credit, with loud and intimidating cries directed against the only part of the country which can give credit and has much accumulated capital, is an undertaking which will probably on reflection seem dangerous even to very confident Southern statesmen. As to the West, its business is carried on by Eastern and foreign capital. The very highways of commerce in the West are railroads built by the money of New York and New England men. Now, these New York and New England men have plainly said, during the last few weeks since the inflation agitation began: "Your inflation schemes take away from us that feeling of security which is the only inducement we have to lend you money. The attempt made within the past year to plunder the railroads has shaken our confidence both in your good sense and in your honesty; and we do not mean to help you any more until we see whether on the currency question you are willing to behave like prudent and honorable borrowers, or whether you are really engaged in a desperate game of swindling and robbing your creditors."

The importance of the veto is heightened by the fact that it will strengthen the courts in their resistance to paper-money intrigue. The only ground on which any attempt has been made to hold the legal-tender enactments constitutional was the overwhelming necessity of war. The decision of the Supreme Court was based entirely on this, and it would certainly be difficult to find in any decided case any warrant for the proposition that Congress has authority to make new issues of paper legal tender. It sometimes seems, as in the discussion of the transportation question, as if people had forgotten that there

was such a body as the Supreme Court of the United States, invested with the power and charged with the duty of interpreting the Constitution as the supreme law of the land. But the inflationists may as well confess that with the President against them, with public opinion against them, with at least half the Supreme Court and all the educated lawyers of the country against them, it will be up-hill work to create the great cheap-money party of which we have heard so much.

Alaska Forty Years Ago

It is interesting to recall that, forty years ago, a wholesale migration of Icelanders to Alaska was thought of. When Alaska was transferred to the United States, the annexation, as the *Nation* remarked (December 10), was generally supposed to be for glory and the extension of the national sovereignty, and Mr. Seward was much laughed at for his folly. The speeches delivered, too, over our new Polar acquisition were popularly treated as so much buncombe.

It seems, however [the paper said] that the purchase is very likely to prove a piece of good luck for us, and perhaps in after ages will redound to the credit of Mr. Seward's statesmanship, as having, at least, annexed more wisely than he knew. The Icelanders, after having lived what, from all accounts, must have been an uncomfortable life in Iceland for a thousand years, are preparing to celebrate their "millennial" period by emigrating *en masse;* and, in looking round over the globe for some place of settlement which shall at once be habitable, possess a comfortable climate, and at the same time remind them of home, they have hit upon Alaska. Some time since they appointed a commission to visit the country; and the United States, with very thoughtful liberality, lent the commissioners a ship to make the trip in. The *Portsmouth* has just

returned, and the commissioners are reported as very much pleased with their visit. They consider the country an improvement on Iceland, and report that it is not only capable of sustaining life, but also profitable industries. The Icelanders are an intelligent and industrious people, who have had centuries of education and civilization of no mean kind, and probably only need a good country — such as they declare Alaska to be — to enable them to become a creditable addition to the population of the United States. The only opposition to the scheme anticipated is that likely to be made by the trading companies which have monopoly rights.

1875

The Law and the Facts in Louisiana

THE interference of the Federal troops with the organization of the legislature in Louisiana, after the President and Congress had for three years vainly tried to grapple with the problem of setting up an honest government for the State, was severely condemned by the *Nation*. In its issue of January 14 it said:

It is clear that the Louisiana Legislature stood, on the day of its meeting, in the position of Congress and all the other legislatures in the country. It was in full possession of the "ancient, natural, and undoubted privilege" of organizing itself in its own fashion, and deciding for this and all other purposes who were its members and who were not. The law ordained that only the persons named on the lists of the Returning Board could take part in the organization; but the execution of the law lay with the legislature itself. No power on earth was competent to superintend, revise, or check its proceedings. If, as the Radical members assert, there was unfairness in the election of the Speaker, it was a thing which has happened before,

which will happen again, and for which, like any other fault or folly, there is no remedy beyond an appeal to public opinion. If it had proved impossible to elect a Speaker, owing to the unnecessary turbulence or absence of members, it would have been a state of things, however discreditable, which has been witnessed in the Federal House of Representatives and in the General Court of Massachusetts for days and weeks together. If persons not qualified voted in the organization, it was to the House itself, after the organization, that complaint should have been made. The "petition" addressed by the Radical members to Kellogg was an absurd and ridiculous document, which that person had no more right to entertain or act on than the writer of these lines. No Governor or President has a right to have hand, act, or part in the organization of any legislative body, or in controlling or directing its proceedings. It is not amenable to him in any manner or form. If any one portion of a legislative body finds itself oppressed or outraged by another, it must, under the immemorial usage of civilized constitutional states, appeal to the honor, patriotism, and sense of justice of its opponents, and if this fails, if right and justice are sacrificed to party, there is, as Cushing finely says, "no alternative but to appeal to that tribunal which revises the decisions of all others — the tribunal of the future, eternally and everywhere sitting in judgment on the past, whose judges are the people, and whose judgments are recorded in public opinion." This is no rhetorical dictum or bit of Sentimentalist vapor. It is a doctrine which lies at the very foundations of free government; for if the legislature is not independent or irresponsible, the executive is or may quickly become a despotism. When Kellogg, therefore, presumed to act on the Radical petition, and called in the aid of the troops to enable him to coerce the majority of the members of the House, whether that majority was real or ostensible, he committed a high crime and misdemeanor, for which he ought to be punished. The notion which General Sheridan

seems to entertain that the Governor's demand for Federal troops justified General de Trobriand's action in the House, may be put in the same category with the notion that American citizens can be outlawed by Executive proclamation.

1876

The Centennial Celebration

In an article on the Fourth of July celebration of the Centennial year, the *Nation* referred to the addresses of Mr. Evarts, Dr. Storrs, Mr. Winthrop, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams as showing that the theme had grown too vast to be successfully dealt with by any of the old methods.

Mr. Evarts, as the Centennial orator at Philadelphia [the *Nation* said], more fully than any of the others, surveyed the whole field, and expounded with a masterly hand the extent to which the American Revolution had introduced new powers and forces and aims into the political world, and how the daring conceptions of the founders of the Government had been justified by the actual working of their experiment. Dr. Storrs traced in American history the growth of the great principles of English liberty; and Mr. Winthrop sketched and eulogized the chief authors and promoters of the national independence; while Mr. Adams showed by specific instances the value of the contributions which the working out of the principle of personal freedom as maintained in the Revolution had made to the happiness of the civilized world in our day, in leading to the present condition of France, in securing the freedom of the seas, in abolishing piracy, and in bringing about the abolition of the slave-trade, and then of slavery itself. It was noteworthy, too, and perhaps the most noteworthy illustration of the beneficence of the Revolution, that in none

of the addresses is there a single expression of vindictive or arrogant feeling, a single note of barbarous triumph, or a single attempt to glorify force or war, or to preach the gospel of selfishness. They all tell the nations of the world the story of joys and hopes in which Englishmen, Germans, Russians, and Frenchmen may share without finding their pride or their patriotism wounded, or anything in which they glory belittled.

The article closed with this admonition:

The hope and aim, secret or open, of all who have passionately and fruitfully labored and endured for public ends has always been not so much that any one form of government should succeed as that good government should endure; and if this generation is to prove worthy of those who have prepared the way for it, and faithful to those who are to come after, it will not be satisfied with "government of the people, for the people, by the people," unless that government is a really progressive and improving government. And a progressive and improving government is not one which every year covers a wider area with its laws and makes large additions to its population. Nor is it even a government under which each generation clings to its nationality with a more passionate and proud affection. These things have all been seen under governments whose subjects paid for the glory of their flag and the spread of their sway by the sacrifice of their highest ideals, the blunting of their moral perceptions, and the increase of public misery. Government is not an emblem, or a name, or an army with banners. It is a bundle of mutual services; and its goodness or badness, and the value of its contributions to the moral growth of the world, depend on the efficiency with which they are rendered. Unless we are supplying the poor and rich with better justice; unless we are striving to make taxation lighter and its collection simpler and easier; unless we are discovering modes of making the execution of all the laws

more efficient and more certain — of taking better care of the poor and the insane — of giving the young a better education — of bringing the highest intelligence of the community to bear on its legislation and administration — of enabling the weak and unlearned to feel surer about the future — of making firmer the hold of the frugal on their savings — of making marriage a more honorable and sacred relation and children a more solemn responsibility, — all that we heard on Tuesday of the novelty of the success of our political system was reproach and not glory. It will seem, after all, a small thing, three hundred years hence, to have founded a government without kings or aristocracy. The question the world will then ask will be, not where did we lodge the sovereignty, or what new hopes did we kindle, but what valuable additions did we make to the art of living in society. That we have made many there is no denying; but there have been signs of late that some among us think we may rest and be thankful, and that we have done enough for the world in making a durable republic. The truth is that no nation is under such weighty obligations as ours to make constant and steady improvement in every branch of political machinery.

The Hayes-Tilden Campaign

During the Hayes-Tilden campaign the *Nation* held the scales pretty evenly between the two candidates. When, on the face of the returns, Hayes had received 185 votes, the three disputed States being counted in his favor, and Tilden also had 185 votes, through the counting of one disputed vote from Oregon, the *Nation* viewed the situation as follows:

What the public is now most interested in [it said, December 14] is the election of somebody in a manner that will command general confidence. A technical victory would therefore do the

Democrats no good. They would have no popular support in trying to force the Senate to count a vote cast by a person who was plainly not elected by a majority of votes in his State, and in the event of a deadlock they would therefore be sure to be defeated; nor, if successful, can Tilden afford to take office on such a vote. No man can afford to take the Presidency on any quirk or quibble, or in virtue of any merely technical rule.

If the practice of going behind the returns be established, the *Nation* argued, there was probably an end to decisive and orderly elections, and every close election would be disputed before Congress met.

The wisest course for the Democrats and everybody [it said] is to allow Hayes to take the Presidency quietly and without further dispute on the 4th of March next. This will doubtless be a very unpalatable course to those who cannot afford to wait four years more for another such chance as apparently now offers itself to them; but the country desires law and order and certainty, and does not now particularly care who is President, provided there is general acquiescence in his accession. We do not ourselves see how Mr. Hayes can, if he be the man he has been represented, take the place under the circumstances, but that is a matter between himself and his own conscience, and there is every reason to believe that he will make a good President. It is a great misfortune for the country to have any man hold the Presidency by a disputed title, but the continuance of disputes is a worse one. People desire tranquillity, and will punish whatever wrong-doing there may be now at the next election, in the regular constitutional way, and not by threats and vituperation. . . .

What is worst in the situation is, that owing to the character of the men who were allowed to conduct Mr. Hayes's canvass and the course affairs have taken at the South, there is a strong

suspicion abroad, which it will be hard to allay, and in fact which Mr. Hayes will have to "live down," not only that he is profiting by the doings of the Returning Boards, but that those doings were part of a plan long prepared, and that when Chandler assured the Republican papers on the mornings of the 8th and 9th December that Hayes was surely elected, although no fresh figures had come in, and Tilden had apparent majorities, and intimidation had still to be proved, he (Chandler) was relying on the excellence of his own arrangements rather than on his knowledge of facts. He apparently knew that there had been just intimidation enough to give Hayes small majorities. We hope this may prove a lesson in the value of character in managers in these times. The Chairman of the Republican National Committee ought to be a man whom nobody would suspect of such things for a moment. But the time to punish whatever underhand dealing there has been is in 1880. It seems to us that the only sound course now is to stop quibbling and chopping logic, to accept the Southern figures, however bedeviled, and inaugurate Hayes in the interest of peace and quiet, and for the better preservation of constitutional forms. Any other course is Mexican.

1877

The Decision of the Electoral Commission

THE *Nation* regarded the decision of the Electoral Commission as unfortunate, because, although it gave Mr. Hayes a sufficient title to the Presidency, it did not give the title for which the country hoped.

The circumstances under which Mr. Hayes takes the Presidency [said the *Nation*, February 22] greatly deepen his responsibility. He has to shoulder one burden from which we

had hoped that the Commission would deliver the successful candidate. His very success as an administrator will be regretted by many good men as likely to cheat people into forgetfulness of, or indifference to, the mode in which he has obtained his seat. This will be hard to bear, and is something which many a sensitive man would find intolerable, but it as well as the other unpleasantnesses of the position has now to be faced and lived through and lived down. He has no alternative but to serve, and to serve as ably as he can. Against this questioning of his title and this fear that his election may prove an evil precedent, he will be able to oppose the great opportunity presented to him of showing the country that the disorders, corruptions, and abuses of the last eight years are but sequelæ of the Civil War, which need not and will not permanently befoul the stream of our politics, and that even four years of honest and efficient government will not only cause people to forget the tricks of the Returning Boards, but make the repetition of those tricks impossible. He has it in his power, too, to accomplish a most beneficent revolution at the South by bringing the blacks and whites into natural and pleasant political relations, and helping to rid the mind of the poor negroes of the notion that they are able to carry on complicated governments of great commercial States by the aid of corrupt adventurers from other communities, and by drawing off the attention of the whites from the ancient and stultifying study of negro character to the loftier problems of national politics. Apropos of this, we must express the hope that General Grant will not suffer himself to be tempted by any of his following into recognizing either of the contending parties in South Carolina or Louisiana in the last week of his Administration. The duty of settling those imbroglios falls with the responsibility to Mr. Hayes, who will readily see that the decision of the Electoral Commission as to his own title settles nothing as to the title of Packard or Chamberlain.

The Commission has simply refused to enquire whether the State Returning Boards have acted honestly or not, but has not decided that they *have* acted honestly.

Civil-Service Reform Near at Hand

When President Hayes had been three months in office, the *Nation* feared that he would be perplexed by the very problem which confronted General Grant in 1869.

The excitement and éclat of his first uses of power are over [the *Nation* said, in its issue of June 14]. He has surrounded himself with advisers of his own choosing, and he has carried out a certain view of his legal duty at the South with singular success, and he is waiting to see what the result will be, in the first place, as regards the restoration of order and prosperity at the South, and, in the next, as regards the feeling of the party which elected him at the North. The moment has come, in short, in which the native hue of virtuous resolution is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." There are plenty to tell him, in that curious Washington isolation into which Presidents so soon find themselves thrust, that whatever the abstract merit of his Southern policy, its practical effects are likely to be very bad; that there is widespread discontent with it in the ranks of the "great party," and that unless something is done it will be badly defeated at the next State election, and worse still at the following ones, and he will leave the White House with the reputation of having destroyed the noble organization which saved the Union and put him in the Presidential chair; and that the only thing to be done now is to conciliate and restore "harmony" by a judicious use of patronage. In trying to account for the influence of this kind of talk on the Presidential mind — for it has its influence on the minds of all Presidents — it must be remembered that the friends of

reform are apt to stay at home and read the newspapers, vote, and attend to their private affairs, while those who are interested in the perpetration of abuses and the perpetuation of the "machine" are great travellers and interviewers and letter-writers, and have a prodigious gift of political prophecy. It is they who frequent Washington, and haunt the White House, and write remonstrances to the President about the effects of this and that act on "the party," and who put him up to the various little devices by which a well-disposed post-office or appraisership may be made to save the results of the war, and postpone indefinitely the accession of the wicked to power.

If President Hayes hesitates at this juncture he is lost. All that the use of patronage can do for the party has been done. That mode of salvation was fully tried under Grant, and it was not successful. Four years more of it will certainly destroy whatever of vitality there was left in the organization. The way to meet whatever discontent has been excited among the bigoted, or ignorant, or narrow-minded, or scheming, by the restoration of two Southern States to the custody of the only portion of the population which is able to carry on a government, is to appeal to what is now the strongest political sentiment in the country, and that is the desire for purity of administration, or, in other words, for the conduct of the Government in all its branches by honest men on business principles. This is a field which no Administration has yet tried to cultivate. President Hayes, in his letter of acceptance, solemnly pledged himself to cultivate it. He did not say, for instance, that he would see that the civil service was used as an eleemosynary institution to comfort the widows and the fatherless, because he was aware that this is no more the business of the Government than of railroads or banks, or to provide a refuge for unsuccessful persons or bankrupts because he knew that it would be dishonest to use the money of taxpayers for any such purpose without their consent; or to provide a living for Con-

gressmen or Senators who have lost their seats, because the loss of their seats is a distinct and formal indication, which he would not be at liberty to disregard, that their proper place is private life; or as a mark of esteem for or gratitude to his own friends, because this would be the use of a public trust to serve personal ends; or as a means of soothing the ambition or procuring the support of particular classes of the voters by giving them "representation" in it, knowing well that it is not and ought not to be a representative body at all, and that neither Irish, German, African, nor Malay descent can give one man a better claim to a place in it than another. What he did say was that he would make "a thorough, radical, and complete" reform in it, and by this he meant that he would see that the employees of the Government were selected by the same rules and motives, and held office by the same tenure as those — to use the language of the Custom-house Commission — of "a prudent merchant."

Our Mexican Troubles

The outbreak of conflicts between settlers on the border line of Mexico and Texas, though of intrinsically slight importance, occasioned a revival of annexation schemes. The origin of the troubles was thus summarized in the *Nation* of December 27:

Between the geographically Texan but intrinsically Mexican town of San Elizario, not far from the line of New Mexico, and the abandoned but to be restored Fort Quitman, lie extensive salt marshes which for all historic time have been common property, where all the farmers and rancheros on both sides of the river freely gathered all the salt they required. Lately some enterprising speculators took up the land from the State in the usual manner, and now charge a "royalty" of a dollar or some smaller sum per wagon-load. This has occasioned con-

flicts between the owners and the incensed and saltless people, some of whom come from the neighboring Mexican State of Chihuahua, but much the larger part are residents of San Elizario and vicinity on our side, the population there being to a large extent of Mexican birth, and having little regard either for the laws of the United States or for any law whatever.

The remarks of the *Nation* as to the character of the population in those troubled regions are not without pertinency at the present time:

The fact is that the boundary river makes no sharp division of the real nationality or habits of the population. The "greaser" is common on the hither side, and the bandit chief Cortiña could not be successful in his raids if there were not many in connivance with him who profess to be citizens of the United States and give him aid, comfort, and, when necessary, concealment, within the belt between the great river and the cattle-raising counties. State troops of Texas, if relied upon for police purposes, might be composed of many in league with the bandits, as is alleged of the soldiers of modern Greece, or might be confined to the so-called "American" element in Texas, smarting under personal loss, hating the Mexican with hereditary rancor, and anxious to make reprisals on any one on either side of the line who should be found guilty of speaking Spanish. Nothing can secure tranquillity and order but a respectable force of our regular army, with officers and men free alike from the heat of revenge and schemes for loot. Annexation will not remove the necessity for such an armed force, for if Tamaulipas were to-day, with all peace and quietness, an American instead of a Mexican state, the character of the people would require for many years a large army of occupation, as there is no magic in the Stars and Stripes that will reform a community of cattle thieves; and our statesmen

should ponder well the fact that an addition to the territory of our Republic gives us so many more masters instead of subjects.

1878

The Mind and Manners of the Silver-Man

THE *Nation*, because of its views on the silver question, was severely taken to task by a prominent Chicago paper as most "insolent, most vituperative, most truth-defying, extravagant, and vulgar," etc. This outburst led the *Nation* to muse on the mind and the manners of the silver-man.

His condition [it said, February 7] is rapidly becoming as forlorn as that of the poor Granger, of whom we heard so much three or four years ago. At first it was only by the railroads that that godly man was afflicted; but when he got time to examine himself closely, he found that almost every class in the community was armed against him and preying upon him. His principal enemy was, of course, the unspeakable villains who lent him money and took his note; then came the villains who carried him and his crops to market; then those who bought his corn and pork; and, finally, the grocers and dry-goods men and piano men, and in fact everybody who sold him anything. Lastly, he fell foul of the judges who sat on his disputes, and he used to foot up piteously the amount of land it took to maintain a judge. His sorrows grew every day, and he cursed and swore and wailed, and got his newspapers to curse and swear and wail with him, and pretend that if somebody did not hold him or pacify him he would bury himself and at least one branch of the human family in red ruin. After a while, finding that the world was getting tired of him, he began to laugh, and now pretends that it was all a joke, but a useful joke, for he

says it frightened "the monopolists" and compelled them to carry him at the usual extortionate rates.

The sorry wag has now appeared as the Silver-man, and is threatening us with the same dissolution of the Social Bond with which he threatened us as a Granger. What is troubling him now is the "Money Power," which he never mentions without that wild look in his eye with which all those are familiar who have heard a Belleville orator denouncing "la Réaction." He was ranting about it in Washington the other day in the presence of a cold and bloodless "gold sharp," who after listening a good while to his eloquence, asked him with brutal abruptness, "What is the Money Power, anyhow?" The strange light forsook his eyes on hearing this, and his jaw fell. After an awkward and reflective pause, he said, "Well, it 's the darned fellows that won't buy your property at your own price." If there be one thing more than another which irritates him, it is opposition. He does n't allow himself to be whistled down the wind by "the bookman" and "the theorists." Anybody who differs from the people of his village he thinks a stuck-up jackanapes, and the experience of "abroad" in a matter of finance he listens to with the same sort of feeling with which he would listen to Sir John Lubbock's lectures on the manners and customs of the ants. He will not admit that anybody knows more on any subjcet than any one else. As American citizens, he says, living under equal laws, our knowledge is equal in quality and amount. It is only in monarchies that one man knows more than another.

Nothing about him, however, is more curious and mysterious than his state of mind touching his beloved dollar. His fondness for it because it is "cheap" — that is, because it is a feeble dollar, which cannot purchase much or do much of the work of exchange — seems to indicate that he loves it as a mother loves a crippled child, because of its very helplessness and incapacity. But this theory is upset by the fact that he

not only likes it cheap but small, for any proposal to enlarge it, such as Senator Christiancy's to raise it to 434 grains — that is, to make it a big, handsome dollar — fills him with fury, and makes him curse and call names. We begin to hear abuse of the Senator now in every Western breeze, thus showing that the maternal-instinct hypothesis must be abandoned. The same facts militate against the idea that he loves silver as the money of Scripture and as a great American mineral, for if he did so he would want to put as much of it as possible into his dollars in order to "pay his debts" — a process of which he is passionately fond — and in order to export it to the downtrodden nations of Europe. But he is utterly opposed to anything of the kind. His plan is to use as little silver as possible, a circumstance which has given rise in these parts to the odious suspicion that he is really a knave. This, of course, makes him very indignant, and he says that if anybody suggests this much oftener he will not even use silver to pay his debts. He will shield himself from these cruel insinuations by not paying them at all.

Resumption

When the resumption of specie payments was an accomplished fact, the *Nation* commented on the fluctuations of public opinion that preceded it, and remarked that a history of the subject would illustrate the great difficulty in bringing the experience of mankind to bear on legislation.

Every debate in Congress [it said, December 26] touching the currency since 1862 contains several speeches in which there is no trace of knowledge that any experiments in money had been tried before our time, or that any nation had wrestled before us with the problems we had to solve. Many more, while exhibiting this knowledge, treat it as of no value, and deal with the

whole matter on the assumption that the people of the United States are a "chosen people," who need not pay one hundred cents on the dollar if they do not wish to do so. We all remember how rapidly the theory grew up that in the greenbacks we had stumbled, by a happy accident, on a new mode of acquiring wealth and avoiding financial convulsions, and how rapidly, as the years went by, the remembrance that they were ever looked on as promissory notes began to fade, and how rapidly, too, in many minds, they began to wear the air of weapons of war, like a grandfather's sword or musket, hallowed by associations, and unfit subjects for scientific examination or treatment. In fact, there is hardly any species of delusion or aberration about money, or its nature or functions, which might not be illustrated from the legislation or articles and speeches of the last seventeen years. No matter in what age they may have worked ruin, or in what condition of darkness or ignorance they may last have appeared, or how long it may have been since they were buried, out they came in the fierce light of American politics, and stalked about calmly under the fire of thousands of newspapers, pamphlets, and sermons.

The story is interesting, too, perhaps most interesting, as an illustration of the way in which under a popular government the rational, reflective, remembering element in society protects itself and civilization against folly and ignorance. The combat is carried on, not by compact battalions, bearing down everything by sheer weight and volume, but by swarms of skirmishers, each pegging away from whatever position he deems best, now advancing and now retiring, as the nature of the ground may dictate, but all the while keeping up a steady fire, sometimes on a visible but more frequently on an invisible enemy, and for the most part without knowing until near the end what impression has been made. It may be said, in truth, that the victory in this case has been almost wholly due not to any political party or to any body of financiers, but to the un-

faltering exertions of newspapers and ministers, acting without concert and addressing audiences which might, for the most part, be called hap-hazard. As a general rule, throughout the whole country, the ministers in all discourses in which they touched on public affairs (and such discourses recur now with increasing frequency) have treated financial heresies as a form of sin — as, in fact, disguised attempts to cheat, and thus helped greatly to keep the steadiest-going and most influential portion of the population sound on the main question. As a general rule, too, the qualities which made men editors or proprietors of leading newspapers kept their heads clear on the currency question, and enabled them to pursue with unsparing vigor the various fallacies which made their appearance in it. Without the powerful, subtle, and all-pervading opposition which emanated from these two sources to schemes of folly or knavery, it is all but certain that the active politicians of both parties would early in the struggle have tried some huge financial experiment which would have ended in wreck and repudiation.

1879

Some Noteworthy Facts about the Forty-Fifth Congress

In reviewing the work of the Forty-Fifth Congress, the *Nation* [March 6] called attention to the loosening of party ties as expressed in the vote on many important questions.

For many years after the foundation of the Government [it said], — indeed, down to the outbreak of the war, — parties were divided, roughly, it is true, but still with sufficient distinctness to enable one to predict the ground they would take on most Federal questions, by their manner of interpreting the Constitution, whether loosely or strictly. If either Democrats or Republicans of to-day inherited the traditions of their politi-

cal ancestors, we should be able to say with certainty what course either party would pursue with regard to the paper-money question, the silver question, the pension question, the Chinese question, and the army question, or any other question which has been prominently before the public during the last two years. As a matter of fact, nothing in the history of parties would have foreshadowed any important vote of the late Congress.

It found resumption on a certain day provided for by its predecessor, but it had no sooner met than desperate attempts to repeal the Act were made, which were supported by large bodies of both Republicans and Democrats, the only difference being that the Democrats contributed the larger contingent to the attack, and the credit of defeating it was in like manner shared by both. Efforts to revive the income tax and revise the tariff were supported and defeated, in like manner, by votes drawn from both sides indiscriminately, with little or no regard to party platforms. The Silver Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority of both parties, though its avowed object — the inflation of the currency and the cheating of the public creditor — was one against which the Republicans were solemnly pledged. The Bankrupt Law was repealed also by an indiscriminate vote. The Electoral Count Bill, introduced by Mr. Edmunds, was passed in the Senate by the aid of Democratic votes, but in the House neither side has deigned to pay much attention to it, and the time for calm legislation on the subject may be said now to have all but passed by. Both sides profess to be in favor of strict economy, but both joined in passing by overwhelming majorities the Arrears of Pensions Bill, the Democrats indifferent to the fact that it takes $27,000,000 out of the Treasury, and the Republicans to the fact that it may give the inflationists a weapon to use against the permanence of resumption. The payment of the Fisheries Award was opposed by Republicans and supported by Democrats without

any reference, apparently, to party traditions or associations. Strangest of all, the Chinese Bill, which seemed to be more distinctly than any measure which has come before Congress in recent times hostile to the fundamental principles of the Republicans, was passed by a powerful combination of both parties, the leader in its support being the noisiest Republican agitator now to be found in public life. It is not surprising, in view of all these things, that neither party should have steadily supported or opposed the Administration. It has been helped and hindered by both indiscriminately, it would be hard to say with what view or by what rule. Its bitterest assailants have sometimes been Republicans who were moving heaven and earth to elect Mr. Hayes in 1876, as a person who would go far to regenerate American society, and its warmest supporters have sometimes been Democrats who have denounced it as the product of the blackest fraud of "this or any other age."

All this, the *Nation* argued, promised to make the task of the conscientious voter a troublesome one in the coming Presidential election.

Looseness of opinion on all questions except the condition of the South — or, in other words, the only great question of the day which seems beyond the reach of specific legislation — has been deliberately fostered on the Republican side during the whole session, and the Democrats have on their part avoided any attempt to deal with Southern troubles beyond removing any hindrances which Republican legislation may have placed in the way of white supremacy. There has not been on either side the sign of an honest attempt to reach a lasting solution of a problem which is fast becoming the reproach of American politics. Nearly everything which has been said or done with this air, or apparent design, has been really a device for entrapping the enemy into some damaging vote or admission.

1880

General Garfield and the Bosses

On the election of General Garfield to the Presidency, the *Nation* asked: "What ought a President of the United States to seek in order to signalize his administration before his contemporaries and posterity?"

It would be idle to controvert the maxim [it said, November 18] which governs all politicians, that their first duty to the country is to keep their own party in power. General Garfield will, of course, assume as his first postulate that steps must be taken which will at least keep the Republican party in the majority in as many States as it controlled at the last election. The means by which this end can be most certainly attained are the chief subject of contention now, and will continue to be so throughout his whole term of office. Intrigues for the next nomination on the part of various aspirants and cliques play a large part in the course of events under any administration, but each aspirant, like every member of every clique, believes or pretends to believe that his aims are those best fitted to strengthen the party and maintain its supremacy. In the clashing of interests around this principal subject of contention Tom, Dick, and Harry can afford to be mistaken, because they are irresponsible and frequently have nothing to lose. But the President of the United States cannot afford to be mistaken. He is bound by his higher standpoint to see farther than others, as his punishment for failure will be heavier. If he be one of the aspirants for the next nomination himself, still less can he afford to commit any serious error in discerning the causes which tend to strengthen or weaken the party in those States where its majority is small and doubtful, but of the last importance.

The *Nation* found much encouragement for the future in the closeness of the vote in the principal States. The balance of power was held by the Independents, and this put both parties on their best behavior. The path that lay before General Garfield seemed to be plain.

The Southern question [it said] is now settled in such a way that there is no possibility of unsettling it by any outside pressure or interference exerted from Washington City. If General Garfield desired to pursue a different policy from that of President Hayes he would not know how to begin, nor could any of his Stalwart advisers tell him what to do. A new régime of troops at the polls, with double-headed legislatures in Louisiana and South Carolina, would be voted down by the North at the first opportunity. Of the two points of essential difference between the Grant and Hayes Administrations, the only one which need greatly concern General Garfield relates to their respective methods of managing the civil service. It is not to be affirmed that Mr. Hayes has achieved entire success in this branch of administration, but he has given better satisfaction to the country in this particular than any President since John Quincy Adams. President Lincoln had no chance to do anything helpful in this regard, and he is the only one of our later Presidents before Mr. Hayes who can be said to have had the mental and moral make-up to do anything helpful. The country, during Mr. Hayes's term of office, has been brought to regard the civil service, its administration, its mode of appointment, its *morale*, as a subject of the highest interest. To have fixed public attention clearly upon this subject is a very great service. President Hayes has done something more; he has stimulated a public demand for a better service and better methods of securing it.

The *Nation* warned General Garfield against the Bosses, whose methods ever had been to regard all Federal of-

fices as the raw material of train-bands organized in the personal interest of Senators and Representatives in Congress. Such was the view taken by the majority of the Republican Senators in the matter of the New York Custom House at the beginning of the Hayes Administration.

Whatever General Garfield owes in return for his election he owes to the Republican voters of the nation, to the American people, and not to any clique, coterie, or faction whatever. His debt will be fully discharged if he administers his office upon this understanding. He can best signalize his Administration before his contemporaries and in the eyes of posterity by continuing and bettering the reform of the civil service, and if he does so he can in all probability lay down a policy from which his own successor, whether four or eight years hence, cannot easily depart. We can point out to him no better guide, so far as principles and their application are concerned, than his own public speeches in and out of Congress. It is needless to add that the instrumentalities are not to be found among the Logans, Camerons, and Tom Platts, who are so volubly named at this juncture for members of his Cabinet.

1881

President Arthur's Problems

With the rest of the country, the *Nation* was disposed to judge President Arthur's Administration leniently. It was comparatively easy for him to come up to the general expectation. But the *Nation* commented with considerable misgivings on the glowing predictions of the President's friends as to his future achievements.

No reasonable man in the Presidential office [the *Nation* remarked, December 29] will permit the good-natured confidence

offered to the Administration during its honeymoon to delude him into the belief that, whatever he may do, he will always have the approval of the public. The manner in which President Arthur's official acts have been received is in this respect significant and instructive. His message was greeted with general applause, which seems to indicate that on matters of public policy, so far as he has pronounced himself upon them, there is no vital disagreement between him and the majority of the people, especially if what he said about our foreign relations and about the civil service is construed in a sense favorable to peace and to reform. But it is in the matter of appointments to office that trouble is looked for, and it is characteristic of our wretched service system that it should be so. President Arthur has made four appointments of Cabinet officers, and the criticism passed upon them — a criticism made, on the whole, in a very friendly spirit — points out clearly the direction in which the trouble lies. When the President had filled the departments of the Treasury, of State, and of Justice with new men, it was remarked that they were all from the same wing of the party, and that wing a minority. But while this seemed of doubtful propriety from the point of view of party politics, public opinion was evidently willing to take into account the fact that Mr. Folger was a prominent jurist, of recognized business capacity, that Mr. Frelinghuysen was a public man of large experience and a conservative spirit, likely to take us safely through the muddles in which we have recently become involved, and that Mr. Brewster was a lawyer of high standing, who could be counted upon to push the prosecution of the Star-route and other frauds with vigor, and that therefore for these appointments other reasons might be produced than mere partisan preference. Strikingly different was the expression of public judgment when, in the Post-Office Department, the place of a public officer who had achieved remarkable success through strict business methods, was filled with a gentleman for whose

appointment no reason could be given but the desire of the President to revitalize a third-term partisan, who had been defeated by the people of his own State just on account of such partisanship. It can scarcely have escaped the President's attention how sharply that selection was criticised by a large majority of the Republican press. The lesson to be drawn from this significant fact is, that while there are many citizens who care very little from what party or faction a man be taken to do a certain business, provided he be well qualified for doing it, even partisans will express their dissatisfaction when men are selected for the performance of important public duties for merely partisan reasons, without any regard to their business qualifications.

It is a matter of history that the principal troubles of Administrations have been about the offices, and that their greatest failures and most stinging disappointments have been caused by attempts on their part to accomplish political objects by means of patronage. Nothing could be more instructive in this respect than the Administrations of Mr. Buchanan and General Grant. If, as is thought by President Arthur's friends as well as by some of his opponents, it is his purpose to turn the old third-term or "Stalwart" faction, which now forms only a small minority of the party, into a majority, or to subjugate the majority to it by giving it all the offices, it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that he will wretchedly fail in his purpose, and wreck his Administration upon that very point. The only safe course for any Administration under the present state of public sentiment is to treat the offices of the Government as places of work, trust, and responsibility, and to select for each one the best man available, in whatever party or faction he may be found. As experience, recent as well as remote, shows, Administrations will impair their general success in the measure in which they depart from that principle.

1882

A "Spirited Foreign Policy"

THE introduction of the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill gave the leaders of the Democratic party in the House occasion for a new departure, in the direction of a "spirited foreign policy." The *Nation* inquired what kind of a spirited policy would commend itself to the good sense of the American people.

If it is one [it said, March 9] which will resent an insult when it is offered to us; which will protect the rights and safety of American citizens abroad whenever and wherever they are threatened; which will clearly ascertain what our interests are, and then enforce them with justice, intelligence, and dignity; which will maintain friendly relations with weaker states and use our influence for their benefit when they call upon us to do so, and when it can be done without prejudice to their rights, then we are all agreed. Such a foreign policy we ought to have. But when a "spirited foreign policy" means that we should construe every difference of opinion as an insult for the purpose of having something to resent; that we should constantly carry a chip on our shoulder, daring anybody to knock it off; that we should use every possible occasion to "twist the tail of the British lion" for the fun of it; that we should have our finger in every quarrel merely to make our influence felt, and act the universal bully, shaking our fists in everybody's face to inform the world that we can "whip all creation," then the sober judgment of the American people will be that the less we have of such a "spirited foreign policy" the better for our good name as well as our true interests.

The fact is that the indiscriminate screaming of the eagle could really gratify the American people only in their boyish

days, when a lingering doubt of their own strength impelled them to force the respect of foreign nations by frequent and vociferous self-assertion. We have got beyond that now. The American people have grown to man's estate. When a business man is rising in fortune, but is not yet recognized, he may think that blazing diamonds on his shirt-front will impress others with his wealth. When his success is sufficiently established and known, the same man will feel that it becomes him to be simple, and that ostentatious display will injure his reputation for good sense. The American republic has grown so great that it can afford to maintain the self-restraint and undemonstrative dignity of conscious strength without being misjudged by anybody as to its power. . . . If we still exhibit the same sensitiveness and alarm about the possibility of European encroachment on this side of the Atlantic which with greater reason we might have shown forty or fifty years ago, we shall only persuade European powers that we ourselves are not so sure of our superiority here as they have thought us to be. . . . We, too, think that a war may sometimes become necessary, but we are also convinced that a war is not a good thing for a republic, and ought, whenever possible, to be avoided. We, too, think the commercial interests of the United States deserve intelligent consideration. But we are sure that every attempt to restore the foreign commerce of this country by diplomatic tricks instead of sensible economic legislation will prove delusive and futile.

What the American people want is a just, sober, sensible, and dignified foreign policy. If the Democrats think they can carry public opinion, and thereby a Presidential election, by presenting a programme that is "spirited" enough to disturb our peaceful relations with the world, they only prove again that whenever there is a blunder to be made the Democratic party is sure to jump at the chance.

1883

Congressional Fostering of Art

THE petition of the American artists resident in Paris against the duty of thirty per cent on foreign pictures inserted in the revised tariff moved the *Nation* to the following remarks (April 19):

We are particularly sorry for the American artists in Paris, because on them devolves the task of explaining to foreigners the mental attitude of the American politician toward literature and art, and every one who has ever tried it knows how difficult this is. It is almost impossible to make a Frenchman or a German understand how it is that to a large body of our legislators and men in public life, and even to some of our publishers, books and pictures are simply merchandise and things to sell, and not by any means instruments for the improvement of the human mind and the elevation of character; or how it is that to Congress the "manufacture" of books is a much more important interest than the composition of them — the paper and binding far better worth taking care of than the thinking which finds expression in them — and that, therefore, one well-bound and well-printed book is as good as another, just as one piece of pig-iron is as good as another; or how it is that to the ordinary Congressman a picture is merely so much furniture, like chairs and sofas, used by well-to-do citizens to fill their rooms up, and that, therefore, the use of the native picture ought to be encouraged by the same means which are used to encourage the native carpet and wall-paper. All this can only be explained to a foreigner by persons possessing remarkable powers of exposition, and using their mother tongue. Very few Americans, however well they speak French or German, are sufficiently at home in either language to do it successfully. In some of its

aspects, expounding the protectionist Congressional mind to a stranger is very like expounding Kant or Hegel — something which nobody who does not possess extraordinary mental subtlety, combined with remarkable powers of expression, will attempt.

Nor is it easy to overcome the protectionist Congressman by questioning his judgment in matters of art. He is very touchy on this point, and has always maintained that he is as good a judge of a picture or a statue as any one in the world, because he maintains that all art is purely imitative, and that he can judge whether a picture resembles what it purports to represent, just as well as he can tell whether a photograph is a good likeness. He consequently does not look with a lenient eye on the practice of going abroad to study art, for he maintains that there is nothing worth imitating that cannot be found on this continent. If an American wants to paint a man, let him paint one of his countrymen from life; if a horse, an American horse; if a house, an American farmhouse; and in the earlier stages he can get far more aid from photography than from the instructions of Couture or Meissonnier or any monarchical painters. About the value of "the old masters" he is highly sceptical. To him they are "fossils," of no more account than very old men in politics usually are.

In this particular case, we believe, the rise in the duty on foreign pictures was due to a West Virginian farmer — Mr. Boteler of the Tariff Commission — who is deeply impressed with the necessity of building up native art by a judicious use of what has built up so much other native industry. The Commission and the Senate Finance Committee were quite taken with the idea, and adopted it. And we must remember, in extenuation of his folly, that he could now fortify himself with the demands which some of our artists at home make from time to time for protection from foreign competition, and by the extraordinary petition which was signed by some of our authors

a few weeks ago asking for a duty on foreign books as a protection against foreign ideas.

All this shows that the tariff, in many minds, has become a sort of American fetish, to which some of us have got into the habit of turning for relief in times of sickness, sorrow, or adversity. When we are suffering from malaria we put up the duty on quinine. If the winter is very severe, we put it up on foreign clothing. If rents are high, we increase it on lumber and nails and paint; if we are startled by popular ignorance or illiteracy, we raise it on books, and paper, and printers' materials. If we want more railroads we raise it on iron. If we sigh for more art in our lives and homes, we increase the duty on pictures, or engraving and statuary. In fact, no African fetish or Italian saint's image has harder work to do for its worshippers than our tariff has to do for some unhappy or unsuccessful Americans.

1884

The Nation and the "Cleveland Scandal"

When the so-called "Cleveland scandal" was sprung upon the country, Mr. Godkin, it is not too much to say, set public opinion right by an outspoken article, which went to the root of the matter. He said (August 7):

"Well, but," we shall be asked, "does not the charge against Cleveland, as you yourselves state and admit it, disqualify him, in your estimation, for the Presidency of the United States?" We answer frankly: "Yes, if his opponent be free from this stain, and as good a man in all other ways." We should like to see candidates for the Presidency models of all the virtues, pure as the snow and steadfast as the eternal hills. But when the alternative is a man of whom the Buffalo *Express*, a political opponent, said immediately after his nomination, "that the people of Buffalo had known him as one of their

worthiest citizens, one of their manliest men, faithful to his clients, faithful to his friends, and faithful to every public trust," and of whom the Buffalo *Commerical*, another political opponent, said that, in opposing him, "it would not detract one jot or tittle from the well-earned fame of the distinguished gentleman who honored the opposition by bearing its standard," a good son and good brother, and unmarried in order that he might be the better son and brother, against whom nothing can be said except that he has not been proof against one of the most powerful temptations by which human nature is assailed; or, on the other hand, a man convicted out of his own mouth of having publicly lied in order to hide his jobbery in office, of having offered his judicial decisions as a sign of his possible usefulness to railroad speculators in case they paid him his price, of trading in charters which had been benefited by legislation in which he took part, and of having broken his word of honor in order to destroy documentary evidence of his corruption, — a man who has accumulated a fortune in a few years on the salary of a Congressman, — then we say emphatically no — ten thousand times no. We should be ashamed of ourselves if we had any other answer to make, and are amazed to hear that there are scores of clergymen all over the country advising people who care for morality to choose the trickster and jobber because he is chaste before the honest man, faithful to every public trust, because he has been weak before a passion of which everybody knows the force.

We had supposed the reason of this was so obvious that it did not need to be stated. Cleveland's virtues are those which bind human society together, and in which states are founded and maintained. There has been no great benefactor of the human race who has not been truthful, faithful to his trusts, disinterested, self-denying. There have been very few who have been chaste. Blaine's vices are those by which governments are overthrown, states brought to naught, and the

haunts of commerce turned into dens of thieves. The standard by which some ministers now propose to exclude Cleveland from high place would have prevented Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, not to go any further, from taking any prominent part in the foundation of the American Republic. It would have excluded from office in England nearly every great statesman or reformer of the last hundred years, except, perhaps, Romilly, Wilberforce, and Gladstone. It would have visited nearly every prominent politician in the Republican party since 1860 with popular odium. It would, had the Democrats chosen to apply it, have defeated one Republican candidate for the Presidency by charges worse by far than Cleveland's, in that they added the sin of broken vows to the sin of incontinence.

We are not defending incontinence. Chastity is a great virtue, but every man knows in his heart that it is not the greatest of virtues, that offences against it have often been consistent with the possession of all the qualities which ennoble human nature and dignify human life and make human progress possible. It ought to be preached and practised by every man to the utmost of his ability, but no one ought to preach it with any other motive than the spread of virtue, and least of all for the purpose, as in the present case, of making some of the basest of vices — the vices which sap everything that is valuable in society and politics — seem respectable. Preaching of this sort, at this time, is cant, and cant in its most loathsome form, for it fills every household in the land with filthy suggestions and insinuations, turns the press into a common sewer, and converts scores of editors into hypocrites, who must blush in secret over their own ridiculous sermons and their simulated righteousness. We will not for our part support the Republican party at this crisis in an attempt to capture the Presidency for a trickster, as Joshua captured Jericho, by the aid of a harlot. Great as its faults are, it deserves a less ignominious end than this.

1885

Mr. Lowell's Official Career

THE return to America of Mr. Lowell as a private citizen, after eight years of official life, afforded the *Nation* an opportunity of dwelling on his official career, which it said had had no parallel in effectiveness, except Franklin's mission to Paris, and Charles Francis Adams's in England during and after the war.

After speaking of the fact that American legations abroad have never had the importance of those of the Old World, the *Nation* went on to say (May 28):

The London mission has, however, always constituted an exception to this rule. The United States are connected with England by so many ties — ties of blood, of religion, of language, of law, of political traditions and manners — that the American Minister in London, no matter what kind of man he is, must needs be a great personage, much observed and much criticised. It has, for this reason, been, from the very foundation of the Government, a tradition of American diplomacy that the American representative at that point should be a specimen of the best the United States can produce in the way of social and intellectual culture, and should, in some sort, represent the American people in its best clothes and with its company manners. It is casting no reproach or slur on any of Mr. Lowell's predecessors to say that none of them has played this part so well as he. To those who hold the semi-barbarous notion that one of the duties of a foreign minister is to occupy a defiant attitude toward the people to whom he is accredited — that he should stick to his post, to use the popular phrase, "with his back up," and keep the world he lives in constantly in mind that his countrymen are rough, untamable, and above all things quarrelsome, Mr. Lowell has not seemed a success.

But to them we must observe, that they know so little of the object of diplomacy that their opinion is of no sort of consequence. The aim of diplomacy is not to provoke war, but to keep the peace; it is not to beget irritation, or keep it alive, but to produce and maintain a pacific temper; not to make disputes hard, but easy, to settle; not to magnify differences of interest or feeling, but to make them seem small; not to win by threats, but by persuasion; not to promote mutual ignorance, but mutual comprehension — to be, in short, the representative of a Christian nation, and not of a savage tribe.

No foreign minister, it is safe to say, has ever done these things so successfully in the same space of time as Mr. Lowell. If it be a service to the United States to inspire Englishmen with respect such as they have never felt before for American wit and eloquence and knowledge, and thus for American civilization itself, nobody has rendered this service so effectively as he has done. They are familiar almost *ad nauseam* with the material growth of the United States, with the immense strides which the country has made and is making in the production of things to eat, drink, and wear. What they know least of, and have had most doubts about, is American progress in acquiring those gifts and graces which are commonly supposed to be the inheritance of countries that have left the ruder beginnings of national life far behind, and have had centuries of leisure for art, literature, and science. Well, Mr. Lowell has disabused them. As far as blood and training go, there is no more genuine American than he. He went to England as pure a product of the American soil as has ever landed there, and yet he at once showed English scholars that in the field of English letters they had nothing to teach him. In that higher political philosophy which all Englishmen are now questioning so anxiously, he has spoken not only as a master, but almost as an oracle. In the lighter but still more difficult arts, too, which make social gatherings delightful and exciting to intellectual men, in the

talk which stimulates strong brains and loosens eloquent tongues, he has really reduced the best-trained and most loquacious London diners-out to abashed silence. In fact, he has, in captivating English society — harder, perhaps, to cultivate, considering the vast variety of talent it contains, than any other society in the world — in making every Englishman who met him wish he were an Englishman too, performed a feat such as no diplomatist, we believe, has ever performed before.

The First Six Months of President Cleveland's Administration

After Mr. Cleveland had been in office six months, the *Nation* reviewed what had been accomplished by his Administration during that time. First and foremost, it said, it had been demonstrated that the public interests were as safe in the hands of one party as in those of the other. It seems almost incredible, it remarked, that "only a few months ago, there were hosts of men who fully and sincerely believed that the election of Mr. Cleveland meant the bankruptcy of the Federal Treasury by the payment of rebel claims."

Next to the dread [it said, September 10] of national ruin was the apprehension of a "clean sweep" of the office-holders, and the consequent demoralization of the civil service. Six months have sufficed to remove this apprehension. One eighth of Mr. Cleveland's term has expired, and only about one eighth of the Republicans whom he found in place have been succeeded by Democrats. The Civil-Service Law has been maintained in spirit as well as in letter, and among the 14,000 positions which it covers, in the departmental service at Washington and the large customs-houses and post-offices throughout the country, removals have, as a rule, been made only for cause — the few exceptions having aroused such criticism that the performance is not likely to be repeated. . . .

The check which it has put upon the spoils doctrine is the chief merit of the Administration thus far. But while the disposition of the offices has naturally occupied the larger share of their time, the President and his Cabinet have already done enough to establish the character of the new régime in its other relations. Its distinguishing feature is the conduct of public affairs upon business principles. The various branches of the Government are being overhauled with a view to the suppression of wasteful methods, the abolition of sinecures, the reform of abuses. The wisdom of a change has already been vindicated by the discovery that under the unquestioned rule of one party the public service had fallen into ruts, lapsed into shiftless habits, and even degenerated into corruption, which nothing short of a revolution in control could overcome. In its relations with the Indians, its dealings with the trespassers upon the public lands, its treatment of naval contractors, the Administration has introduced new rules of action, based upon adherence to law and regard for the public interests, rather than upon the consideration long shown to political favorites and powerful financial interests. The strongest impression which it makes upon the public mind is that of a body of men who, though strong partisans, are making a sincere effort to redeem all their pledges. The Administration has made blunders and been justly criticised for them; indeed, no Administration ever found the people in so critical a mood. But the verdict of all candid men must certainly be that it has made a good start in its first six months.

1886

Charles Francis Adams

THE death of Charles Francis Adams removed one of the few remaining examples of the "statesmen of the

old school." As such, in the earlier part of his career, he came out as a "Conscience Whig," and, still later, he joined the Free Soilers.

The same quality of independence [Mr. Godkin wrote, November 25] did much — his intellectual force and special learning did the rest — to make him the power he was at his post in London during the war. The news from home during a large part of that period was very conflicting; the fortunes of the struggle varied greatly from week to week; the wisest observers were often in doubt about the result, and Mr. Seward's despatches were often, in American as well as in European eyes, full of vapor. A man who stood less firmly on his own feet, or who felt more keenly the need of surrounding sympathy and support, would inevitably have allowed the cause of his country — sacred as it then was — to suffer in his hands in those trying days. But Mr. Adams was made of stuff that was abundantly stern for the crisis. He was never afraid, never disheartened, never chilled; he never minded what society said or the newspapers said. He met the English with a temper as dogged, and tenacious, and dauntless as their own, and they had at last to confess its power and see him return home in triumph.

The very qualities, however, which fitted him for his place in London, cut him off in some degree from receiving its rewards. He came back in 1868 to a much more effusive America than the one he had left in 1860. The war had broken up the fountains of national feeling and filled every home in the country with sentiment, which was poured out lavishly on all who had served the republic well during the struggle. Mr. Adams shrank from the expressions of popular gratitude to himself in a way which the public found a little chilling, and which undoubtedly had something to do with his subsequent retirement from political life. It was pure and unmitigated

fitness, such as no other man had, which put him at the head of the Geneva Tribunal. His own indifference had undoubtedly much to do with the failure to nominate him in 1872 in Cincinnati, and to beget and spread the impression of his coldness, which for some years afterwards furnished the material for so many newspaper jokes. No candidate could possibly have been so difficult to "whoop up" as he was, and would have been so thoroughly disgusted at finding himself the central figure of any movement to the success of which humbug or gush was in the smallest degree necessary. Simplicity and sincerity were the notes of his character, and they were seasoned with a dry humor which kept his sense of proportion in beautiful order, and never allowed him to get into any position in which there could be any doubt about the nature of his aims or the meaning of his language. There has seldom been a man in public life less "magnetic," in any sense of that much abused term. Anybody who liked or admired him could always tell without difficulty why he did so. This is what he himself most desired.

Since his time, "magnetism" has played a larger and larger part in politics, but it has ended by palling on the public. There is a visible reaction in favor of the older and more austere type of statesman, of which Mr. Adams was an example. Over his career, — especially the little-known period, on the eve of the annexation of Texas, when his pen composed some of the most remarkable State papers on the subject of the slave power that adorn the legislative annals of Massachusetts, — readers of American history will probably linger with more and more admiration as the years go by, and as the demands of the commonwealth on the highest prudence, sagacity, and integrity of its public men grow in number and in solemnity.

1886

The Lesson of the Railroad Strikes

THE railroad strikes, which caused a great deal of pecuniary loss to the corporations, to the workingmen, and to the business community, called forth a discussion of the labor problem such as, perhaps, had never before taken place. This the *Nation* considered a fact of inestimable value.

No matter [it argued, May 6] how mischievous or how badly managed trade organizations may be, or how absurd the pretensions they make, their continuance and growth is certain. The individual laborer in any calling is, in these days of great accumulations of capital, very weak and helpless in his relations with the employer. He knows that combination with his fellows will give him strength in making his bargains and defending his rights, and therefore combine he will. But the very fact that these combinations are intended to make the weak strong, makes them also to a certain degree hostile to all excellence. They nearly all oppose bitterly any display of individual superiority. They nearly all see to it that unusual ingenuity, or skill, or diligence, or ambition, or industry shall not profit a man. They nearly all try to keep all the members down to the level of the most stupid, or slow, or indolent, or contented. In so far they are hostile to civilization itself, and are drags on the wheels of both moral and material progress. They cultivate deliberately, in spite of the professions of their documents, a rather low mental and moral type of man. But this makes it all the more important that the corporations and other great employers of labor who suffer from them, and who refuse to "recognize" them, should in their dealings with their own employees open up a more excellent way. If there be any one

inference from the late labor troubles more palpable than another, it is that the great corporations should do more to raise the character of their own service, to infuse into their dealings with their employees something better than the spirit of contract or patronage merely. In other words, they should do something to make their men feel that the Union is not a necessity to them; that the employer will not take advantage of their weakness, and that the corps in which they work serves all the purposes of a trade-union, and does secure them kindly and considerate treatment, the best wages the market allows, and protection from arbitrary or hasty dismissal.

There is not a railroad in this country which might not by a little effort make its own service a sort of *corps d'élite*, which would attract the most capable and ambitious men, and in which there would be free play for talent and capacity. Some of them have done this, or made a very near approach to it already, but in a large number the managers care very little how the employees feel, as long as they do not strike, and do very little to make the service attractive to picked men. We believe that a change of policy in this respect would soon give us large bodies of laborers in all fields, who would be just as much ashamed to abandon their work, without knowing why, on seeing two fingers held up, or to pummel people who took their places, or picket or boycott their employer's premises, as clergymen, or lawyers, or doctors would be.

1887

Restricting Immigration

An impetus to the movement to restrict immigration was given by the conduct of the foreign-born anarchists and the efforts of the Knights of Labor to set up an organization which was to overshadow both the Federal

and State authorities. Most of the methods proposed for the restriction of immigration struck the *Nation* as childish.

There is no possible way [it said, December 29] of detecting an anarchist or labor agitator when he lands from the steamer. The worst cut-throats or bomb-throwers are very apt to wear the mildest and most studious expression of countenance, and are very often the best educated in a whole shipload. Moreover, inquiries into character at the place of embarkation, by a consul or other official, would be utterly futile. Even if it were physically possible to get any information of any kind about the character and antecedents of the half million of poor people who every year take ship at Liverpool, or Havre, or Hamburg for the United States, whom could we charge with the duty of making the inquiries? Certainly not our consuls as at present selected. A letter from an ex-consul to the *Evening Post* explains forcibly the difficulties of any such undertaking, even if our consuls were fitted for the task in the matter of linguistic skill and experience of foreign life, and even if the authorities at foreign ports were as much interested in keeping the emigrants as they are in getting rid of them. In short, the attempt to extract a trustworthy certificate of character from every newcomer who lands in the United States, would be ridiculous from the outset, and be speedily abandoned. The nearest approach that could be made to a sifting process would be the imposition of a capitation tax. If shipowners could not land passengers without paying this, they would not take on board anybody who could not furnish the money: and ability to furnish the money, if it were more than a nominal sum, would be some slight guarantee of thrift, and industry, and prudence, and of a desire to pursue with steadiness some honest calling.

How a prolongation of the term of residence before natural-

ization would solve the problem, it is hard to see. It sounds very like the old Southern plan of preventing the mingling of races by prohibiting marriage between blacks and whites. A European loafer, or anarchist, or blackguard of any description would be just as mischievous in the character of a foreign resident as in that of a naturalized citizen. In fact, we are inclined to think he would be more so, because, if allowed to vote, he might blow off some of his deviltry at the polls. A prolongation of the period of probation, and the exaction of guarantees of good behavior and intelligence before naturalization, would undoubtedly be a good thing for politics; but we do not see how it would protect us against attacks on social order by foreign cranks or malcontents whom we once allowed to land and take up their abode here. In fact, the one way in which legislation would seem likely to prove in any degree effective would be in preventing the huge importations of unskilled, and indeed half-savage, labor, in which some of the mining companies have indulged, as a means of enabling them to achieve temporary victories over strikers. We say temporary, because as soon as the half-savages learn the map of the place, they become strikers in their turn, and worse ones than their predecessors. This practice, we are glad to say, the existing law against the importation of contract labor will probably stop, and its stoppage will be all the more welcome because it originated with, and has been carried on mainly by, those who support a high tariff as "protection for American labor."

A vast amount of comfort for those who are most troubled by the evils of unrestricted immigration and the difficulty of any process of selection, is to be found in the reflection that the troublesome or mischievous immigrants are an infinitesimally small part of the whole. Those who cause either loss, damage, or vexation bear to those who make the American rate of material and political progress possible, a very small pro-

portion indeed. As has been so often pointed out, at dinners of the New England Society, the immense capacity of the Yankee for "bossing" would be utterly useless to the country if the supply of foreigners to be bossed were not well kept up. Native talent has, for the greater part of this century, run to plotting, and planning, and superintending, and the results would not have been as tremendous as they have been, if Europe had not steadily recruited the ranks of manual labor.

1888

The British-Americans

Mr. Goldwin Smith, a historian and publicist thoroughly familiar with politics in our own country, as well as in England and Canada, took occasion, in addressing the Canadian Club of New York City, to give British-Americans residing in the United States good advice in the matter of becoming naturalized and taking an active part in American politics. The *Nation*, in commenting upon his address, remarked (April 20):

That British-Americans — that is, the Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Canadians resident here — would, as far as temperament and character go, be very valuable additions to the voting body in the United States, there is no question. They are for the most part sober-minded, industrious, and law-abiding men, who mind their own business carefully and let that of other people alone. They have, too, in a very high degree, as Mr. Goldwin Smith pointed out in his lecture, the political sense which has made England the political model for so many successful and unsuccessful "nationalities." That they have a fair readiness for political jobbery, the history of British politics reveals clearly enough, but it has always been held in check by their eminent capacity for, and eminent success in,

lawful and honorable modes of making money. Consequently, an Englishman or Scotchman will hardly ever take to "politics" as a livelihood as a matter of choice, or until he has tried and failed in everything else. He is by nature, too, a very indifferent intriguer or "manager." He loves open-handed methods, and, in spite of considerable natural pigheadedness, is probably more amenable to argument than any other politician in our day. Votes are still sometimes changed in the British House of Commons by speeches, and we do not know of any other legislative body of which that can be said.

But there is apparently some danger that if the British-Americans follow Mr. Goldwin Smith's advice, and "take out their papers," they will do it under a misleading and somewhat mischievous influence. We do not know, of course, whether he inserted in his address to them the whack at Gladstone and the Irish with which he enlivens nearly all his utterances, and which we verily believe finds a place of honor in his morning and evening prayers. But that hostility to Gladstone and the Irish colored his advice, in some way or other, we have little doubt; and that it is having an unfortunate effect on the minds of those British-Americans who are promoting this naturalization movement, we think is equally true. . . .

We think the very best advice that Mr. Goldwin Smith could give the British-Americans — and it may be that he has given it to them already — would be to prepare for American citizenship by cultivating their interest in the really important questions of American politics, such as tariff and taxation, the civil service, municipal government, and electoral reform, and popular education and temperance, and let the Irish and Gladstone alone. In such questions we fear they now have very little interest, and know very little of them. The best thing they can do with their Boston organ is, to make it discuss them intelligently, both for their own enlightenment and to give Americans a taste of their quality. If they show the

American public that on these questions they will powerfully reinforce the friends of economy, order, and progress, they will as citizens be very welcome indeed. As English "Unionists" or "Imperialists" they will not be worth to the United States the cost of naturalization, small as that is.

The Problems Confronting President Harrison

Upon the election of General Harrison to the Presidency the *Nation* remarked (November 8):

When President Cleveland sent his message to Congress last December, his supporters throughout the Northern States, while applauding his courage and feeling that he had rendered the country a great service by presenting a new and living issue for parties to divide upon, felt also that he had sacrificed himself to a principle, and that the first battle in the issue he presented would inevitably be lost. Well, the first battle has been lost, by a narrow vote. What follows? The world moves, either forward or backward; it does not stand still. The victors in Tuesday's contest can no more stand still than the vanquished. The responsibility for the national finances will, after the 4th of March next, rest with the Republican party. The surplus will stare Mr. Harrison in the face, just as it now stares Mr. Cleveland. It must be got rid of, either by reduced taxation or by extravagant appropriations. The smallness of the Republican majority forbids that the latter policy should be adopted. It will not be safe to inaugurate a system of national profligacy in order to empty the Treasury. As little will it be safe to repeal the whiskey tax in order to maintain imposts on the necessaries of life. The masses have got an inkling for the first time that the tariff is a tax on consumption, and therefore an undue and unjust burden upon labor. They are not likely to forget anything that they have learned in this campaign of education. The Republican leaders, those who in former years

have denounced the former exorbitant tariff and tried to bring it within the measure of decency, will now be put to it to stem the rising tide which calls for reform in our system of national taxation — a tide whose impulses are not unfelt in their own ranks. We will not anticipate the outbreak of tariff reform in Republican councils, but we do not see how it can be avoided. But whether it comes in that quarter sooner or later, this great battle on an entirely new issue, which so narrowly escaped being a victory, will go on. An audience has been secured at last for the principle that every man has the right to the fruits of his own labor, without deduction for the recompense of the labor or capital of others. Nobody who took part in this first skirmish will lay down his arms till victory is won.

1889

Courage in Politics

Ex-Senator Ross, of Kansas, latterly a resident of Deming, New Mexico, wrote a letter in the St. Louis *Republic* regarding his course in voting for the acquittal of Andrew Johnson twenty-one years previously. The letter was full of interest, both as recalling one of the most important crises in the history of our country, and as revealing fully the character of the man whose vote turned the scales when the future of the Government was trembling in the balance. After the lapse of so many years the import of the action of Senator Ross was seen in its true light.

If the effort to oust Andrew Johnson had succeeded [said the *Nation*, September 26], there can be no doubt that the Presidency would have lost for all future time its due weight of authority, and that the Executive would have been merely the supple tool of Congress. The balance thus disturbed, the

Supreme Court would logically and inevitably have been the next object of Congressional attack. A partisan majority which resented the use of the Presidential veto to defeat the enactment of laws that it wanted to pass, would not long have allowed a Supreme Court, after those laws had been enacted, to declare them "null and void," as the Supreme Court did a few years later annul such important measures as the Civil-Rights Act. The effect of such a revolution would have been to make Congress the sole repository of power, and to put all the processes of government at the mercy of the majority in a party caucus. The melancholy spectacle presented in France of late years — of a powerless executive, a legislative department pulled hither and thither by tides of popular feeling, and thus a government which inspires neither confidence at home nor respect abroad — would have been seen in the United States. Mr. Ross does not exaggerate when he says that "the logical end would have been anarchy."

From this utter wreck of the republican experiment in America, we were saved only by the courage of Mr. Ross and the six other Republican Senators who voted with him for the acquittal of Johnson. The votes of all seven were essential, but at the time Mr. Ross was treated as the man who turned the scales, inasmuch as the verdict of the other six had been foreshadowed, while his course was left in doubt. He may well rejoice that he has been allowed to live long enough to see his action endorsed by the American people, as it is now endorsed by the people without distinction of party. In this respect he has been more fortunate than his more famous associates, Fessenden and Grimes, who died only one year and four years after the trial, before full justice had been done to their conscientiousness and courage.

A striking and impressive feature of this crisis in our national history is the fact the man who thus preserved the Government as the framers of the Constitution established it,

was not a trained statesman, like Fessenden, and Trumbull, and Grimes, and that he had secured this chance to make his name forever remembered through the accident of death creating a vacancy in the representation of Kansas in the Senate, which he was first appointed and subsequently elected to fill. He had been working as a printer only a short time before his entrance into the Senate, and he is back again at his old trade in New Mexico, after having served as Governor of that Territory under Cleveland. But this quiet, plain man rose to the level of an occasion which called for the highest courage and statesmanship, and, twenty years later, though he approaches old age in obscurity, he enjoys the satisfaction of seeing his services to the republic recognized and confessed by all thoughtful men.

1890

Party and Other Morality

THE vote in the House of Representatives on the Copyright Bill, and the arguments used against the bill, aroused a good deal of indignation among thinking people.

This discussion over international copyright [said the *Nation*, May 22] has now been going on for half-a-century, and the pros and cons of the question have been thoroughly canvassed. It may be said that, as a rule, all intelligent Americans who acknowledge that there is such a thing as literary property at all, have ranged themselves on the side of those who are willing to provide legal protection for the foreign author in this country, in return for similar protection for our authors in foreign countries. A very marked feature in the controversy has been the increasingly prominent part which the question of right or wrong, as distinguished from the mere question of commercial

expediency, has been made to play in it. In other words, international copyright has, as the years have gone by, been more and more urged on the ground that the publication and sale of an author's works without his consent and without paying him any compensation, by another person for the purpose of making money by it, is theft or fraud in the sense in which these offences are forbidden in the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

The answer usually made to this by the opponents of international copyright is, that to give the foreign author property in his books on this side of the water would make them dearer, and that cheap books are so important for the American people that it is lawful to steal them from a foreigner, if they cannot be got cheap in any other way. It has been, in fact, maintained, in terms, that it is far more important that an American should be well read and intelligent than that he should be honest. One member, in the late debate, told with pride a story of his having himself paid nine dollars a volume for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" when it first came out, a work requiring an immense expenditure of brains and capital, for which the publishers paid American and British authors equally. Going to spend the night at the house of a farmer friend in Illinois some time later, he found on his shelves a pirated edition which came from Philadelphia and only cost $2.25 a volume. On this he (Mr. Payson) made the astonishing comment:

"But there, sir, in an humble room in my county, in the sitting-room of an humble farmer, is a library in itself, made possible by the laws under which you and I live, and I am content with them. (Applause.) I am just now advised that a reprint of that work is out at $1.25 per volume. And so with other books."

This is exactly what a Norse statesman in the ninth century might have said after passing a night in a farm-house on one of the fjords, and having seen it filled with rich plunder from

the coasts of England and France. "Thank God," he would observe, "under the laws and customs of our happy country, when the poor husbandman wants a new set of furniture and some ornaments for his bride, he can man his galley and run across the sea, and slaughter a Saxon family, and fit up his humble home with comfort and decency from the sack of their house; and yet there are canting rascals who say piracy is wrong."

Optimists and Pessimists

Bishop Potter's Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, in which he pointed out some of the social and political dangers of the time, brought upon him from certain political quarters the reproach of being a "pessimist."

It is not surprising [said the *Nation*, July 20] that politicians should consider this a serious reproach, because there is nothing from which they themselves shrink so fearfully. No man who wants to make his way in public life ever allows for a moment that anything can fail to "come out right in the end," in this very best of republics, unless, indeed, the opposite party should stay in power too long, or should happen, by any untoward chance, to succeed his party in power. In either of these cases no view of the future of the Republic is too dark for him to take. He positively revels in the prospect of coming woes. Those who can recall the pictures of what was to happen in case Cleveland were elected, which used to appear in the New York *Tribune* and other Republican organs during the campaign of 1884, will admit that no drearier future was ever held up before a trembling community than that with which the American people was threatened during those eventful months. At that time it was held in Republican circles to be the duty of a true man to be as pessimistic as he knew how to be, and not to keep his gloom to himself either, but to fill every market-

place with his groans and lamentations. We remember one despondent Republican assuring us that in case, by some shameless trick on the part of his supporters or by some extraordinary intellectual collapse on the part of the American people, Cleveland succeeded in making his way into the Presidential chair, we should, in one half-year after his inauguration, witness the unchecked highway robbery of the rich by the starving poor in the streets of this city; while another declared that, in the same event, his own accumulations of a lifetime of honest industry — which were considerable — would be offered to his friends at fifty cents on the dollar. . . .

What is most curious about the optimism of politicians, however, is, that it bears very little resemblance to the optimism of private and business life. In all other spheres of human activity, while the cultivation of the habit of cheerfulness and hopefulness is greatly commended, nothing brings a man into more disrepute than an optimism which pays no attention to facts and bears no relation to them. In business a man who kept saying that "all would come out right in the end," and that precautions and safeguards against failure or mischance were therefore unnecessary, would soon cease to be trusted, and would end by being generally laughed at. Out of politics, people's expectations about the future are expected to be based on reason and experience. A man, in order to be respected or confided in, must take note of the fact that there are bad people in the world; that health and character are exposed to many risks; that the heart has many deceits in it; that money does not come when it is looked for; that all trade is not profitable; that railroads sometimes pass their dividends and default on their bonds; that banks occasionally burst up; that sons sometimes go to the bad; that daughters often marry the wrong men; that sermons and briefs have to be carefully prepared in order to be effective; that sick people have to be closely watched; that surgical operations sometimes fail; that,

in short, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong — and must govern himself accordingly. A man who does not do so, and who trusts to luck in the management of his affairs, is said to dwell in "a fool's paradise." When Bishop Potter gets up in the pulpit and reminds us of these things, people say: "What an excellent discourse; how full of wisdom!" But when he gets up in the rostrum and applies to political phenomena the lessons of ages of human experience, all the fools in the country pop out of their paradise and say that his view cannot be sound or useful, because it is so "awfully unpleasant and gloomy, don't you know."

Human nature and the course of human events are very much the same in politics as elsewhere. When that egregious blatherskite, Senator Ingalls of Kansas, in his famous excision of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule from his system of political morality, likened politics to war, he forgot that in war it is only ceaseless vigilance and remorseless pessimism which keep an army ready either to march or fight. Nothing can be left to chance. The whole day and often the whole night have to be passed in providing against possible crimes, offences, and shortcomings, in dragging abuses to light and eradicating them. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, indeed, that all the advances the race has made in civilization have been due to the labors and sacrifices of thoughtful, reasonable, and public-spirited pessimists. The optimists in every age have as a whole filled the jails and almshouses, or lived on the bounty of their gloomier friends and relatives. A cheerful temper and a hopeful spirit are great and valuable gifts; but they do the world little good when they are not backed up by a clear-sighted perception of the work which has to be done, and the vigilance which has to be exercised, to keep us all from relapsing into barbarism.

1891

"Death of the Republican Party"

THE Republican party came into power for the second time in 1889, on a platform which proposed two important policies growing out of the slavery issues, both of which, in the words of the *Nation*, were contrary to all the traditions and precedents of our history during the century from Washington to Harrison. One of these policies, embodied in the Blair Bill, proposed that the Federal Government should assume control of the schools in the States, by making appropriations from the Treasury at Washington for distribution among them, supervision necessarily following the appropriation. The other, the so-called Force Bill, proposed that the Federal Government should assume control of the elections for Congressmen in the States, such control necessarily involving interference with the supervision by State authorities of the State elections held at the same time. The Blair Bill had been rejected in March of the previous year, the Force Bill was defeated by the defection of a number of Republican Senators. Senator Hoar's remark, on the rejection of the Force Bill, "That means the death of the Republican party," led the *Nation* to say (January 8):

Political organizations, like individual politicians, often do not recognize that they are dead for some time after the event. The Whig party really expired in 1852, although the funeral ceremonies did not occur until a good while later. In like manner, the Republican party may survive for some time as an opposition to the apparently eternal Democracy, but its fate as an organization based on the slavery issue is sealed. There

is no longer any "propriety or necessity for its perpetuation."

The defeat of the Blair Bill last March meant that the black man must "take his chances" with the white man in the matter of schooling. The rejection of the Force Bill means that he must take his chances also in the matter of voting, like the "Canuck" in New England, the "Dago" in New York City, the Pole in the manufacturing cities of Pennsylvania, or the Scandinavian in the agricultural regions of the Northwest. "When a man has emerged from slavery," said truly the Supreme Court of the United States in annulling for unconstitutionality the Civil-Rights Act, "and by the aid of beneficent legislation has shaken off the inseparable concomitants of that state, there must be some stage in the progress of his elevation when he takes the rank of a mere citizen, and ceases to be the special favorite of the laws, and when his rights as a citizen or a man are to be protected in the ordinary modes by which other men's rights are protected."

The rejection of the Force Bill means that this "stage" has been reached, and consequently that "the mission of the Republican party has been discharged." The future of political organizations cannot be forecast, but Senator Hoar is right in regarding Monday's action in the Senate as ending a chapter in our history.

1892

The Proper Work of the City Club

THE establishment of the new City Club, as a permanent organization to promote good municipal government, was hailed by patriotic citizens as a most promising sign of awakening civic pride. Mr. James C. Carter, at the meeting which inaugurated the organization, traced out in a general way the programme of the Club's work.

The *Nation*, while in full accord with Mr. Carter on the main points of his address, took exception to his remark urging upon the Club to avoid "personalities" and confine itself to the task of showing up the iniquity of the Tammany "system."

We make bold to say [answered the *Nation*, April 21] that if the City Club fails in the vigorous and constant use of personalities, it will fail altogether to do the work it has set before itself. Personalities have got a bad name because they are too frequently used in lieu of argument concerning matters of opinion. But the fight against Tammany Hall, wherein, as Mr. Hewitt well pointed out, the work of reform in this city must mainly consist, does not arise out of differences of opinion among honest men. This city is badly governed owing to the bad conduct of certain men, and owing to nothing else under heaven. The "system," in so far as they have one, differs in no respect from the distribution of parts which conspirators always have to make when they undertake to rob a bank. Some watch on the sidewalk, some inside the door, one holds the lantern, another plies the cold chisel, and another puts the dynamite in the hole. All concerted action among criminals, as among honest men, needs a system, but no denunciation of the system will ever do anything to bring the criminals to justice.

If the Club go about among the workingmen of this city, refraining from hard words about the Tammany leaders and expending all the invective simply on the Tammany Society as an objectionable organization, they will accomplish nothing; the plain voters will soon tire of their preaching. The plan of taking pledges in order to secure election has nothing objectionable in it *per se*. Such pledges are exacted in all parliamentary countries from candidates for all sorts of offices. The reformers demand them just as much as the Tammany men.

They reflect no discredit either on those who exact them or those who give them. The City Club will have to extort them vigorously from candidates for municipal offices, as well as from candidates for the Legislature, if it means to make an impression. Each pledge must be judged on its own merits, and by its nature we must judge the man who makes it. There was, for instance, no harm in Mayor Grant's pledging himself before election to appoint certain men to office. What concerns the public, and what will concern the City Club, is what kind of men he did appoint in execution of these pledges. This shows us at once the use, the necessity, for personality. No system, no plan of action, comes down out of the sky. Men make systems to suit their needs. If they make them for bad ends, they are bad men. If Grant uses his appointing power to put grossly unfit men on the police bench, for instance, what do we care whether it is done under pledge or out of his own head? What would be the use in asking him? In either case it shows his unfitness for the Mayoralty, and it thus would become the business of the Club to denounce him, not as A or C or X, or as a "System," but as Hugh J. Grant, guilty of gross offences against the public weal. It was not a system which robbed the city in 1870. It was certain individuals named William M. Tweed, Richard B. Connolly, and others, and the work of reform consisted in catching, trying, and punishing them, and using them by name to enlighten the public judgment and sharpen the public conscience.

Mr. Cleveland and Tammany

The full story of what passed at the famous dinner at which Mr. Cleveland met the Tammany chieftains was not told until after his election to the Presidency. The true version had long been known to the *Nation*, and when the details were published it remarked (November 24):

We have known all along that the revelation of what passed at that dinner would reflect increased credit on Mr. Cleveland's character. We have never thought it necessary to reveal it, however, even if we had felt at liberty to do so. To have made it the basis of an attack on Tammany we should also, we admit, have considered very injudicious on the eve of an election, because we have never been able to assimilate the great doctrine, which the Republicans formulated after Mr. Blaine's defeat, that bad men should not be allowed to support a good ticket. We believe, on the contrary, that the worse a man is, the more desirable it is to get him, by honorable means, to do a good thing. In a democracy it is impossible to obtain references as to character from voters, or to make up parties composed solely of the pure and good. A political party is not a church or social club. People have to be let into it without references. The one duty a good party man owes to a bad one is not to bribe or mislead him, and not to chase him away from the polls by insult or abuse.

But the main reason for keeping silent about Mr. Cleveland's alleged pledges to Tammany was that a defence of him against such a charge, by any one who respects him as much as we do, would inevitably have the air of an imputation, on the well-known principle that excuses are accusations. Mr. Cleveland has in his career, and especially in his tariff message and silver letter, a priori protection of the strongest kind against all accusations of bargain-making in order to obtain the Presidency. He has already furnished the strongest possible proof of his unwillingness to seek the Presidency in any way. The two acts of his life which, in the opinion of all politicians, did most to make his renomination and reëlection difficult or impossible, were not forced on him. They were voluntary acts. The notion that a man who committed them, with his eyes open to their probable consequences, would subsequently sit down and, in order to obtain the prize which these acts had

put away from him, make pledges which would degrade him forever in the eyes of all who had ever honored and admired him, was, in our eyes, too absurd to need refutation.

To the question, why did Tammany then support Mr. Cleveland so enthusiastically, if it was not to get the kind of reward which Tammany most values, — namely, offices and power, particularly after it had so strenuously opposed his nomination, — the answer is very easy. Those who ask it apparently class Tammany with the Barnburners or the Conscience Whigs, who bolted under the solemn obligation of patriotic conviction. Tammany opposed Mr. Cleveland at Chicago because it did not like him, but it supported him because its present managers are far shrewder men and take longer views than John Kelly. They want to maintain their standing in the Democratic party, and get a hearing and have some influence in future national conventions, particularly now that New York is ceasing to be a pivotal State. This would be impossible if they kept on "knifing" or defeating every candidate who, against their opposition, had secured the required majority in the Convention. If, after what happened in 1888, another Democratic nominee had been overthrown through their treachery, they would have had very great difficulty indeed in getting a chance to be heard and to vote at Presidential conventions hereafter, and any such exclusion from the national party councils could not but tell upon the power and permanency of the organization in this State and city.

1893

The Ethics of Campaign Funds

THE appointment of Mr. Van Alen to the Italian mission was considered by the independent press as a serious mistake of President Cleveland's. He had been a heavy

contributor to the Democratic campaign fund and possessed few visible qualifications for the position. The *Nation*, as one of the warmest supporters of Mr. Cleveland, felt free to criticize the appointment in an outspoken manner. Being asked by several correspondents whether it held the position that the contribution of money to a campaign fund ought to disqualify a man for office in case his party is victorious, the *Nation* answered (October 12):

It seems at first sight as if this raised a difficult question, but the practice both of England and America shows the question to be a very simple one and easily answered. In truth, the English mode of producing candidates for high office leaves no room for it in that country whatever. In the first place, there are in the diplomatic and consular service no places to be bestowed in return for electioneering services of any kind. Both are regularly organized, like the army or navy, in which men hold their offices during good behavior, are promoted through seniority or for special service, and are expected to possesss a proper equipment for their particular posts in the matter of language and experience.

Every now and then, however, a man who is not in the regular diplomatic service gets a great embassy, like that of Paris, or Rome, or Constantinople, because of special fitness for some extraordinary crisis. Lord Dufferin is a conspicuous example of this, but we can recall no case when such a distinction was conferred on a very rich man, or on any man for activity in home politics. There thus remain only places in the cabinet to be given in return for "heavy checks." But in the first place, if any English minister were fool enough to load himself with incompetent rich men in the cabinet, as they would have to maintain themselves in the House of Commons, their obscurity and want of debating capacity would cover him with ridicule and drive him out of office in a few weeks.

In the second place, English practice ever since 1688 requires candidates for high office to have served an apprenticeship either in Parliament or in subordinate offices, and to have become known to the country in one or other of these places. So that when a minister comes to make up his cabinet, the possible men are designated for him by a process of selection which has been going on for years, and out of this circle he cannot travel. . . . A man in English politics may be rich, very rich, and give freely to the party treasury, but in order to get high office he must be something else than rich, and must have made himself known to the public, as well as to the ministers, by the display of some kind of talent or acquirement. To take three or four of the most recent entries into official life: Balfour had been fifteen years in the House of Commons before he became Irish Secretary; Chamberlain had been the leader of the Radical wing of the Liberals in the Midland counties for twelve years, and had won great distinction as a municipal reformer in Birmingham and served in one Parliament; Bryce had sat twelve years in Parliament, and become famous as an author and professor of law; and Asquith had achieved high distinction at the bar and served in one Parliament before obtaining seats in the cabinet.

The process of selection with us is by no means either so elaborate or so sure, but it is sure enough to make it quite easy to avoid mistakes. In each party there are enough men marked out for high places by other signs than wealth to prevent any misapprehension as to the reason for appointing them, no matter what their contribution to the campaign fund may have been. If the late James Russell Lowell had given $100,000 to aid in electing President Hayes in 1876, his appointment to the Spanish mission would nevertheless have been universally recognized as fit and pure. The same thing might have been said in 1884 if the London mission had been given to George William Curtis. No gift could have disqualified Charles Francis

Adams for the London mission in 1861. Neither Samuel J. Tilden nor Abram S. Hewitt could have unfitted himself for the Treasury Department by any donation, however large. It is true, we freely allow the selection of obscure men for high places every now and then, because of local party service, or some special personal relation to the President, but it may be said to be an unwritten popular requirement that such appointees be poor or in moderate circumstances. Much tolerance as there is for venality of one sort or another, the American people are not prepared to allow obscure wealthy men to be popped suddenly into high offices of state, because they will never believe that a rich man of whom they have never heard before got his place without paying for it. This natural and valuable popular distrust must be taken into account by all Presidents. It is the salt of public life. It may be the salvation of the republic. It is not enough that there are other reasons than his wealth for making a man a cabinet officer or an ambassador. They must be patent reasons, reasons that the humblest voter can see and understand.

1894

A New Era in American Manufacturing

THE mental attitude of some American manufacturers as the day drew near when the new tariff was to go into effect reminded the *Nation* of the old lady who crossed the equator with a nervous clutch on the ship's rail, to brace herself against the expected jar. They had been told, so often, that the new tariff would be fatal to them that they half expected to be ruined on August 28, no matter how prosperous the sea through which they had been sailing on August 27. The *Nation*, however, did not disguise the fact that many branches of manufacture

were now facing a new era. The transition was, after all, a momentous one, and the revolution manifested itself in striking ways.

Truths which [said the *Nation*, September 6] revenue reformers had been whispering in a corner, erstwhile protectionists are now proclaiming from the housetops.

Equally refreshing is the good advice which trade journals are giving to the manufacturers within their special provinces. They are at last beginning to appeal to American inventiveness and pluck as the qualities which are going to enable us to meet our foreign enemies at the gates. The need of establishing technical schools is also wisely insisted upon, and the necessity of putting ourselves on a level with foreigners in the application of science to industry. Here has been the real superiority of the foreign manufacturer. An American manufacturer in straits has rushed madly off to Washington to get his duties doubled; the German has put a dozen more skilled chemists and Chemnitz graduates on his pay-roll, despatched polyglot drummers to all parts of the world to get orders, and thus been able to snap his fingers at our tariff.

That is the kind of thing that the American manufacturer will now have to do. He will have to conduct his business without the expense of a branch office in the ways and means committee-room. Instead of mortgaging his mill to defeat a tariff-reform Congressman, he will mortgage it, if necessary, to buy the newest machinery and latest patented devices and to employ superintendents who know their business. With free raw material he will not need to ask favors of anybody, or dread competition of any sort except the competition of superior skill. If the Yankee cannot hold his own in that particular, then all his boasting is vain. There is no doubt that he can, or that Mr. Gladstone is right in predicting the transference to this country of the industrial supremacy of the world, when

once American inventiveness and practical skill and business talent are given a fair field and no favors.

1895

Jingo Morality

An article of Captain Mahan's on "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," in which he denied that there was any moral quality whatever about an act of international aggression, provided the aggression was undertaken by a superior race against an inferior one, led the *Nation* to make the following remark (October 3):

Captain Mahan's chosen example is the British occupation of Egypt. To discuss the morality of this, he says, is "as little to the point as the morality of an earthquake." It was for the benefit of the world at large and of the people of Egypt — no matter what the latter might think about it, or how they would have voted about it — and that is enough. Tacitly, he makes the same doctrine apply to the great expansion of the foreign power of the United States, which he foresees and for which he wants a navy "developed in proportion to the reasonable possibilities of the political future." What those possibilities are he nowhere says, and he gives the reader no chance of judging whether they are reasonable or not. But he speaks again and again of the development of the nation and of national sentiment as a "natural force," moving on to its desired end, unconscious and unmoral. What he says of British domination over Egypt, Captain Mahan would evidently and logically be ready to say of American domination over any inferior power — that it has no more to do with morality than an earthquake.

Of course, this really means the glorification of brute force. The earthquake view of international relations does away at

once with all questions of law and justice and humanity, and puts everything frankly on the basis of armor and guns. Finerty could ask no more. No one could accuse Captain Mahan of intending this, yet he must "follow the argument." He speaks approvingly of international interference with Turkey on account of the Armenian atrocities. But has not the Sultan a complete defence, according to Captain Mahan's doctrine? Is he not an earthquake, too? Are not the Turks going blindly ahead in Armenia as a "natural force," and is anybody likely to be foolish enough to discuss the morality of a law of nature? Of course, the powers tell the Sultan that he is no earthquake at all, or, if he is, that they will bring to bear upon him a bigger one which will shake him into the Bosphorus. But if there is no question of morality involved, the argument and the action are simply so much brute force; and that, we say, is what Captain Mahan's doctrine logically comes to.

Another inadvertent revelation of the real implications of his views is given where he is dwelling on the fact that "the United States will never seek war except for the defence of her rights, her obligations, or her necessary interests." There is a fine ambiguity about the final phrase, but let that pass. No one can suspect that Captain Mahan means to do anything in public or private relations that he does not consider absolutely just. But note the way the necessity of arguing for a big navy clouds his mind when he writes of some supposed international difficulty: "But the moral force of our contention might conceivably be weakened, in the view of an opponent, by attendant circumstances, *in which case our physical power to support it should be open to no doubt.*" That is to say, we must always have morality and sweet reasonableness on our side, must have all our quarrels just, must have all the precedents and international law in our favor, but must be prepared to lick the other fellow anyhow, if he is so thick-headed and obstinate as to insist that morals and justice and law are on *his* side.

This earthquake and physical-power doctrine is a most dangerous one for any time or people, but is peculiarly dangerous in this country at this time. The politicians and the mob will be only too thankful to be furnished a high-sounding theory as a justification for their ignorant and brutal proposals of foreign aggression and conquest. They will not be slow, either, in extending and improving the theory. They will take a less roundabout course than Captain Mahan does to the final argument of physical power. If it comes to that in the end, what is the use of bothering about all these preliminaries of right and law? They will be willing to call themselves an earthquake or a cyclone, if only their devastating propensities can be freely gratified without any question of morals coming in. With so many signs of relaxed moral fibre about us, in public and in private life, it is no time to preach the gospel of force, even when the preacher is so attractive a man and writer as Captain Mahan.

1896

Bryan's First Candidacy

OPPOSED as the *Nation* was to Mr. McKinley and the Republican platform, it did not hesitate as to its course after the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the Presidency by the Democratic party.

Mr. Bryan [said the *Nation*, July 16] was not a delegate to the convention. He came there leading a contesting delegation. The regular delegates were unseated by the silverite majority and their places were given to Bryan and his crowd. The cheers that greeted him were the measure of his wind power, which is immense. The measure of his specific gravity is to be found in his political career at home. He was carried into Congress on the Democratic tidal wave of 1890, was reëlected in 1892, and

took a position on the silver question so extreme that he split the Democratic party in his State and lost his seat in Congress. In 1895 the two wings of the party in Nebraska ran separate tickets for judge of the Supreme Court, and the anti-silver faction polled 8000 more votes than the Bryan faction. The regular organization of the party remained in their hands, and it was this organization that was cast out by the silverite majority at Chicago in favor of the bolters. His speech to the convention was an appeal to one of the worst instincts of the human heart — that of getting possession of other people's property without the owners' consent. That is what is meant by free coinage at 16 to 1. All business and all obligations rest to-day, have rested for nearly a quarter of a century, on the gold dollar as the unit of value. It is proposed now to substitute a silver dollar for it worth about half as much, and to make this depreciated coin applicable to all existing bargains and contracts. This is not all. It has been alleged over and over again that the programme of the silver propagandists was much more extensive than free silver; that it looked forward to free greenbacks, which are far more attractive to the repudiating tribe. Mr. Bryan gave warning of what is to follow when he said: "The right to coin money and *issue* money is a function of the Government. It is a part of sovereignty, and can no more be delegated with safety to individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or to levy taxes." If the business community supposed that there were any real danger of this dishonest policy being put into practical operation, there would be a panic and crash the like of which has never been seen in this or any other country. The fact that business remains in a state of quiescence is the best evidence that the proceedings of the roaring mob at Chicago are not taken seriously by the American people.

The nomination of Bryan for President of the United States

and the adoption of a platform of repudiation make a pitiful climax for the Democratic party — the party of Jackson, Benton, Seymour, Tilden, Cleveland — the party whose boast it has been that it always stood for sound money and never put a depreciated dollar into the hand of labor. The decadence of the party in the past few years, since the Tillmans, Altgelds, Bryans, and Blackburns came to the front and took the leadership, has been melancholy in the extreme. There are signs in plenty that nearly all the men who give character to the party to-day, successors of the great men whose names honor their country's history, will repudiate this ticket and this platform as they would the pest. From all parts of the East and from many in the West and South we hear, not protest merely, but the indignant declaration of Democratic leaders and business men that they will vote the Republican ticket. They consider their honor and their means of livelihood alike involved in this battle. They find something of higher and more immediate concern to their families and to the State than party ties or tariff schedules. They will vote not so much for McKinley and Hobart as against Bryan and repudiation, but their votes will count and their influence will tell from hour to hour and from day to day till the election.

Whether the dissenting Democrats will or ought to nominate a ticket of their own is a question for themselves to decide. Of course the main thing is to beat the ticket of the Repudiators. Everything else is insignificant in comparison, yet opinions may differ as to the best way of accomplishing this result. Our opinion is that the sound-money Democrats, by which term we mean those of intelligence and substance in all parts of the country (in South Carolina and Texas as well as in New York and Massachusetts), will vote for McKinley and Hobart whether there is a sound-money Democratic ticket in the field or not. But the question is not free from difficulty.

1897

The Tariff and the City

In discussing the chief causes of the difficulty of establishing good government in the city of New York, the *Nation* spoke of the blind devotion of a considerable portion of the Republicans to their own party. These fanatics have again and again acted on the principle: "Perish the city provided the party be saved."

Now [asked the *Nation*, November 11), what is the explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon? Well, it is far simpler than it seems. The term "Republican party" does not really mean a party in the ordinary sense of the term, with a body of political doctrine of its own and a set of distinctly defined aims. As a party it does not differ much, if at all, from the Democratic party, barring the recent adhesion of the Democratic party to silver. To all outward appearance, the Republican attitude towards all questions except the tariff — its view of public office, of foreign policy, and of taxation — appears to be substantially that held by the Democrats. The tariff apart, there is no difficulty for an honest man in passing from one party to the other. He might any day doubt to which party he belonged, as far as opinions are concerned. Even as regards silver, enough Democrats to enable it to elect its President had no difficulty in acting with the Republican party last year.

We are thus driven by a process of pure reasoning to the conclusion that the proper name of the Republican party, the distinctive aim which would best describe it, is the Tariff party. Its distinguishing trait is devotion to the tariff. This is the one thing which differentiates a respectable, intelligent Republican from a respectable and intelligent man of any other sect or

creed. It is by this trait we know him, just as an early Christian was known by his refusal to sacrifice to the gods. It was by requiring him to burn incense to Jupiter or Apollo that the cruel Romans found him out. In like manner a Republican would be found out by requiring him to curse the tariff, or say it was a bad thing for the country. He would sacrifice himself, his aged mother, or loving wife, or innocent children, or the city of his birth, sooner than do this. The Republican party is the party which has the tariff in charge. To weaken it for any purpose is to put the tariff in peril. To join forces with the Democrats or Mugwumps for any purpose, is to weaken it; therefore "voting straight" becomes the most solemn and sacred of all political duties.

We shall not consider this so very extraordinary as it seems at first sight if we remember that we have now been living under a high tariff for thirty years; that during that period an enormous amount, practically an incalculable amount, of money has been invested under it in every species of manufacture; that a generation has grown up under it who either owed, or believed they owed, their subsistence or their comfort to it. It has naturally become linked in their imagination with everything good and "American" in the world. The mental process by which this takes place is one of the most familiar in the history of the human mind. All old institutions — the old British Constitution, the old French monarchy, the old Catholic Church, the Inquisition even — got support in this way from large bodies of persons who had been born and prospered under them. If the tariff had failed to induce large bodies of persons in this country to look on it as the source of their own comfort and success in life and of American prosperity, it could not have lasted very long. As a matter of fact, it has become identified in the eyes of such persons with property and order. To attack it is, as Sheil said of the enemies of Catholicism, to "furnish help to those miserable men who are

the enemies of human hope, the apostles of desolation and despair." Its safety becomes a concern so weighty as to make all other interests seem trifling. It seems silly to talk about city government, Tammany, plunder, or dirt, with men who you know cherish, in their secret hearts, dark designs against the wool and cotton duties, and the duties on knitted goods and other textiles, and who would, if they could, take the duty off steel. It seems like discussing alterations in church ritual with a shameless infidel.

1898

Experience in Governing Colonies

THE question what to call the new possessions which were our inheritance from the war with Spain was somewhat puzzling. Were they colonies, or "protected territories," or "our island domain," or the "new era of freedom"? But whatever the name, the problem of governing them for an indefinite time confronted the country. How was this best to be done? asked the *Nation*.

Experience of our own [it said, September 1] to guide us we practically have none. The continental acquisitions of territory once Spain's, which we made early in the century and after the Mexican war, hardly yield us cases in point. There was, indeed, a temporary military rule, and the need of adapting the old régime gradually to the new; but there was the well-grounded hope that the new communities would speedily fit themselves, as they did, for admission into the commonwealth of self-governing States. Such a hope can be entertained only remotely of Cuba and Porto Rico, still more distantly of Hawaii, and by scarcely anybody but a dreamer of the Philippines. In one or all of these islands we confront

problems which our history as a government furnishes us little or no guidance in solving. It is a blank page on which we have to write. One may search the revised statutes of the United States or the acts of Congress in vain to find directions how to govern colonies, how to administer distant islands. Unless we are as cock-sure of our ability to govern an island wisely and well as Sancho Panza was, we must perforce turn to the experience of the great colonizing nations.

Over how vast a period and through what a diversity of experiment the colonial records of Spain and England and Holland run, we may get some idea by looking only at the bibliography of the subject. The Spanish Leyes de las Indias are a tremendous collection of mighty tomes. They contain mostly examples of the thing to avoid, but they represent centuries of labor and trial and hope deferred and bitter failure. The *Yale Review* gives the figures for the Dutch. The standard bibliography of the literature relating to the colonies of Holland covers the years 1593 to 1865, and contains 21,373 titles. The entries under Government and Finance number some 5500. A supplementary volume for the years 1866–1893 has 430 two-column pages. What difficulties to be surmounted, what lessons from experience, what slow and intelligent building up of the benevolent disposition of the Dutch in Java does such a record represent! And how imminent does our probable failure appear, in going forward to attack more diverse and more difficult problems of colonial government, with absolutely no experience to set against this secular experience of the Dutch!

With Great Britain, of course, the comparison goes still more heavily against us. In England, it is not a question of a bibliography of colonial literature, but of a bibliography of bibliographies. The British Museum has books and pamphlets and documents on the colonies by the acre. Blue books are heaped like Pelion on Ossa. Reports and parliamentary papers relating to the self-governing and the crown colonies would make the

bibliography of bimetallism seem by comparison a crackling epigram. The Colonial Office has a mass of information and statistics pertaining to the various colonies to which the very indexes are enough to appall the investigator. The bravery and the blunders, the greed and the benevolence, the wisdom slowly learning by experience of a great race forced by its position and its energy to extend its dominion round the world, are all set down for the guidance of those charged with every new enterprise of the kind. When England annexes Cyprus or extends her protectorate over the Sudan or Wei-Hai-Wei, she has not to fumble around to know how to govern new dependencies. She has an age-long experience to teach her the right policy, and a trained body of public servants ready to execute it.

The moral of all this for the American people and their rulers is obvious. We are facing administrative difficulties in our island possessions with which nothing in our experience fits us to cope. But there is a rich and instructive experience of other nations which it behooves us humbly to study. With the full records of colonial history before us for instruction, it would be criminal for us to go forward as if nothing of the kind had ever been done before, and write the blunders and the cruelties all over again. Two chief lessons the briefest study will teach us. One is that the colonies must be developed for all the world, not exploited for the benefit of the mother country exclusively. The other is that trained officials, appointed for merit and retained for good service, are absolutely indispensable. The navy has brilliantly shown us what a thoroughly trained arm of the government can do. In our future colonial service we must put a premium on such training if we would look for anything like such success. On the one side we have the experience of Spain — squeezing the life-blood out of her colonies, filling them with a corrupt public service, and leading to ghastly wreck. On the other, England — opening her colonies to the commerce of the world, administering them through the wisest men of the

most inflexible integrity she can secure, and binding them to her in loyal affection. Which of the two shall we imitate?

1899

A Fresh Phase of the Indian Question

It had long been apparent to friends of the Indians that the reservation system which the Government had spent so many years in building up was a mistake. At the Mohonk Conference in October the opinion was expressed that the Indian Bureau ought to prove a superfluity in ten years if Indian affairs were managed properly. The *Nation*, in commenting on the perplexities of the situation, remarked (November 16):

The question whether to begin setting the Indian free is no longer before us. That process is under way, and already so near completion that we are faced with a new problem — what we can do to save the Indian from the worst consequences of his freedom. It is to be hoped that the good people who have his welfare at heart will realize that they must now turn their minds from material things to moral. What the Indian will need most from this time forward is not so much a protector as a friend, not so much control as guidance. The day of the agent and inspector is passing; the new day will be that of the teacher who is prepared to go into the red man's home and strive for his regeneration there. Up to a certain point it was possible, by carefully policing the reservation, to keep whiskey out of it; with the reservation barriers down, whiskey will be as free to the Indian as to any one else, and then the task will be to teach him to resist temptation. Idleness was the rule in the reservation, where the Government fed and clothed the Indian; labor is the law outside, and the Indian must be taught, at the door of his own cabin, to respect and practise it.

The change of status will be a cruel one for the larger part of the red race. Many will fall by the way; those who survive will be monuments to the work of the character-builder. The period of Government trusteeship over the Indians' lands, as prescribed by the severalty law, will presently expire, and creditors will seize upon the best of the farms. Many of those which escape private greed will be sold by the sheriff for unpaid taxes. Forty years hence scarcely an Indian may have an acre of his allotment left. Much of the money now held in the Treasury in trust for the various tribes will have been squandered, for the next step Congress is likely to take is to divide these funds among the members of one tribe after another as it emerges from the old order and is absorbed into the general body politic. When the last acre and the last dollar are gone, the Indians will be where the negro freedmen started thirty-five years ago. They lack the imitative trait which has done so much to help the negroes when well directed. On the other hand, they will have the advantage of the freedmen in being too few in numbers to become an issue in politics or to sway State governments; and this difference will spare them many a bitter experience on their way to a higher level. It is plain, from every point of view, that the work of the reformer in the Indian field will not end with the passing of the bureau system; it will simply enter upon a new phase, and a broader one than any which has preceded it.

1900

The Enemies of Civilization

THE supposed massacre of the representatives of the Christian powers at Peking started a cry for vengeance which all sober-minded Americans deplored. In commenting on the barbarities committed by Russian

and Japanese soldiers at Tientsin, the *Nation* said (August 16):

Warfare of this kind has made the names of Attila and Genghis Khan infamous throughout Christendom. Such barbarities, when committed by the Turks on the Armenians, raised cries of horror throughout Europe and America. But the Chinese have none to take their part. What we call civilization is arrayed against them. Innocent or guilty, they are to be swept away in promiscuous slaughter. The soldiers who have been guilty of these cruelties are our allies. Our own troops must march side by side with them, and witness their atrocities without interference. We trust that our own flag will not be disgraced by the active participation of our troops in these bloody outrages, and that even those who have been preaching the doctrine of doing evil that good may come in the Philippines, will shrink from the consequences of their principles when they see to what they lead in China. If we must fight, let us not fight like savages. If we must go to war to defend our imperilled citizens, let us carry it on like civilized men, and not in the spirit and not with the methods of the barbarians whom we are to slay.

The Japanese, it may be said, are heathens, and the Russians only half-civilized. But are they doing anything more than the German Emperor has called on his soldiers to do? Is there any other way to make the name of Germany so felt in China that for a thousand years to come China shall never dare even to look askance at a German? The *Evening Post's* correspondent in Berlin comments mournfully on the *Verrohung des Volkes*. Since the days of Jena and Austerlitz, one journal declares, Germany has not been, morally speaking, at so low a pass, so devoid of genuine Christian spirit. But the press generally comments on the Chinese troubles with brutal cynicism. "Not the question of right or wrong, not the provoca-

tions suffered by the Chinese — to a great extent from the Germans — are discussed." What will benefit Germany is the important matter, and the missionary work in China is denounced as detrimental to Germany's material interests, and calculated to embroil the Powers for a cause which has no concrete value. We cannot call the Germans uncivilized, and we must act with them now. But if a warning against entangling alliances were needed by our people, they have only to consider the policy in which they must participate.

We need not fear to be disgraced by the conduct of the British forces, or by the spirit of the British Government, we hope and believe. Yet an Englishman who represents the dominant influences, Professor Edward Dicey, declares himself in favor of advancing British interests everywhere, at the cost of annexation and at the risk of war. The only qualification he admits "is that the country we desire to annex or take under our protection, the claims we choose to assert, and the cause we decide to espouse, should be calculated to confer a tangible advantage upon the British Empire." Are the people of America prepared to ally themselves with Powers governed by this principle? Can the cause of civilization and Christianity be advanced by governments or men actuated by such motives and animated by the passions which they inevitably arouse? No! for it is the end and essence of civilization to repress such passions and to subordinate such motives to more generous ones; and those who glorify war and conquest in the name of civilization are its deadliest enemies.

1901

Tammany and "Respectability"

When the inconceivable happened in New York City, and Tammany nominated as its candidate for Mayor

Edward M. Shepard, a man who had called Tammany government "the most insolent and audacious, as well as the most reckless assault we have yet known upon the welfare of Greater New York, and of the masses, especially the less fortunate masses, of its people —" the *Nation* said (October 10):

Any man asked to lend his honorable name as a cloak for Croker's foulness ought, at least, to keep his eyes wide open; to look at the facts; to consult the past; and to make sure that he is neither cheated himself nor willing to cheat the city. For ourselves, we consider it impossible that a respectable man could take the Tammany nomination for Mayor, as things stand in this city to-day, without deceiving either Croker or the people whose votes he asks. Richard Croker will not voluntarily put an honest and fearless man in the Mayor's chair. As well expect a thieving bank cashier to hail the arrival of the inspector. Croker may easily seek the aid of a citizen of fair repute to aid him in retaining his imperilled power to prey upon this city, and plan to make of him a puppet or a victim later on; but the devil cannot dread holy water more than he would a Mayor who should undertake to rule with an eye single to the city's good. Therefore, as we say, it is a case for his nominee of playing false either to Croker or to New York. No man can serve those two masters; and however high his standards, however praiseworthy his motives, however honorable his purposes, he should know that he will accept a Croker nomination only at a fearful risk to his own character, and in the certainty that he is inviting a renewal of the city's calamity.

But how about Mr. Hewitt and his acceptance of the Tammany nomination in 1886? This is the instance which is always cast in the teeth of those who maintain to-day that a self-respecting and respected man would no more think of foregathering with Tammany than he would of making his home

in a lazar-house. There is, however, an immense difference between the case now and the case then. In the first place, Tammany was not in 1886 the exposed and loathsome thing it is to-day. There was an effective Democratic opposition to it in the city, and it had to walk with some circumspection. It had been beaten in 1884 by Mayor Grace. Moreover, there was on the horizon in 1886 the cloud of the Henry George movement, and Mr. Hewitt thought, as many thought, and as has proved to be the case, that the surest way to repel that thinly disguised attack on property was to work through the Tammany organization. He was elected, but what was the result of his attempts to give the city good government in and through Tammany Hall? Any man trembling on the brink of a decision to cast in his lot with Croker to-day should mark well what happened to Mr. Hewitt. He was thwarted at every turn all through his administration by the men who had professed to seek good government by means of his election, and was finally repudiated by them with open hostility and contempt. When so strong and brave a man as he, so far back as 1886, found the Tammany opposition to decency and reform in the city government too powerful for him to overcome, what could a slighter Mayor expect to accomplish against the Tammany of 1901?

1902

Rewards of Public Service

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT delivered in his Doctor's discourse at Harvard, in the language of the *Nation*, a sort of extemporized treatise "De Amicitia." Friend after friend he embalmed in the amber of his enthusiastic praise. Long, Moody, Hay, Lodge, Taft, Root, Wood — each of them became as if a Rough Rider in the Presi-

dent's affections. And he seized the occasion to show how ill our country rewards its heroes — General Leonard Wood's case being a notable example of service unrequited. To this the *Nation* replied (July 3):

Now if the President fairly drives us to inquire what reward General Wood has actually had, we think it can be easily shown that the Republic has not been ungrateful to him. The esteem and fame that have come to him have certainly been such as to crown labors more arduous than his. Public recognition has not erred, in his case, on the side of being too restrained. He has distinctly been one of our heroes. Mr. Roosevelt seems to imagine that Americans are deficient in the capacity for hero-worship. On the contrary, we create our heroes too easily — so easily that we recklessly break their images, knowing that plenty more will be forthcoming. But, strictly on the professional side, General Wood's advancement has been phenomenal, his reward glittering. Four years ago he was an army surgeon; now he has been promoted over the heads of five hundred of his seniors in the regular army to be a brigadier-general, with every prospect of becoming General commanding. And it is this splendid and almost unparalleled rise which the President intimates is meagre, and almost offset by the fact that General Wood has not been able to live on his salary and allowances! What the General himself thought of pecuniary inducements, compared with the great prize he has won, was shown in his deliberate refusal of a civilian position estimated to be worth $35,000 a year.

Nor can we think the President's implied plea for immunity from criticism one which a public man should urge, as if such immunity were a part of his reward. No might nor greatness in mortality ever escaped criticism, or ever will. It is one of the necessary incidents of the profession of public servant, whether he be King, President, or Secretary. To take it good-

humoredly is an important part of a statesman's equipment. It brings no dread and provokes no bitterness in the real princes of mankind. They, as it has been said, "gain by that scrutiny which would kill and damn lesser beings." It is no sign of lack of appreciation of its great men that a people should jealously examine their public acts. For a democracy to do that is simply to do its duty. At any rate, it will not be denied. The "many-headed beast" will insist upon knowing all about the work of its rulers; and if they are too thin-skinned or too haughty to endure the constant peering and questioning, their place is not in high office.

What we miss most in President Roosevelt's ingenuous address is a recognition, which we should have expected from him above all others, of the fact that true public service is its own reward, which it reaps as it goes along, and that useful work is in itself the source of the highest human happiness. "There is no fun like work" — that discovery, says Walter Bagehot, has been the making of many a young English lord, who has found that Blue Books are really more fascinating than betting books, and the dust and drudgery of public office more attractive than polo or yachting or elegant dawdling. That is the truth which we must bear down upon in all our appeals to young men to enter upon public service. The work to be done is the thing; and the exhilaration of pegging away at it, the joy of striving and the satisfaction of accomplishment — these are the rewards which come with it automatically. Any one minded to cry out for the "stars and ribbons and other toys with which we children of a larger growth amuse ourselves," shows thereby that he does not know the true zest of public work. He needs to be set down to read Emerson's essay on "Compensation." The only rewards worth having are those which come all in the day's work; and the public servant can hope for greater rewards than the common man only as his work is more difficult and important, calls out every power

more fully, and sustains with a larger pleasure of struggle and achievement.

1903

Growth of the Labor Controversy

THE shifting of the scene of the perennial dispute between capital and labor, as manifested in a combination of leading employers against the attacks of combined unions, caused the *Nation* to remind its readers that the combination was not wholly new. Several years previously, the employing printers of New York City had banded together in such an organization for their common defence.

The point is [the *Nation* said, July 2] that the movement is now greatly expanded, and promises to become universal. We hear of it in Pittsburgh, in Charleston, as well as in New York. It is extending to many industries. It is distinctly the latest aspect of a very old quarrel.

In its presence labor leaders have displayed much uneasiness, not to say indignation. This idea of combining was really wicked — when it was a combination against, not by, themselves. They even applied to District Attorney Jerome to proceed against their employers for conspiracy! But he quietly reminded them that they were the last persons on earth to talk about illegal combinations. In reality, they had no reason to be surprised at this final resort of the employing builders. The union game was to combine all the building trades into one, and then to pick off the separate builders in detail. It was certain, however, that the process would not be allowed to run a long course. The employers have at least as much acuteness as the workmen. To deal with a massed body of unions, they simply devised the counter-union of contractors. It was an inevitable

return blow. It does not, as we have said, alter the fundamental nature of the everlasting wage dispute. Indeed, it only brings it out more clearly by restoring something like equality between the two parties. As the individual employer used to confront the individual workingman, so now the united employers face the combined unions. And the questions to be asked and answered are the familiar ones: "How much can we get?" "How much can we afford to pay?"

The instructive thing is that none of the changes in the recent organization of either capital or labor have, in fact, proved to be the panacea that they were hailed to be in advance. Labor unions are stronger than ever, more "federated" than ever; yet they have only called out a stronger force on the other side. The deadlock is just as complete as if it were one man striking against a single master. The most powerful unions have simply learned the old lesson — that there is a point at which their excessive demands necessarily break down, since there is a point at which the owner would rather see his business go to wreck than to have the control of it taken out of his hands, or to submit to a wage scale which would wreck it anyhow. Nor does the cure-all of the Trust appear, on the other hand, to any better advantage. It was a part of the current nonsense about Trusts, two or three years ago, that they were to solve permanently the labor problem. We now see that they have rather inflamed it. In the first place, labor leaders have been quick to take the hint, and to form a Trust of their own; in the second place, the huge and top-heavy combinations of capital, with a sensitive stock market attachment, have been peculiarly vulnerable as they have been especially timid, have invited attack in a thousand ways unknown before, and have helped to make the last state of the labor movement worse than the first.

Both sides ought to learn something from this recent experience. The unions should perceive that organization cannot take the place of character. Their blackmailing agents have

dealt organized labor a fearful blow. Until it abolishes these arbitrary and corrupt walking delegates, it cannot expect to enjoy the respect of good citizens. Nor can the corporations which prefer illicit relations with labor manipulators hope to fare any better. It is well understood that there are some such in this city. They find it easier to have a regular scale of blackmail, which they pay the walking delegate, than to insist upon open contracts, lived up to on both sides to the letter. Like the corporations which pay bribe money or fright money to Tammany, they would rather be bled secretly than fight in the light of day. They are as corrupt at heart, and as dangerous in operation, as any walking delegate or Tammany collector that ever took their money. There is no final peace to be had in the business or manufacturing world — no "peace without a worm in it," in Cromwell's phrase — which does not rest upon honesty, fair dealing, and the looking of all the facts, economic and moral, squarely in the face.

1904

A Transit of Idealism

THE *Nation* deplored the loss to Columbia University through the retirement of Professors Woodberry and MacDowell.

They represented [it said, in its issue of February 11] a definitely artistic and creative principle that contrasted sharply with and did something to redeem the pedestrian scholarship and dilettante cleverness which rule at Columbia as elsewhere. It is unlucky, too, that these brother artists should both be leaving because they find the tone of Columbia uncongenial and its conditions unfavorable to their work. In Professor Woodberry's case this is well understood; Professor MacDowell has not hesitated to express dissatisfaction with the whole ten-

dency of the University. Culture and idealism, he asserts, are generally lacking, the administration has been slow in effecting plans for organizing a school of the arts, the students are generally indifferent to artistic matters, and, in this respect, are graduated mere barbarians. So he and Professor Woodberry feel quite justified in quitting the academic ranks and dwelling apart in their idealistic tents.

Evidently there is a larger issue here than in the question whether these gentlemen are justly aggrieved. Nobody will doubt that their analysis of the deficiencies of education at Columbia has truth in it, though the wisdom of their expressions and the necessity for their resignation may be questioned seriously; and it is certain also that the charge of undue disregard of the arts as means of culture lies not only against Columbia, but against practically every university in the land. All our college graduates and many of our university doctors are complete barbarians, if lack of intelligent enthusiasm for the arts is to serve as criterion of barbarism. In nearly all our academic communities the gentlemen who are shaking the sordid Morningside dust from their artistic sandals would find themselves equally strangers, speaking a language hardly understanded of their colleagues. Our colleges, in the elegant idiom of the Middle West, are distinctly not "culture shops," and most of them are uneasy residences for "culture sharps" such as Professors Woodberry and MacDowell, with all respect, undoubtedly are.

Now, the colleges, and possibly the apostles of culture too, are the poorer for this unhappy alienation. The education carried away by our average bachelors belies preposterously their degree in arts, and, furthermore, it ministers only very inadequately to the more refined pleasures of life. But these admitted shortcomings are not wholly the fault of the colleges. Sheer poverty, for example, confines the academic diet to substantials. So many languages, so much science, must be pro-

vided, and often are furnished with difficulty. Superior instruction in literature and the fine arts is as little practicable at many of our colleges as beautiful wood-carving in a log-cabin rising against imminent winter. And, of course, we can teach only such students as will come, and man our faculties with such scholars as may be had. To desire that Professor Norton or Professor Woodberry should be infinitely subdivided and distributed impartially to our academic commonwealth, is to wish the excellent, but the impossible. And we cannot so much as be certain that either would really like to be broadcast though culture were the gainer.

Mr. Hanna's Public Career

The death of Senator Hanna was made the subject of many appreciative remarks in the press. This, the *Nation* said, was easily explainable in the case of so affable and essentially kindly a man, who made friends easily, and bound multitudes to him in many ways. But, the *Nation* inquired, what type of a political leader was he? What counsel does his example speak to young men ambitious to do some service to the State? To these questions there could be but one answer.

We can see pretty clearly now [the *Nation* remarked, February 18] what will be perfectly distinct to the acute historian in the future, that Mr. Hanna was the full flower of the spirit of commercialism in politics. He was, in this, but the child of his epoch. That was the reason of his success. He best embodied the tendency of the years in which he was militant. It was in Senator Hanna that the grosser and more repulsive policies of his own party beheld themselves as in a mirror. What was everywhere latent, he caught up and flashed forth. The apologies of others became his defiances; what they deprecated, even while profiting by, he gloried in. To invest money in politics as

in a mine or railroad, and to look as confidently for the pecuniary return; to appeal for votes on the basis of the sheer material advantage; to cry up prosperity as the be-all and end-all of government; to vulgarize politics by making its watchwords the cries of the market and the slang of the gambler; to make of the electoral struggles of a free people an exciting game with huge and glittering money stakes — in a word, to put mercantile methods in the place of forensic, and to hold the best title to office to be the fact that it has been bought and paid for — this was the great political distinction of Mr. Hanna.

He set about the first election of President McKinley in the spirit, and with many of the devices, of a financier planning a vast combination. In fact, there was an almost ludicrous resemblance between his campaign for the nomination of Mr. McKinley and a skilful reorganization of a bankrupt railway. Mr. Hanna took up a Congressman whose private fortunes were shattered and whose political prestige was broken. That looked like most unpromising material out of which to create a Governor, and later, a President. But Mr. Hanna saw the financial possibilities of the situation. A political reaction was upon the country. After years of depression a promise that the people were to be fed and filled and warmed was sure to be fetching. Mr. Hanna openly dangled that bribe in the nation's face. He set in motion, certainly in 1895, probably as early as 1894, an elaborate and heavily endowed organization to bring Mr. McKinley to the front. Just who furnished the funds, and in what sums, will not be known until Mr. Hanna's private records leap to life, if they ever do; but it was common gossip in advance that such and such men were to have this office and the other for subscriptions received. It is to be said for Mr. McKinley that he honored every obligation of that sort. Financial good faith was kept. So was political. Not one of Mr. Hanna's "original McKinley men" went unrewarded, let clergymen and college professors protest against them as scan-

dalous ill-livers if they choose. The whole ante-convention campaign was tinged with the merchandising spirit, and afterwards every note was met as it fell due.

Things fell out luckily for Mr. Hanna after McKinley and Bryan were fairly in the field in 1896. The contest turned into an assault upon the nation's financial credit. The result was to put vast sums at Chairman Hanna's disposal. This seemed necessary at the time, and the sound principle undoubtedly triumphed; but it was at the cost of a frightful extension of commercialism in politics. For this, Mr. Hanna was too much responsible. We have heard men familiar with his methods say that his plan was to block out the contested states into small districts, and coolly figure out how much money it would take to make each safe. All this was bad enough at the time, but the doctrine of no peril without its price, no vote that could not be had for cash in hand, secured a fatal hold and was applied disastrously for years. It rose to its final pitch of vulgar effrontery in the Ohio campaign of last year, which resulted in an attempt to baptize the Republican party anew in the faith of the almighty dollar.

We wish to be entirely fair. Prosperity, rightly conceived and worthily striven for, is a national blessing. We do not doubt that Senator Hanna really wished to see everybody busy and contented. That went with his kindness of heart, as did also, we presume, the efforts to compose labor troubles to which he gave so much time and energy. But it was his misfortune to seem to make meat more than life. He identified his name with lavish and wasteful policies. Politico-financial promoters swarmed about him, as did also the unscrupulous politicians of whom he made use, and by whom he thought it a point of honor to stand in all their detected knaveries. Thus he exactly typified the baser tendencies of his party and his day. We had loud praises from him of the full dinner-pail and the swollen bank account, with money enough in the Treasury

for every schemer; but when did he ever speak an echoing word for human liberty, or show that national honor was dearer to him than the jingling of the guinea, or separate himself from the category of those who, in Puritan phrase, "make Religion as twelve and the World as thirteen"? Mr. Hanna was a master of legions of "negro delegates," but real sympathy with the struggles of black men to rise he never betrayed in public. Asked last summer what was the intent of the Ohio plank about negro suffrage in the South, he replied that he was against having the party really take up that issue, and added, in the most matter-of-fact way, "There are 25,000 negroes in Ohio whose votes we want."

Senator Hanna rose as high as such a man could go in this country. It is unavailing for his friends to speak of what might have been had he lived — of disappointed ambitions. Verily, he had his reward. His support by the men who are in politics for the money they can make, and by the grand army of corrupt politicians, was the real and final measure of his success. The judgment of the people is just, in the long run; and it had already given Mr. Hanna his true place. A skilled political manager, yes; but a public man on whom Americans would delight to bestow their highest honors? Never.

1905

John Hay

THE most marked characteristic of one of the ablest of all our Secretaries of State was, in the opinion of the *Nation* (July 6), a certain literary or artistic flavor, an irrepressible "amateur spirit," which gave a refreshingly personal tinge to his public policies. His training for the post he finally attained and adorned was of the most thorough.

The young Brown graduate and member of the bar of Illinois who, in 1861, became Lincoln's private secretary, was immediately thrust into the minutiæ of civil and military administration under the care of a great statesman. Whatever dose of diplomacy went with the private secretaryship was confirmed by experience as secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid and chargé d'affairs at Vienna. It is needless to say that the spade work of diplomacy is done not by the ambassadors, but by their secretaries. John Hay could have had no better discipline. Furthermore, his Paris incumbency fell at the time when Louis Napoleon's "principle of nationalities" was stirring all Europe. From the vantage point of Paris the young secretary saw the seizure of the Danish Duchies and the humiliation of Austria by Prussia, the expulsion of the French from Mexico, and the assembly of Karl Marx's first congress of International Socialists at Geneva. Within his short term at Vienna fell Deák's reconstruction of the Austrian Empire on a basis of dualism, the liberation of Servia, and the abolition of the Japanese Shogunate. His brief "Castilian Days" followed Marshal Prim's republic, and witnessed the reëstablishment of the Bourbons and the beginning of President Grant's negotiations for the annexation of San Domingo — the true precursor of the expansionist policy which Mr. Hay was later to direct.

Evidently here was a matter to kindle the diplomatic imagination. And Mr. Hay had had enough of it, for he contented himself for several years with being the chief editorial writer for the *Tribune*, and its acting editor for a period, and with outbidding Bret Harte in narrative verse and Bayard Taylor in descriptive prose. After a digression given to journalism, literature, and the extension of valuable social relations, Mr. Hay completed his diplomatic education by two years of service as First Assistant Secretary of State to Evarts, 1879–1881, thus learning the routine of the department he so bril-

liantly conducted twenty years later. The portentous task of writing, with Colonel Nicolay, the ten volumes of the "Life of Lincoln" must be counted as a labor of love, since Mr. Hay, through a marriage fortunate in all respects, had long been beyond the need of money-getting. His great opportunity came in the election of Mr. McKinley, who was doubly bound to Mr. Hay by personal friendship and by material benefactions.

As Ambassador to England Mr. Hay's success was personal rather than diplomatic, but as Secretary of State, since 1898, his peculiar abilities have gained world-wide recognition. It was typical of his manner of thought that the sensational episode of the siege of the Peking legation did not suggest spectacular vindication of national honor, but hastened the execution of a humane plan, previously conceived, for the rehabilitation of the troubled Empire. By patient consultation with the European Powers he succeeded in imposing the principle that China was no longer a field for spoliation, but was to be open on equal terms to the trade of the world, and was to have its opportunity for national reform and development. Mr. Hay's circular notes on the Manchuria question were the object of some mockery, as merely academic. That tone has changed since it has been perceived that the Japanese triumph is merely one interpretation of Mr. Hay's doctrine, and Mr. Roosevelt's humane mediation between the combatants another. These facts have completely borne out Mr. Hay's prophetic vision that the Chinese question is one in morals as well as in international politics, and that the time for European aggression has passed.

It would be unworthy of Mr. Hay's own great achievements and personal candor to fail to point out that he had not only the qualities, but the defects, of the amateur spirit. His desire to illustrate his office, his quick imaginative response to distant situations, led him at times into empty undertakings, like the Rumanian circular against persecution of the Jews. His devo-

tion to the project of the Panama Canal and to that of national expansion generally drew him into more than one equivocal transaction in the national behoof, as his admirers must acknowledge with averted faces. But his administration, taken broadly, was characterized by scholarship, dignity, and resourcefulness. In seven years he has raised the State Department from a condition of relative provincialism to a commanding position among the chancelleries of the world. Mr. Hay is most likely to be remembered for that magnanimous stand in the Far East which stemmed the tide of brutal aggression upon helpless China. His associates and our generation of brethren of the pen will remember with most affection the *littérateur* who, amid the gravest responsibilities, vindicated the practical value of the artistic imagination.

1906

Immigration and the South[1]

An unprecedented movement for the encouragement of immigration to the Southern States took shape in the sending of representatives to Europe and to the great cities of the North, to study the immigrant problem. After dwelling on the old prejudices of the South against foreign labor, the *Nation* said (May 17):

The prejudice on the other side is perhaps more difficult to deal with, for there are very few means of getting at the immigrant and persuading him that the South is the place where he ought to go. For years he has been listening to another gospel. There is truth in the complaint of the South that certain States of the Northwest, in their eagerness to advertise and populate the wheat-fields, have sent out circulars which make comparisons unfavorable and unfair to the States below Mason and Dixon's line. These advertisements, together with certain too

well-founded complaints about lawlessness and the miscarriage of justice, have helped to deprive of its share that part of the country which most needs the infusion of new blood. Yet the immigrants who have gone to the South have succeeded well. When we remember that the entire peninsula of Italy, excluding the Alps and the Apennines, is but little larger than the State of Georgia, and that it supports, chiefly by agriculture, a population of 36,000,000, we can see why newcomers from the south of Europe, trained to methods of careful and intense cultivation, should get ahead in a region where the farming methods are among the loosest and most wasteful in the world. Many instances could be given of the achievements of adventurous immigrants who have disregarded all warnings, and have found comfortable homes, hospitable friends, and a freedom which they could not have hoped for in the over-crowded cities. A colony at Ladson, South Carolina, has found silk-raising profitable. Prosperous Italian and Bohemian truck-farmers are now living along the seaboard from Norfolk to Jacksonville. An experiment in Alabama, where a colony was set at work in the cotton fields, has been wholly successful, and has shown that the cultivation of cotton can be performed by white labor as well as by black. In the South more than one "model" farm, demonstrating the effects of intensive methods and hard work, is in the hands of men who, though industrious and intelligent, have been in this country hardly long enough to make themselves understood. These examples of adaptability, as they become more widely known among immigrants, cannot but have the effect of turning attention to the South.

The importance of immigration to the South can hardly be overestimated. The population in many districts is very sparse, and the opportunities for development of agricultural and mineral resources are boundless. For this work there must be both men and money; but if the South can once turn the tide of immigration, the capital will be forthcoming in

abundance. A question often raised is the effect of foreign labor upon the negro. If the South carries out its plan of drawing the best foreign labor, the effect upon the negro should be beneficial. If he is to hold his own in competition, he will be forced to improve himself, and he will be stimulated intellectually and morally. One reason why he is lazy and irresponsible is that he often regards himself as not a direct competitor of the white; and he measures himself by no standard of achievement except that of the shiftless and ignorant of his own race. The coming of the immigrant should open the eyes of his mind and soul. Placed side by side with earnest, steady workmen, he himself should reach a higher degree of skill and trustworthiness.

From every point of view, it is the South's plain duty to itself and to the rest of the country to correct the evil impressions that have gone abroad as to its conditions of life and the opportunities for tranquil, profitable livelihood. In order to set forth its manifold advantages the South must employ such businesslike methods as have been used in advertising our own Western States and the Canadian Northwest. Keen, alert agents at home and abroad will doubtless obtain desirable settlers in growing numbers. Above all, the South should make good its promises by strictly enforcing law and protecting all its citizens. Each lapse of justice and unpunished mob rule will keep from the South thousands of people whose coming is ardently to be desired. Without law and order the door will stand open in vain.

1907

Working up a War

On the announcement of Secretary Metcalf in California that our battleships were to go to the Pacific, certain

newspapers were ready to declare war against Japan. We saw the whole process, said the *Nation* (July 11), illustrated in 1895–98. Yellow journalism scored its greatest triumph, or touched its deepest shame, in bringing on the war with Spain. The methods were now imitated, almost to a hair.

Your truly warlike editor, living at ease, but writing as if he ate gunpowder, always begins by protesting that he ardently desires peace. He merely scatters his firebrands as "precautionary measures," setting the house on fire to test the efficiency of the engine company. Urging the doing of things which breathe of war and look to war, he asseverates his conviction that they will be the surest guarantee of peace. So it was before the war with Spain. This, that, or the other hostile move was declared by the newspapers in charge of the campaign to be the one thing that would certainly avert war. So now, the dispatch of our battleships to the Pacific is represented as the infallible means of keeping the peace. Yet the naval demonstration is, at the same time, seized upon as an excuse for printing columns and pages of matter which can have but one aim and one effect — to provoke the war spirit. Naval experts are called upon to state whether the fleet is "ready," and whether we could surely whip Japan. Then there are gathered reams of stuff going to show that "Editors Endorse Plan to Send Fleet of Big Battleships to the Pacific." This is got by scraping the press of the country, and erecting the Butte *Inter-Mountain* and the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* into important organs of national opinion. Next comes the assembling of "Public Sentiment" as expressed by "Representative Citizens." In special dispatches we are informed what Michael Ryan of Cincinnati considers to be correct naval strategy, and what Moses H. Brand of Milwaukee thinks the true policy to pursue. All this is churned over, or whipped into froth, day after day, with a

result which is often comic, frequently ridiculous, but which remains in the end both disgusting and perilous.

Most people, we know, simply laugh at all this newspaper dabbling in war. But is it not dangerously like "the laughter of fools"? The fool, wrote Burne-Jones in one of his letters, has three laughs. "He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad, and he laughs at what he does not understand." It is this latter, empty amusement over the attempt of certain editors to "get up a war scare," which is really disquieting. It ought to be better understood what this sort of thing leads to. It poisons the general mind by making its presuppositions warlike instead of peaceful. Men and nations are what they are largely on account of their mental presumptions, the atmosphere which they unconsciously carry about with them. This, in an industrial democracy like ours, is normally one of peace. Business cannot go on, nor commerce extend, if men's minds are fixed upon battles and sieges and sudden death. Hence the need of cultivating the temperament of peace — of teaching citizens to look for stability of conditions and for orderly progress, instead of being on the watch, all the while, for the shocks of war. Hence, also, the villainy of those lily-fingered and luxury-loving editors who, either to glut a private revenge, or to promote private financial speculations, or perhaps, merely to make a newspaper sensation in a dull season, try to upset the equilibrium of the country, and force thoughts of war into minds where, but for this wicked newspaper clamor, they would never find entrance. Such a phenomenon it will never do to treat, with our easy American good-nature, as merely a hot-weather joke — to pass it off with our perpetual giggle. Terrible consequences may spring from this criminal trifling.

1908

The Despised Moral Issue

WHEN Governor Hughes won his great fight against race-track gambling, even papers which had not supported him, like the New York *Sun*, congratulated him upon the triumph of his "remarkable patience, uncommon vigor, genuine faith in his cause, and magnificent perseverence." The *Nation's* reflections on the result were as follows (June 18):

The time has been when the Republican party would have jumped at the chance to get such a man to lead it in a Presidential campaign. But it is jumping at command in another direction this year. Because Mr. Roosevelt had a personal dislike of Governor Hughes, it was necessary for the party to look elsewhere for a candidate. And in all this long and dubious contest, wherein the moral forces of New York were banded together as never before and calling anxiously for recruits, not one word of sympathy or encouragement came from the State's most eminent citizen. The Oyster Bay Republican Senator voted against the Governor. The President was prevented from giving any aid by a sudden scruple about his constitutional limitations! Now that the fight is won, Governor Hughes is entitled to say to the great moral warrior of the age: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We have had glorious fighting, and you were not there!"

Principles, however, overshadow even personalities, and are really more instructive to one who will closely attend. Senator Foelker may cease to be talked of; Mr. Hughes may come back to his law office (though he cannot fail to remain one of our chief national assets); but the great political teaching of this wonderful campaign will abide. It is that there is no force so

potent in politics as a moral issue. Politicians may scorn it, ambitious men may despise it or fight shy of it, newspapers may caricature or misrepresent it; but it has a way of confounding the plans of those who pride themselves on their astuteness, and rendering powerless the most formidable enginery of party or boss. This was the secret of Governor Hughes's strength in his single-handed contest. He flung himself boldly upon the moral sentiment of the State. He was able to pierce to the popular conscience. His own unselfishness being transparent as the day, his refusal to wage anything but an open and honorable warfare being absolute and unquestioned, his steady insistence upon the fundamental morality of his cause was what swung the State to him, and compelled the Legislature to bow before a greater power than itself.

The occasional winning of such moral victories in public life is as bracing as a breath from the north in summer. It helps to keep alive the belief in the sound instincts and the sure progress of democracy. The philosophic Italian writer, Guglielmo Ferrero, has recently been pointing out the contradictory ideas about progress in civilization. He makes the point that if modern nations are not to be driven to ennui or decadence by the very success of a material civilization, they must have the tonic of struggle for moral improvement. It is, therefore, both reassuring and heartening when a man can go as Governor Hughes has done before a great democratic community, with a single and naked question of morality, and get such an overwhelming response. He has uncovered a political power of which the professional manipulators of elections and legislatures are ignorant. But, then, it is an old reproach against politicians that they do not know their own trade. In the midst of their sneers at a moral issue and at "Charles the Evangelist," they found themselves swept away by a mighty force which they had no means of either measuring or resisting.

1909

Republican Tariff Reduction

MARCH 15, 1909, deserved, in the words of the *Nation*, to rank among memorable dates. It was the day on which the Republican party ostensibly set about redeeming the promises of thirty years. For that length of time, and longer, it had been assuring the country that it would reduce tariff duties in its own way and time, always through friends of protection. As the years sped and nothing was done, the faith of many grew dim.

But here we are [the *Nation* remarked, March 18], still alive with a Republican Congress called in extraordinary session to reduce the tariff. Wonders will never cease. The reflections of Democrats, however, cannot be other than bitter. Here is their own issue — a winning issue — deliberately thrown away for twelve years, and now their rivals called to power to do what should have been their own triumphant task. As the failure of mere party tacticians, their mortification is complete. Abandoning their strong position, they went off into the unknown under a leader who vacillated between financial unsoundness and class hatreds; saw themselves defeated time after time; and now have to suffer the humiliation of finding their opponents appropriating the only issue on which the Democrats have been able to win a victory in twenty-five years. Seldom can the whirligig of politics have brought round a more dramatic revenge. We would not speak as though the work were already done, and a satisfactory tariff enacted by the Republicans. Their labor is all before them, and it will be arduous. Great credit is due President Taft for firmly holding Republicans to their pledges. As was said by Judge Parker in his lecture at Princeton on Saturday, there are signs in abundance that many

Republicans never intended an honest revision of the tariff, but the sincerity of Mr. Taft's purpose is not questioned even by his opponents.

1910

Philosophers and Guides

MAYOR GAYNOR'S remark that he had made of Epictetus a daily companion gave rise to much good-natured banter in the press. To the *Nation* there was a lesson of distinct practical value in Mayor Gaynor's practice.

When we find [it said, April 21] the famous old "Encheiridion" really used for a hand-book, as Mr. Gaynor uses Epictetus, for a daily guide, for a refuge from the ills and perplexities of the commonplace world, this too, too solid New York seems to melt away, and we are living with those delightful Rationalists of the eighteenth century who exalted the brotherhood of man and worshipped the ancients.

Very few after-dinner speeches [the *Nation* mused] begin nowadays with a quotation from Emerson or Burke or Horace, let alone Boëthius or Epictetus. And yet we cannot help thinking that one of the homely sentiments the ancients were so expert in devising would make as good a text as any of the worn-out pegs in use among present-day orators. Surely, a sentence from Epictetus or Montaigne or Francis Bacon would be as dignified and as appropriate a beginning as the present rule which requires that the speaker, whether his subject is Gold Production in the United States or the Progress of Woman Suffrage, shall begin by stating that a Methodist bishop was once driving along a country road in the South, when he came upon an old colored man belaboring his mule with a fence rail. It is left to the speaker to effect, as neatly as he can, the transition from the negro and the mule to gold production and woman suffrage. It

is true that nearly all of the stories about the negro and the mule, or the two Irishmen who were returning from a funeral, can be traced back to Epictetus, or one of his contemporaries or predecessors. And it is also true that our own imaginative, romantic, verbose, picturesque age wants more "go" and color to its wisdom than we can find in the sententious ancients. Nevertheless, it seems unjust that while we accept the wisdom of the old-timers as it percolates down through the newspaper funny column and the vaudeville stage, we should so utterly forget the men from whom so much of our modern wit comes, or classify them with the old duffers.

They are still sold in goodly quantities, those famous books which parents buy for their children to read, when they should be reading them for their own souls' good — Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, and, perhaps, even Longinus on the Sublime, Plutarch, Don Quixote, Montaigne, and Francis Bacon. They are sold in goodly quantities, but the elders do not read them and the children either do not read or read and forget before they have become men and women. They gather dust under the common reproach that falls on the classics: highly moral, no doubt, but unreadable, and, for modern purposes, quite useless. And yet there is a tremendous amount of dynamite concealed in those musty and mild-mannered ancients. We live under their influence in the present day, without knowing it. It cannot be mere coincidence that the man who for seven years turned things upside down in Washington, the man who has turned things inside out at Albany, and the man who is busily putting things right side up in New York City, are all readers and students of the ancient moralizers — of Thucydides, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius.

To what extent do men nowadays go to a favorite book for help in their everyday work? Everybody to-day has his favorite author; but that only means the author who can best help him through a spring evening at home or a sultry afternoon in

a hammock. But are there still books to which men turn for light in perplexity, for solace in adversity, for that counsel and guidance which, unless the tradition of three thousand years lies, has been found by many men in many books? The books, we presume, are still to be had, books of a positive and not a merely negative efficacy, not merely books which take your mind away from something else that one would forget, but carry it to something else that it is good to remember. The books are still here no doubt; but are the men here to read them? Are Mr. Gaynor and Mr. Hughes merely survivals, or is there still a considerable class of men who can make a daily companion of a single author or a favorite volume? It does not matter so much who the author is. The point is, does modern man look for or tolerate a guide and a source of authority outside of himself and his daily newspaper?

1911

The Lawyer and the Country

Governor Woodrow Wilson's address before the Kentucky Bar Association, on "The Lawyer in Politics," attracted general attention because of his presumptive candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He dealt chiefly with two aspects of the subject — the help that lawyers can render in effecting a reform in legal procedure, and their instrumentality in solving the great problem of corporation and industrial control.

Governor Wilson [the *Nation* said, July 20] does well, doubtless, to exhort the lawyers to cultivate broad-mindedness and patriotic endeavors; to think of themselves as citizens first and hired advocates only secondarily; and to express a pious hope that some State bar association may make up its mind to devote itself with "determination and indomitable persever-

ance" to the promotion of "those policies which will bring regeneration to the business of the country," the solving of the modern problems of life with their "infinite complexities." But we confess that this notion of a concerted attack upon the questions of trusts and monopolies, of employees' claims and employers' duties, of taxation and property rights, does not strike us as in the least degree promising. The lawyers of the country have an extraordinary opportunity, and there lies upon them an extraordinary duty, in all this field; but it is an opportunity and a duty which should appeal to them individually, not collectively. Light and leading in these matters are to be expected from a few men of superior ability and exceptional devotion, not primarily from the coöperative efforts of a great association.

In this, as in some other highly important matters, our country suffers incalculably from the remorseless absorption of its best intellects and strongest personalities in the routine of business. There are to-day in the legal profession scores of men of the highest powers, the most abundant knowledge and experience, who keep their nose to the grindstone of ordinary professional practice simply because everybody else does so, and who would find, even from the point of view of personal ambition, infinitely greater satisfaction in efforts directed toward great public objects. When the call of public duty comes in a familiar form, it often meets with ready response from such men. Mr. Hughes did not hesitate to take upon himself the tremendous burdens of a task not inherently congenial to him when circumstances accidentally pointed to him as the necessary man for the governorship. Great labors are continually being undertaken, without hope of reward, by busy lawyers, when some public task has to be performed for which they are drafted by reason of their special qualification. But what a magnificent opening there is for the man who is an acknowledged master of all the complexities of corporation

law and business, who is still in the prime of his powers, and who should set up for himself the ambition of becoming a leader of enlightened thought on these absorbing questions, a mighty influence in the shaping of public policy, an instrument ready to the hand of the State or the Federal Government in the execution of such policy. A single man of commanding powers, with this as the distinctly conceived object of his professional ambition, might achieve what parties and conventions wear themselves out in vain efforts to accomplish.

1912

Leaders in a Democracy

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON in a speech expressing his determination to carry into execution the policies to which he stood committed, at the same time announced his purpose of continually going to the people to ask what they wanted done. That, if taken literally, said the *Nation*, would closely resemble the famous dictum of the French politician, trailing after a mob of his constituents: "I must follow them, for I am their leader." But the *Nation* preferred to take Mr. Wilson's remark rather as the seeming self-effacement of a masterful man who knows what he means to do, but desires to base his action upon the semblance of a strong popular demand. His independence of the Democratic machine was in itself a sufficient guarantee of his qualities of genuine leadership. In this respect, at least, the *Nation* said, he is certain to be a leader in the Presidency. "No boss can dictate to him. No threat of punishment at the polls will terrify him. He will be his own master."

But this attitude towards his party organization [the *Nation* added, December 26] is only one part of the work of a real

leader. If he is such, he cannot neglect the devising and advocacy of party policies. How will he set about that? Is he to look into his own heart alone? Or is he to have no thought or will except what is conveyed to him as he places his ear to the ground? The whole question is confessedly intricate. It goes close to the centre of successful statesmanship. Lord Rosebery has written of the mysterious relations of a political leader to his party. He both gets and gives. Rosebery thinks that he gets more than he gives. But that depends upon the man. Gladstone did not come out for Irish Home Rule because the brains and mass of the Liberals demanded it. He rather imposed that policy upon his party. Joseph Chamberlain was not a puppet, moved by party wire-pullers, when he startled England by advocating a return to protective tariffs. He furnished an instance of a vigorous statesman scoring off his own bat, and forcing a reluctant party to fall into line behind him.

It would be foolish to say that this can often be done, or should always be attempted. A Prime Minister or a President has frequently to be an opportunist. That word has a good sense as well as a bad. It may signify the public man who, to be sure, has plans which he cherishes and hopes which he keeps alive, but who knows that he must wait for the ripening of the time. Never failing to urge his policy on fitting occasions, he yet has the patience of a Lincoln to abide the slow result. Lord Cromer describes the responsible statesman in a democracy as very much in the position of a man in a boat off the mouth of a tidal river. He long has to strive against wind and current until finally a favorable conjunction of weather and tide forms a wave upon which he rides safely into the harbor. There is an essential truth in this which no man attempting to play the part of leader in a democracy can forget except at his peril. Government by public opinion is bound to get a sufficient body of public opinion on its side. But withal it is manifestly the duty of a leader to help form a just public opinion. He must

dare to be temporarily unpopular, if only in that way can he get a hearing for the truths which the people ought to have presented to them. He is to execute the popular will, but he is not to neglect shaping it. It is his duty to be properly receptive, but his main striving ought to be that virtue should go out of him to touch and quicken the masses of his citizens. If their minds and imaginations are played upon with sufficient persistence and sufficient skill, they will give him back his own ideas with enthusiasm. A man who throws a ball against a wall gets it back again as if hurled by the dead brick and mortar; but the original impulse is in his own muscle. So a democratic leader may say, if he chooses, that he takes only what is pressed upon him by the people; but his function often is first to press it upon them.

Without something of this personal initiative and vigor, it is certain that there can be no true leadership. The theory of a ruler always listening for the word of command from the crowd breaks down in a dozen ways. Gladstone said that the orator got as vapor from his audience what he returned as shower. But if a would-be leader collects only the dust that blows through the streets and across the fields, what can he give back but mud? No; the ideal democracy is a led democracy, and is always looking about for men of force to show it where to go.

1913

Our Duty to Mexico

THE monstrous killing of Madero, considered in its purely international aspects, called, in the opinion of the *Nation*, for no change of policy on the part of our Government. Almost at the very time when Madero was being done to death, President Taft had reaffirmed his determination not to intervene in Mexico unless abso-

lutely compelled to do so. The shocking events in Mexico City, the *Nation* argued, should not affect that decision.

> What [it asked, February 27] is the prudent, the statesmanlike, the patriotic course for our Government to pursue towards Mexico? Surely there is no great mystery about it. If the Mexicans can, even along bloody paths, proceed to set up a reasonably stable Government of their own, we must aid them in every way open to us to do it — aid them by forbearance, but also by friendly counsels. Our Government and our Ambassador in Mexico City can, as it were, make themselves the mouthpiece of civilization. They can apply a quiet moral pressure to the rulers of Mexico. Those men must be made to understand that there is such a thing as the public opinion of the world, and that they are answerable to it; that Mexico cannot be permitted to lurch back into the barbarous governmental methods of seventy years ago, as if nothing had happened since. All this, of course, lends immense importance to the selection of the next Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Wilson should seek the best man attainable — known for his love of peace, for his tact, for his ability to see the right thing to do and the just thing to say. Only by such a choice and by the most patient and sagacious course in determining the attitude of his Administration in this vexed and highly complicated matter, can the new President surmount what might easily be a crisis or even a calamity confronting him from the first hour of his taking office.

1914

Making Life Insurance do the Most Good

THE *Nation*, in its issue of January 1, devoted an article to the efforts of the leading life insurance companies to devise methods of securing the greatest certainty of

substantial good for those whom the policy-holders were most anxious to benefit. The companies having drawn the attention of prospective insurers to a plan of putting the benefits in the shape of annuities for the beneficiary, instead of a lump sum paid at the death of the insured, the *Nation* furnished a suggestion that could not fail to be of general interest.

There is a consideration [it said] which seems never to be pressed either by insurance companies or by others. We refer to the fact that in a large proportion of cases the sole motive of the insurer is to provide for the benefit of one person or of a small group of persons, and that if these do not survive him the acquisition of the amount of his policy by his heirs-at-law is of no interest to him. For simplicity, let us speak of the case of a man whose only purpose in insuring is to provide for his wife in case she survives him. Evidently, the way in which he could best serve this purpose would be to take out a policy providing for a payment to the widow either of a lump sum or of a fixed annuity, the company to pay nothing in the event that she did not survive him. By means of this last feature, he could evidently obtain for the widow, with a given expenditure, a much larger provision than otherwise.

Survivorship policies of this nature — simple survivorship policies and survivorship annuities — have been obtainable from English companies since the very infancy of life insurance, and also from American companies; but the advantage of them has not been made sufficiently known. There are, indeed, two evident obstacles to their widespread adoption. One is that people have a dislike to paying premiums of life insurance from which it may easily happen that no returns will come; how unreasoning this attitude is appears at once when we consider that in the case of fire insurance, and even accident insurance, we never think of regarding the probability that our house will not burn down or that we shall not break a leg or

an arm as any objection at all. The other obstacle comes from the fact that the majority of persons nowadays, when they insure, have in view a provision for their own old age as well as for a surviving beneficiary or beneficiaries. To some extent both these difficulties, however, are overcome in that combination form of policy which was introduced a number of years ago by Emory McClintock, one of the foremost actuaries in the world, under the name of the continuous endowment policy, and which, we believe, is essentially identical with some of the plans now being pushed by the companies that are recommending the annuity plan.

We are convinced, nevertheless, that it would be possible to bring about such recognition of the manifest advantages of the survivorship plan in insurance as would result in its adoption by thousands of persons who now either do not insure at all, or insure very inadequately, for the protection of those dear to them. Every man would prefer, of course, to make sure of his own independence if he lives to old age, as well as of the welfare of his wife, or children, or mother, if he dies an untimely death. But it costs a lot of money to do that; and if a man who cannot afford a big annual sum for insurance were distinctly and simply informed that for a very moderate sum applied to the *sole purpose* of providing for some one person dependent on him he could place that person beyond all danger of want, he would in a considerable proportion of cases avail himself of the opportunity. This surely applies in great numbers of cases of husband and wife; but there are others. Unmarried men having a parent dependent on them are not to be counted by the million; but there are many thousands, perhaps many hundreds of thousands of them. A man of thirty could, by the payment of a veritable trifle, absolutely insure that his mother of sixty should not suffer in material comfort through his death; and the peace of mind that this would bring about would of itself in many cases be a great blessing. It is doubtless true

that there is no great inducement to insurance companies in general, from their customary standpoint of large-scale business, to exert themselves greatly in this direction; but some one company, making a specialty of it, might do much with it, and in doing so would be entitled to the credit of having done a real social service. Nor do we see any reason why some of our great millionaires should not start a company which would undertake this work on well-planned lines — surely as good an embodiment of the idea of "philanthropy and four per cent" as can well be imagined.

1915

A Momentous Decision

THE decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of the Oklahoma franchise law, ended a long series of attempts in various States to nullify the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That Amendment, in the language of the Court, was intended and supposed to be "self-executing" throughout the entire country. Yet cunningly devised laws to circumvent it had been passed.

Next to the unanimity of the Court [the *Nation* said, June 24], the most gratifying circumstance of its decision is that it was read by Chief-Justice White, himself a Southerner, and formerly a Confederate soldier. With him fully agreed two other Southern judges, Justice Lamar and Justice McReynolds. These men could not fail to feel keenly the political difficulties of the South which had led to the adoption of laws designed to exclude the mass of the negroes from the franchise. Yet personal or regional sympathies could not be allowed to sway those set for the expounding of the law of the land. White, Lamar, and McReynolds were judges first, and Southerners afterwards. It was theirs simply to act "as becometh a judge."

In his opinion, the Chief-Justice cut away with sharp strokes the many false pretences with which these discriminating suffrage laws have been surrounded. It was maintained that there was no express discrimination against any class of voters. The "standard" set up by the Fifteenth Amendment was not openly disavowed. Yes, declared Judge White, but the laws containing the "grandfather" clauses "inherently" break down that standard, since they are "based purely on a period of time before the enactment of the Fifteenth Amendment," and would "revitalize conditions which, when they prevailed in the past, had been destroyed by the self-operative force of the Amendment." With something like irony, the Chief-Justice denied that there could be "any peculiar necromancy" affecting the qualifications of voters at the special period singled out by suffrage laws. The Court did not in the least deny to the States the right to make their own election laws and fix the requirements of the franchise. They could enact a literacy test for voters, if they chose. Only, they must render it absolutely impartial, applying to whites as well as blacks. The thing which they were forbidden to do by the Constitution was to make of either literacy or property qualifications a "subterfuge" to deprive any class of citizens of the right to vote. Moreover, the Court did not confine itself to an abstract decision. It upheld the criminal conviction of election officials in Oklahoma for denying the vote to negroes; and also approved the award of money damages to negroes refused admission to the registration booths in Annapolis, Maryland. The whole constitutes a rounded decision of the utmost Constitutional and political importance. It means as much forward as the Dred Scott case did backward.

Two feelings will well up in the hearts of thoughtful Americans as they reflect upon the full significance of this momentous decision of the Supreme Court. One is of gratitude and pride that we have a Constitution and a judicial system under which

the rights of the poorest and humblest are secure. "The very least as feeling her care," said Hooker, in his famous apostrophe to Law. It is the law which has now come to the rescue of hundreds of thousands of lowly strugglers who could scarcely articulate their sense of being wronged. And it is law which is at the same time shown to be massive common sense as well as justice. Everybody has always known that these discriminating suffrage statutes were shams and tricks. They pretended to do one thing while compassing another. But now it is the technicality-loving judges who have brushed aside the technicalities, gone straight to the heart of the case, and declared bluntly that no such thing as a "subterfuge" franchise can exist in this republic. All the talk for years past of doing something to enhance the popular esteem for the courts seems weak and pale compared with what the Supreme Court has done to exalt itself as a tribunal of high and exact justice, by this one splendid stroke.

For the rest — and this is the other feeling we mean — there will be full sympathy with the South in the efforts it will now have to make to adjust itself to the new conditions. Legislatures will need to act, in order to square their statutes with the Supreme Court decision, but more important is it that public opinion should move intelligently. We have all got to face the facts. North as South, we now know what we have to reckon with. If we are in peril from an ignorant vote, the remedy is not to suppress it, but to be just and fair to it and to educate it. A mighty impulse to the already powerful movement for better common-school education in the South ought to follow the Supreme Court decision. In that effort, and in all others to "educate our masters," in Robert Lowe's phrase, and to bring about a better feeling, based on political justice, between the races, the South may count upon the heartiest aid and applause of the North.

III

REPRESENTATIVE ESSAYS

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE

By J. R. Dennett

(December 5, 1867)

Fitz Greene Halleck, who left us the other day, was a writer whose works are a favorable specimen of what, speaking roughly, may be called the Knickerbocker literature. Of the school of writers which produced this literature it is true to say that it was composed of authors whom we all remember as forgotten. Their names are well enough remembered, but the present generation knows little of them except their names, that they very properly acknowledged Washington Irving as their leader and master, and that they lived in or about New York. Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of them, James Kirke Paulding was another, Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake were two more, and besides these there were Robert C. Sands, John Sanderson, the two Clarks, — Willis Gaylord and Lewis Gaylord, — Nathaniel Parker Willis, perhaps, and, in a sense, Cooper the novelist. Two men, for a time classed among these by the popular voice, are Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Bryant; but these have both escaped. Mr. Bryant deserved his good fortune. For what saddens him a man can hardly return gratitude; but respect, very genuine if not profound, every reader of Mr. Bryant's poems must, it seems to us, accord to their author. The spirit of his poetry is melancholic almost to sombreness; there is in it nothing to delight. It might be compared to a chill wind which blows softly — not out of graveyards; it possesses hardly so much of human inter-

est as that which blows over graves that have long been forgotten, where lies, undistinguished from the common earth, the dust of disappeared races — unremembered nations and tribes resolved into earth. From such a soil grow all Mr. Bryant's lonesome, sad flowers of poetry. But though the impression produced by his poetry is not a pleasant one, and therefore not in the highest sense pleasing, still it is powerful, and he produces it of himself. Small faults of imitation he has, but the aspect of nature of which we have spoken, — nature as seen from a solitary Indian mound sepulchre, — is his own property, and at once he becomes independent of the Knickerbockers. Mr. Bancroft — who is to American history what Mr. Paulding is to American *belles-lettres* literature — came to New York from New England too late to be thoroughly identified with the old Knickerbocker people. A good many other names might be added to those we have mentioned, but they would be names, and no more at all, meaning nothing to this generation.

Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, however, ought not to be passed by in silence, being, as he was, the Knickerbocker Boswell of our Knickerbocker Johnsons, in whose books they are perhaps more plainly to be seen than in any of their own works. Cotton Mather, during his sojourn here below, or above, produced three hundred and eighty-two books big and little; then comes Dr. Griswold, and praises him as "the first American Fellow of the Royal Society." It seems to us that in this critical judgment on so extremely literary an American as Mather was we find the clue which, if any clue were needed, would more surely than any other lead us to the right appreciation of the Knickerbocker literature. Indeed, it is so true as to be truismatically true that to the end of their days the writers who produced it were

colonists and provincials; as literary men they had no right to any Fourth of July. Provincial they were even in the often-made assertion of their political independence and nationality, as any one may see to his abundant satisfaction who will look into the works of Paulding and see how that author, "lying supinely on his back," as somebody makes Patrick Henry say, "while his enemy binds him hand and foot," — writing stiffly in the manner of Swift with the matter of Paulding, — insisted, with much ill-temper, not that America was America, but that it was not England, was much better than England and bigger than England; that the Mississippi is a larger river than the Thames; that the *Quarterly Review* was not infallible, and in a variety of ways rapped British knuckles with a yardstick that after all was British. The case was of a less inflammatory character, but, perhaps, even more hopeless, when Paulding and his compeers were not engaged in being patriotic. As Dr. Griswold flatteringly says, Mr. Hoffman was our Knickerbocker Moore — with the breadth of the Atlantic between him and the Irish one; Mr. Cooper was Scott whenever he could be, so far as he could be, and was himself only when he came to backwoods and prairies which Sir Walter had not seen; Verplanck and Sanderson had not, to be sure, remembered enough, but certainly they had not forgotten enough of the essayists of Queen Anne's time and the reviewers of the *Edinburgh*. Willis's reputation is dead, not because he was essentially an imitator but because he was essentially a light man in his books. But even though Willis did not reflect English literature, he was driven to putting into his books English literary men and English society. At any rate he did so, and found his account in it. Drake died young, but lived long enough to imitate the versification of Byron and

Moore, and to make it pretty evident that he would never have emancipated himself. Lewis Gaylord Clark came again to the surface the other day after a perfectly characteristic fashion — a fashion characteristic, at any rate, of the school of which he was one, not, perhaps, characteristic of him; we know next to nothing about him — in a letter written apropos of Mr. Dickens's arrival. Of course Mr. Samuel Rogers figured in it; so did the library at Sunnyside, Sidney Smith, Henry Brevoort, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Halleck. "I think," says Mr. Clark, "it was Mr. Bryant who, in this connection, mentioned the fact to Rogers that Halleck when in England had passed his house near Hyde Park. 'Tell him,' said Rogers, 'when he is next in England that the author of "Marco Bozzaris" must not pass my house again; he must come in.'" We love to think that probably Dr. Griswold had heard this anecdote a couple of hundred times. It would have done him such a world of good. "Rogers's house," he would say to himself, "and near Hyde Park! Rogers knew him as the author of 'Marco Bozzaris!'" And we can imagine with what scorn he would have gazed on the young person who after that declined to believe Mr. Halleck "one of the first poets of the age." He would have leaned back in his chair and proceeded to relate that "Mr. Bryant once said to Rogers, the poet-banker, that Mr. Halleck" — and so on. Then, it is possible, he grasped his pen firmly, and continued his biography of the poet: "One evening in the spring of 1819, as Halleck was on his way home from his place of business, he stopped at a coffee-house then much frequented by young men, in the vicinity of Columbia College. A shower had just fallen, and a brilliant sunset was distinguished by a rainbow of unusual magnificence. In a group about the door half a dozen had told what they would wish, could

their wishes be realized, when Halleck said, looking at the glorious spectacle above the horizon: 'If I could have any wish, it should be to lie in the lap of that rainbow and read "Tom Campbell." A handsome young fellow standing near suddenly turned to him and exclaimed, 'You and I must be friends.'"

It was Joseph Rodman Drake who, thus impressed by a bit of imagery worthy of his own "Culprit Fay," thus proffered friendship, which was accepted on the spot. We have no need to imagine what sort of a man it was who could form the wish above recorded; it is still possible to turn to Halleck's works and discern plainly what Campbell, with the help of others, made of him. "Gem of the crimson-colored even," Campbell says, "Companion of retiring day," and Halleck follows after with "Twilight"; Byron, without at all meaning it, wrote "Fanny." Scott and Scott's parodists wrote for him "Alnwick Castle"; "Burns" Halleck himself had a finger in, and it was he, too, who wrote the energetic and obsolescent "Marco Bozzaris." Parts of the last-mentioned poem are, however, hardly yet obsolescent, and will hardly become so. It is the only poem of his in which he for a little while forgot himself — a feat of great difficulty for him; by which is meant not that he habitually carried undue self-consciousness into his poetry; but when he forgot himself he had to forget so many people.

The imitative character of Irving, also, the head and front of the school, is very generally, though it is not yet universally, recognized. There are still among us men of the generation whose hearts glowed within them when the *Edinburgh* praised "Bracebridge Hall," and who confuse the pleasure they got from Irving's works with the patriotic pleasure they got from the reviews of them. And then, unoriginal as he is, yet, speaking carefully, one

would not so readily say of him that, born near the Tappan Zee, he closely imitated Addison, as one would say that he was a sort of a kind of Addison — to speak after the New England fashion — who, by the bad accident of birth, happened to see the light in these Western wilds. As has often been said, his humor is imitative of the humor of the Anne-Augustan age; but it has a local color, and less often a local flavor, which proves it the fruit not of a graft merely, but of a tree in some respects *sui generis*. With this not very great amount of eulogy his admirers will be obliged, we suppose, to rest content; that seems to be the opinion on which criticism has for some time settled. For our own part, we should make this much abatement of the praise just given — his humor was constantly alloyed by a coarseness, sometimes with a knowing air half-concealed, sometimes not concealed at all, from which Addison kept himself more pure.

What has been said of the essentially imitative and colonial character of our Knickerbocker authors is not to be said, as nothing is to be said, without some limitations. Not much, however, is necessary in the way of limitation. Mr. Willis, for example, was the author of one or two little poems which possess the underived beauty of natural sentiments expressed in fine verse. Mr. Paulding is recognizable as an American patriot. Cooper, among his many utterly unreadable books, has one or two in which are one or two characters that are original with him, and that may be supposed natural. It is hard to tell. Indiscriminate praise was heaped on him; all of it that came from the other side of the water was bestowed by ignorant critics; most of it given him here was given by patriotically enthusiastic men, the mass of whom, we suppose, were as ignorant as their English brethren

of the true Indian and the true backwoodsman. We know nobody who gets through the books twice. However, the characters we have mentioned are, in a way, a success, and are, beyond a doubt, of Cooper's invention, unless we say that the backwoodsman was a discovery rather than an invention. What is true of Willis is to a less extent true of Morris, and so on of some of the others. But it remains true, too, that imitation was the life and breath of the Knickerbocker literature, and that it is now pretty much dead.

A few writers still linger among us who have sat at meat with the masters and disciples of it, and keep alive for a while longer its traditions in their own memories and the memories of the rest of us. Indeed, one or two of the disciples themselves are with us yet, and Halleck, but just gone, was even a master. Mr. L. G. Clark, who once edited *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, — "Maga" and "Knick" they used to call it, with jocoseness, — is, *ex officio*, of that other world. Mr. Tuckerman appears to be a connecting link between that one and ours. Mr. D. G. Mitchell smacks of it, and there are several other contemporary writers who, by some inexplicable, or explicable, association of ideas suggest to us the old days, though it would not be possible to bring them within our definition of the Knickerbocker author, or to make his description apply at all accurately to them.

Beyond a doubt it would be wrong to pass upon these writers whom we have been glancing at a sentence of unmitigated condemnation. They were once the boast of their countrymen while yet Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, all our really best men, were considered but prentice hands, and while it was unsuspected that almost all our really good names in literature — names that have, at any rate, thrown into utter eclipse the

renown of the Knickerbocker men — were those of writers who knew not Irving. Once, we say, they were very eminent, and they have since so thoroughly lost their former distinction that we do not know where to look for a case parallel to theirs. The master of them all died after Sumter was fired on, and already it seems as if he had lived two hundred years ago. But nevertheless they served a most useful purpose. They were our first crop — to borrow a figure — and very properly were ploughed in, and though nothing of the same sort has come up since, and we may be permitted to hope that nothing of just the same sort will ever again come up, yet certainly they did something toward fertilizing the soil from the products of which we are now getting a part of our food. Certainly they cherished in our not wholly civilized community a love for things not materialistic. Halleck, for instance, if he did but little for literature pure and simple, did more and better for American civilization than if he had wholly devoted himself to "the cotton trade and sugar line" or to his duties as John Jacob Astor's agent. Our young men in Wall Street and the streets adjacent may better trust themselves to his influence, though he never "swung a railroad," as they say in the West, than to the influence of Commodore Vanderbilt, if we may name names, in whose eyes business, it would seem, is war, and the war-cry is *væ victis*. It cannot be expected of the average critics of to-day to say, as literary men, that our Knickerbocker literature is a very fine thing or a very valuable thing, but as Americans, if we are not sorry that it exists no longer, we may very well be glad that it once existed.

THE TALE OF THE "RIPE SCHOLAR"

By Francis Parkman

(December 23, 1869)

Not many years ago, a certain traditional prestige, independent of all considerations of practical utility, attached to the scholastic character, at least in New England, where the clergy long held a monopoly of what passed for learning. New England colleges were once little more than schools for making ministers. As the clergyman has lost in influence, so the scholar has lost in repute, and the reasons are not hard to find. The really good scholars were exceptions, and very rare ones. In the matter of theology some notable results were produced, but secular scholarship was simply an exotic and a sickly one. It never recovered from its transplantation and drew no vital juices from the soil. The climate was hostile to it. All the vigor of the country drifted into practical pursuits, and the New England man of letters, when he happened not to be a minister, was usually some person whom constitutional defects, bodily or mental, had unfitted for politics or business. He was apt to be a recluse, ignorant of the world, bleached by a close room and an iron stove, never breathing the outer air when he could help it, and resembling a mediæval monk in his scorn of the body, or rather in his utter disregard of it. Sometimes he was reputed a scholar merely because he was nothing else. The products of his mind were as pallid as the hue of his face, and, like their parent, void of blood, bone, sinew, muscle, and marrow. That he should be provincial was, for a long time, inevitable, but that he was emasculate was chiefly his own fault. As his scholar-

ship was not fruitful of any very valuable results, as it did not make itself felt in the living world that ranged around it, as, in short, it showed no vital force, it began at length to be regarded as a superfluous excrescence. Nevertheless, like the monkish learning of the Middle Ages, it served a good purpose in keeping alive the tradition of liberal culture against a future renaissance. We shall be told that we exaggerate, and, in one sense, this is true, for we describe not an individual, but a type, from which, however, the reality was rarely very remote, and with which it was sometimes identified. The most finished and altogether favorable example of this devitalized scholarship, with many graceful additions, was Edward Everett, and its echoes may still be heard in the halls of Congress, perplexing Western members with Latin quotations, profuse, if not always correct.

As the nation grew in importance and in sensitiveness, the want of intellectual productiveness began to trouble the popular pride, and an impatient public called on its authors to be "original." Spasmodic efforts were made to respond, and the results were such as may be supposed. The mountain went into convulsions of labor and produced a mouse, or something as ridiculous. After an analogous fashion some of the successors of our pallid, clerical scholars raise the cry, "Let us be strong," and fall into the moral and physical gymnastics of muscular Christianity. This, certainly, is no bad sign, in so far as it indicates the consciousness of a want; but neither originality nor force can be got up to order. They must spring from a deeper root and grow by laws of their own. Happily our soil has begun to put forth such a growth, promising in quality, but as yet, in quantity and in maturity, wholly inadequate to the exigent need.

In times of agitation, alive with engrossing questions of

pressing moment, when all is astir with pursuit and controversy, when some are mad for gold, and some are earnest and some rabid for this cause or for that, the scholarship of the past is naturally pronounced not up with the times. Despite his manifold failings, "the self-made man," with his palatial mansion, his exploits in the gold-room, in the caucus, on the stump, in Congress, and in the presidential chair, flatters popular self-love and fills the public eye. Only a slight reason is wanted for depreciating the scholar, and a strong one is offered. Because the culture which our colleges supplied, and which too many of them still supply, was weak, thin, and unsuitable, it was easy to depreciate all culture. By culture we mean development, not polish or adornment, though these are its natural and by no means useless belongings. Using the word, then, in this sense, culture is with us a supreme necessity, not for the profit of a few but of all. The presence of minds highly and vigorously developed is the most powerful aid to popular education, and the necessary condition of its best success. In a country where the ruling power is public opinion, it is above all things necessary that the best and maturest thought should have a fair share in forming it. Such thought cannot exist in any force in the community without propagating its own image, and a class of strong thinkers is the palladium of democracy. They are the natural enemies of ignorant, ostentatious, and aggressive wealth, and the natural friends of all that is best in the popular heart. They are sure of the hatred of charlatans, demagogues, and political sharpers. They are the only hope of our civilization; without them it is a failure, a mere platitude of mediocrity, stagnant or turbid, as the case may be. The vastest aggregate of average intelligences can do nothing to supply their place, and even

material growth is impeded by an ignorance of its conditions and laws. If we may be forgiven the metaphor, our civilization is at present a creature with a small and feeble head, a large, muscular, and active body, and a tail growing at such a rate that it threatens to become unmanageable and shake the balance of the vital powers.

The tendency of a partial education, such as the best popular education must of necessity be, is to produce an excess of self-confidence; and one of its results in this country is a prodigious number of persons who think, and persuade others to think, that they know everything necessary to be known, and are fully competent to form opinions and make speeches upon all questions whatever. As these are precisely the persons who make the most noise on the most momentous questions of the day, who have the most listeners and admirers, and who hold each other up as shining examples for imitation, their incompetency becomes a public evil of the first magnitude. If rash and ignorant theorizing, impulsive outcries, and social and political charlatanry of all sorts are to have the guiding of our craft, then farewell to the hope that her voyage will be a success. The remedy is to infuse into the disordered system the sedative and tonic of a broad knowledge and a vigorous reason. This means to invigorate and extend the higher education; to substitute for the effete and futile scholasticism which the popular mind justly holds in slight account, an energetic and manly development, trained to grapple with the vast questions of the present, and strong enough in numbers as well as quality to temper with its mature thought the rashness of popular speculation. Our best colleges are moving hopefully in this direction; none of them with more life and vigor than the oldest of them all. The present generation will see an increase in the number of

our really efficient thinkers, but it is a positive, not a relative increase, and is far behind the fast-increasing need. Powerful causes are at work against it, and we will try to explain what, to our thinking, some of these causes are.

Perhaps the most obvious of them is the ascendency of material interests among us. To the great mass of our population, the clearing of lands, the acquiring of new territory, the building of cities, the multiplication of railroads, steamboats, and telegraph lines, the growth of trade and manufactures, the opening of mines, with the resulting fine houses, fine clothes, and sumptuous fare, constitute the real sum and substance of progress and civilization. Art, literature, philosophy, and science — so far as science has no direct bearing on material interests — are regarded as decorations, agreeable and creditable, but not essential. In other words, the material basis of civilization is accepted for the entire structure. A prodigious number of persons think that money-making is the only serious business of life, and there is no corresponding number who hold a different faith. There are not a few among us who would "improve" our colleges into schools of technology, where young men may be trained with a view mainly to the production of more steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs; more breadstuffs; more iron, copper, silver, and gold; more cottons and woollens; and, consequently, more fine houses and fine clothes. All this is very well, but it does not answer the great and crying need of the time. The truth is, our material growth so greatly exceeds our other growth that the body politic suffers from diseases of repletion. A patient bloated with generous living, and marked already with the eruptions of a perverted, diseased blood, is not to be cured solely by providing him with more food.

The drift towards material activity is so powerful among us that it is very difficult for a young man to resist it; and the difficulty increases in proportion as his nature is active and energetic. Patient and devoted study is rarely long continued in the vortex of American life. The dusty arena of competition and strife has fascinations almost irresistible to one conscious of his own vigor. Intellectual tastes may, however, make a compromise. Journalism and the lecture-room offer them a field midway between the solitude of the study and the bustle of the world of business; but the journal and the lecture-room have influences powerfully adverse to solid, mature, and independent thinking. There, too, is the pulpit, for those who have a vocation that way; but in this, also, a mighty and increasing temptation besets the conscientious student. As for politics, they have fallen to such a pass that the men are rare who can mingle in them without deteriorating.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the diffusion of education and intelligence is at present acting against the free development of the highest education and intelligence. Many have hoped and still hope that by giving a partial teaching to great numbers of persons, a stimulus would be applied to the best minds among them, and a thirst for knowledge awakened which would lead to high results; but thus far these results have not equalled the expectation. There has been a vast expenditure of brick and mortar for educational purposes, and, what is more to the purpose, many excellent and faithful teachers of both sexes have labored diligently in their vocation; but the system of competitive cramming in our public schools has not borne fruits on which we have much cause to congratulate ourselves. It has produced an immense number of readers; but what thinkers are to be found

may be said to exist in spite of it. The public school has put money in abundance into the pockets of the dealers in sensation stories, sensation illustrated papers, and all the swarm of trivial, sickly, and rascally literature. From this and cheap newspapers thousands — nay, millions — draw all their mental improvement, and pamper their mental stomachs with adulterated, not to say poisoned, sweetmeats, till they have neither desire nor digestion for strong and wholesome food. But we would speak rather of that truly intelligent and respectable public which forms the auditories of popular preachers and popular lecturers, which is the lavish patron of popular periodical literature, which interests itself in the questions of the day, and has keen mental appetites of a certain kind. This public is strong in numbers and very strong in collective wealth. Its voice can confer celebrity, if not reputation; and it can enrich those who win its favor. In truth, it is the American people. Now, what does this great public want? It is, in the main, busied with the active work of life, and though it thinks a little and feels a great deal on matters which ought to engage the attention of every self-governing people, yet it is impatient of continuous and cool attention to anything but its daily business, and sometimes even to that. Indeed, the exciting events of the last ten years, joined to the morbid stimulus applied to all departments of business, have greatly increased this tendency; and to-day there are fewer serious and thoughtful readers than in the last decade. More than ever before, the public demands elocution rather than reason of those who address it; something to excite the feelings and captivate the fancy rather than something to instruct the understanding. It rejoices in sweeping statements, confident assertions, bright lights and black shadows alternating with something

funny. Neither does it care much for a terse, idiomatic, and pointed diction, but generally prefers the flatulent periods of the ready writers. On matters of the greatest interest it craves to be excited or amused. Lectures professing to instruct are turned to a tissue of jokes, and the pulpit itself is sometimes enlivened after a similar fashion. The pill must be sugared and the food highly seasoned, for the public mind is in a state of laxity and needs a tonic. But the public taste is very exacting, and it offers great and tempting rewards to those who please it.

That which pleases it pays so much better in money and notoriety, and is so much cheaper of production, than the better article which does not please it, that the temptation to accept light work and high wages in place of hard work and low wages is difficult to resist. Nothing but a deep love of truth or of art can stand unmoved against it. In our literary markets, educated tastes are completely outridden by uneducated or half-educated tastes, and the commodity is debased accordingly. Thus, the editor of a magazine may be a man of taste and talents; but his interests as a man of letters and his interests as a man of business are not the same. "Why don't you make your magazine what it ought to be?" we once asked of a well-known editor. "Because," he replied, "if we did, we should lose four-fifths of our circulation." A noted preacher not long ago confessed to us that the temptation to give his audience the sort of preaching which they liked to hear, instead of that which it was best that they should hear, was almost irresistible.

The amount of what we have been saying is, that the public which demands a second-rate article is so enormously large in comparison with the public which demands a first-rate article that it impairs the equality of literary production, and exercises an influence adverse

to the growth of intellectual eminence. Now, what is the remedy? It seems to us to be twofold. First, to direct popular education, not to stuffing the mind with crude aggregations of imperfect knowledge, but rather to the development of its powers of observation, comparison, analysis, and reasoning; to strengthening and instructing its moral sense, and leading it to self-knowledge and consequent modesty. All this, no doubt, is vastly more difficult and far less showy in its results than the present system of competitive cramming, and requires in its teachers a high degree of good sense and sound instruction. The other remedy consists in a powerful reinforcement of the higher education, and the consequent development of a class of persons, whether rich or poor, so well instructed and so numerous as to hold their ground against charlatanry, and propagate sound and healthy thought through the community. He who gives or bequeaths money to a well-established and wisely conducted university confers a blessing which radiates through all the ranks of society. He does a service eminently practical, and constitutes himself the patron of the highest and best utilitarianism.

NATURAL BOUNDARIES

By Michael Heilprin

(September 1, 1870)

When the power of Napoleon I was rapidly crumbling away after the crushing defeat at Leipzig, the allies, halting at Frankfort before entering upon the last campaign, offered him, for peace, the undisturbed possession of France, with her limits extended east to the banks of the Rhine. The France thus offered him would have been almost coextensive with ancient Gaul, which was bounded by the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and would have embraced, besides the French Empire as it now is, the whole of Belgium, portions of the Netherlands, Luxemburg, and Rhenish Prussia, Hesse, and Bavaria. Napoleon, in his unreasonable pride, spurned these terms of peace, and when, a few months later, he presented them as his own to the Peace Conference at Châtillon, they were rejected by the allies. Napoleon fell, and the kingdom of the Bourbons was ultimately reconstructed as it had been before the wars of the Revolution. But since that time France has not ceased dreaming and talking of her natural boundaries — the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine. And this has not been the idle dream and idle talk of popular vanity and demagogism merely; statesmen, historians, publicists, and poets have vied with each other in making France believe that she had a natural right to all the lands west of the Rhine, and the dire consequence of that fondly cherished delusion is the present war.

We call it a delusion, for the Rhine is not a natural boundary of France in a rational sense of the word. Nor are rivers, in general, the natural boundaries of

countries. Rivers, it is true, form excellent geographical lines of demarcation between provinces or other divisions of one and the same empire, kingdom, or confederation, such as are the lines of the Ohio and the Mississippi, which bound some of our non-original States. But they are no more real lines of separation than are the meridians of longitude or parallels of latitude which have been selected to bound other States of our Union. For rivers, especially navigable rivers, far from being separating barriers, are natural channels of intercourse and intermingling, of coalescence and union, the world over. Comparative geography, a science of rather recent development, has fully established this axiom. If used as real barriers, as the Rhine and Danube were by the Romans against the barbarians, and the Ticino and Po by the Austrians against Italy, they form unnatural barriers — that is to say, unnatural boundaries — kept up and guarded by the sword of the conqueror, occasionally long enough to become, or at least to appear, natural. Watersheds, not rivers, form natural boundaries. Mountain ranges separate nationalities. The same nationality almost everywhere flourishes on both banks of every navigable river. Every basin, or at least every section of a basin, has its character. The inhabitants of the slopes that hem it in will fuse with the dwellers in the bottom. People living on the opposite slopes of a mountain range will tend in opposite directions.

The whole of history and geography, studied together, proves it. The Nile has never nourished two different nationalities on its opposite banks; it has never been the boundary of an empire. Babylonia flourished on both sides of the Euphrates; Assyria on both sides of the Tigris. The Hebrews occupied both banks of the Jordan. Neither the Oxus nor the Jaxartes, neither the Indus

nor the Ganges, neither the Yang-tse-kiang nor the Ho-ang-ho, has ever formed a boundary between different nationalities, or separated different civilizations. It was not the river Eurotas, the Alpheus, the Cephissus, or the Peneus, but mountain ranges like the Taygetus, the Pindus, and the Œta, that formed, by bounding, the wonderful system of Grecian autonomies. The various sections and branches of the Apennines mainly separated the ancient national divisions of Italy. Rome developed its power on both banks of the Tiber; the Po, in forming Cispadane and Transpadane Gaul, bounded provinces but separated no nationalities; the little rivulet Rubicon only marked the end of a frontier line formed by the Apennines, just as the little Tweed in the Middle Ages served to complete the natural boundary line of the Cheviot range between England and Scotland.

Mountain ranges, not rivers, formed, in the Middle Ages, the grand divisions of the Iberian Peninsula. The Ebro flows not on the confines but through the midlands of Aragon; the Guadalquivir does not bound but traverses Andalusia; Castilians live on both sides of the upper Douro and Tagus, Portuguese on both sides of the lower. The countries of Eastern and Central Europe show striking parallel examples. Russians inhabit both banks of the Volga and the Don, Poles both banks of the Vistula; Germans both banks of the Oder, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine. The Danube flows through the very centres of Württemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary. The last-named polyglot country owes its national unity mainly to the encircling wall of the Carpathians; all its rivers flow towards or through its central bottom lands, and thus keep up a union even of the most heterogeneous elements. Bohemia is a mountain quadrilateral.

The mountain and river systems of the rest of Europe

confirm the rule, with hardly a single exception. Neither do those of America invalidate it. That the Father of Rivers is a mighty bond of union instead of a barrier of separation, is acknowledged on all hands. The same is the case with the Missouri. A glance at the map will show that the St. Lawrence is only a figurative boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces, and that it flows through the latter. The Rio Grande is a frontier line dictated by recent conquest, and Indian tribes continue to roam on both its banks. Rivers selected as State lines are too feeble even as barriers between communities. The lower western bank of the Hudson is lined with suburbs of New York City. Camden is a suburb of Philadelphia; Covington, of Cincinnati. In South America, the Amazon and the Orinoco offer parallel instances to the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. Some branches of the La Plata alone can be said to form exceptions, but recent events indicate that even these are not to last.

To return to the natural boundary between France and Germany. It is clear that the Rhine is far from forming it, either geographically or historically. The natural geographical boundary line, irrespective of the now existing nationalities, is the watershed between the Meuse and the Aisne and Marne, and its easterly continuation between the head-waters of the Saône and Doubs, on one side, and those of the Moselle and Ill, on the other. All of France that lies east and northeast of this watershed — the main parts of Lorraine and the whole of Alsace — belongs to the water-system of the Rhine, a river both banks of which, from its source to its mouth, are inhabited exclusively by Teutonic people — Swiss, Germans proper, and Dutch. Historically, the lands watered by those western affluents of the Rhine

formed, after the downfall of the Roman rule in Gaul, parts of the Frankish realm of Clovis, and subsequently of its eastern and purely German division, Austrasia, while the valleys of the Seine and of its numerous affluents formed the much more Gallic western division, Neustria. The Carlovingian Empire embraced both divisions, but after its final disruption during the period of partitions inaugurated by the Treaty of Verdun, Austrasia was merged in Germany, while out of Neustria gradually grew up the modern Kingdom of France. And both Alsace and Lorraine — the latter in its main parts — continued to belong to Germany down to the time when French centralization, developed by Louis XI and perfected by Richelieu, proved itself decidedly superior to the more and more loosening machinery of the Empire — the final annexation of the two provinces to France taking place under Louis XIV and Louis XV respectively. The inner territories of Lorraine have since become almost entirely Gallicized; Alsace is French in sentiment, though not in language, and the section of the Rhine which bounds it on the east has assumed the semblance of a natural boundary, but the semblance only. The possession of the western bank of this river section has stimulated the desire of making the Rhine the eastern boundary of France. The constant threatening to achieve this conquest as an act based on a natural postulate has awakened, even in the more moderate portions of the German people, the thought of reëstablishing, on an opportune occasion, the natural boundaries between Germany and France as they were before the Peace of Westphalia. It is beyond the sphere of this article to discuss the questions whether the present is the opportune moment to do it, and whether it would at any time be just or expedient to do it against the will of the populations concerned.

NEUTRALS AND CONTRABAND

By E. L. Godkin

(September 15, 1870)

It is impossible for anybody who watches the course of the present struggle in Europe to avoid being struck by the increasing difficulty of the position of neutrals in all wars. The close relations, as far as time and space are concerned, into which steam and the telegraph and commerce have now brought all civilized powers, make every armed struggle an object of intense interest to lookers-on, as well as to those actually engaged in it, and this interest, in turn, makes the belligerents increasingly sensitive and exacting. There being plenty of "sympathy" to be had, and the newspapers being very active in the expression of it, each wants as much of it as possible; and if he does not get as much as he thinks he is entitled to, or more than his adversary, he boils over with indignation, and warns defaulters that, as soon as he gets his hands free, he will pay them off. At this moment there exists, in part at least on account of the improper refusal of "sympathy" during hostilities, great exasperation on the part of the United States towards England and France, on the part of Italy towards Prussia, on the part of Russia towards Prussia and (in a greater degree) towards Austria, and on the part of both Prussia and France towards England. The position of England has indeed become almost comic in its embarrassment. The press and the mass of the people sympathize with Prussia, as a Protestant and Teutonic power, and are very demonstrative in expressing their feelings; while only some of the old Conservatives — for reasons a little diffi-

cult to fathom — stand by France, or at least did so during the existence of the Empire. Accordingly, the French are furious, and vow vengeance dire whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself. On the other hand, the Prussians, far from being satisfied with the enthusiastic articles in the English papers, are full of indignation — first, because England made no attempt to restrain the French before the outbreak of the war; secondly, because the London *Times* has had the impudence to talk of intervention on the part of England, with its army of forty thousand men, at the moment when half a million of Prussians are marching on Paris; but, lastly, — and this is the most serious cause of offence, — because the French draw arms and munitions from England in unlimited quantities, while Prussia, being strictly blockaded, is to a certain extent excluded from the market. The consequence is that the tone of the Prussian press towards England is very virulent, and, it is said — though this is doubtful — that its remonstrances and denunciations have been backed up by a very acrimonious official despatch.

Now, the Prussian complaints of the English sale of supplies to France open up a question of immense importance — namely, what is contraband of war, and whose duty is it to see that neutrals do not supply it to belligerents? We have no hesitation in saying that, should the doctrines which are gaining ground on these points finally prevail, it will be almost as cheap — putting aside the loss of life — for a nation, whenever a quarrel breaks out between two of its neighbors, to take part in the fray and, by giving vigorous aid to one side, help to bring it to a speedy close, as to remain at peace. In the first place, the term "contraband" is every year receiving a wider and wider application. Its meaning has never

been very accurately defined. The only certain rule of international law on the subject is that weapons and munitions of war, and the harness of cavalry and artillery, are contraband; but from time to time, either by the assumption of belligerents, or by special treaty, it has been made to cover a great variety of articles, even provisions intended for the general use of the population, and not for the garrison or inhabitants of a besieged or blockaded city. The decisions of courts and the dicta of elementary writers on the subject are as vague and unsatisfactory as possible. Wood for shipbuilding has been held to be contraband, and, by parity of reasoning, so now should iron. Coal has become contraband since the introduction of steam; telegraphic apparatus, doubtless, would be held to be contraband; and if food be, under certain circumstances, contraband, why not cloth and leather? Indeed, as the application of scientific processes to the purposes of destruction spreads, we may expect the list of prohibited articles to be indefinitely extended; and it would be extended to such a degree as to interfere seriously with the industry of neutral nations but for one thing — namely, the ancient and invaluable usage which imposes on the belligerents the task of stopping contraband on its way to the enemy.

That usage now appears to be threatened with abrogation. As the excitement caused by war becomes intensified and widely diffused, there is an increasing disposition on the part of belligerents to treat trading with the enemy on the part of the citizens of a neutral state as a hostile act, for which the Government of the neutral state may fairly be held responsible, thus throwing on those who have had no hand in getting up the war a duty which formerly had to be, and always ought to be, performed by the belligerent cruisers and custom-house

officers. The doctrine of international law with regard to war has always been that it was an exceptional state of things, the loss and inconvenience resulting from which ought not to fall on anybody but the parties to the quarrel; that those who choose to stand aloof from it, and pursue their avocations in peace and quiet, have a perfect right to do so; and that the interests of civilization require that they should be encouraged and protected in doing so; that in order to limit the area of the conflict, however, and make it, as far as possible, a trial of strength between the combatants, and them only — and thus be as speedily as possible brought to a close — they are permitted to search ships trading with the enemy, to see that he is not supplied from the outside with the means of protracting the struggle. But, inasmuch as trading with either belligerent is a perfectly legitimate act *per se*, the trouble and expense of making these searches or otherwise preventing the transmission of contraband has always been imposed, and justly and properly imposed, on the belligerents. If they caught anybody engaged in it, they could punish him by the loss of his property, but they were not to treat him as a criminal or an immoral person or to hold his Government responsible for his acts. The running of a blockade, for instance, is not an immoral or hostile act. It is an act which a trader performs at his own risk, but if he succeeds he simply exercises a right anterior to all belligerent rights, that of selling the proceeds of his own industry in the best market he can find. Nevertheless, what with the ambiguous terms in which the citizens of neutral nations are warned by their Governments at the outbreak of hostilities not to engage in it, and the excitement of the belligerents, it is getting to be gradually looked on as an act of hostility which the neutral power is bound to

prevent or punish. Nothing was commoner, for instance, during the rebellion, than to hear blockade-runners talked of as "pirates" — a term which was fearfully abused, some of our most distinguished publicists using it, even on state occasions, in three or four different senses. Belligerents are now beginning, if they have a fleet and can institute blockades, to look at blockade-running in this way, and insist on neutrals using municipal law to help them in stopping it; on the other hand, if they have no fleet and are themselves blockaded, as in the case of Prussia, they are anxious to impose on neutrals the duty which they themselves are unable to perform, of catching and stopping munitions, arms, and other contraband articles on their way to the enemy's markets, or their delivery to him after purchase.

Now, it is the interest of the human race that the position of a belligerent should be as onerous and unpleasant as possible; that that of neutrals should be as irresponsible and agreeable as possible. The things which make for peace are the things which it should be the policy of all governments to promote and foster. During the late war the United States were, for the first time in their history, placed in a position which made it their interest to press the rights of belligerents to the uttermost limits, and labor for the restriction of those of neutrals. We believe rights of belligerents were not pressed, however, against any European power any further than American precedents warranted, but the controversy with England begot temper which has ever since inclined the public to overlook the fact that the real interests of the United States, as well as those of humanity, lie in the limitation of the area reached not only by the actual operations but by the losses and inconveniences of war, or, in other words, in pushing the rights of neutrals to any extent

which will not be likely to transfer the havoc of war from property to life. In all legal controversies arising out of the present struggle between Prussia and France, it behooves us to remember not only that "those who make the quarrel should be the only men to fight," but that the men who do not fight are entitled to have their goings and comings and dealings subjected to as little burden or restriction as possible. If any country, for instance, does not chooose to keep a navy, or is unable to keep one, we are not to be obliged to make it up to her, whenever she goes to war and gets her ports blockaded, by selling nothing to her adversary which is likely to help to prolong the contest.

THE MORALITY OF ARMS-DEALING

(From the *Nation*, January 26, 1871)

THE fact that although the French have drawn supplies of arms and ammunition nearly if not quite as large from this country as from England, and that Prussia, though inveighing bitterly against the toleration of the traffic by the English Government, has taken no notice of its activity in the United States, has perhaps done more than anything else to cause uneasiness in England touching Prussian intentions with regard to her, and has given fresh vigor and point to the demands for active and immediate interference on the French side which a portion of the English press has been recently putting forth — a portion, too, which has no sympathy with the Positivist notion that France is the Holy Land, and Paris the New Jerusalem. The discrimination between England and America, made not only by the Prussian Government, but by the public and the army, there is no denying it, looks more like an indication of a desire to pick a quarrel, or get materials ready for a quarrel with the former, than of a desire to patch up the rules of international law. The doctrine of "benevolent neutrality," too, produced so solemnly by Count Bernstorff,[1] being clearly not a joke, has been taken, and not unnaturally, in spite of the pacific sound of the term, as a sign of growing ferocity of temper, and of a desire on the part of Prussia to thrash some neutral or other. The British public has, consequently, been for the last two or three months in the same uncertain frame of mind about its

[1] Count Albrecht Bernstorff was Ambassador at London, successively of Prussia, the North-German Confederation, and the German Empire.

relations with the Prussian Government as we may suppose the Jew to have been who was severely cudgelled with the royal hand in the streets of Berlin, for running up a side street when he saw Frederick William I approaching. His subjects, his Majesty said, ought to love and not to fear him, and he enforced the rule by inflicting a sound thrashing then and there on the first person taken *flagrante delicto.*

If the Prussians had from the beginning assailed the United States as well as England — that is, made the obligation of "benevolent neutrality" general and not particular — they would doubtless have received hearty support from that large body of persons in this country who hold the sale of arms to belligerents to be immoral, and its prohibition by municipal law a duty resting on higher grounds than international usage. The illustrations they have adduced in support of their theory, and especially that pet one of the two men fighting in the street, one of whom a neighbor supplies with a knife or pistol, shows, however, that they have contented themselves with a very limited survey of the field. What makes the fight of the two men useless for their purpose is, that the manufacture and sale of arms, which go on on a great scale in the United States, England, and Belgium at all times, employ an enormous amount of capital and thousands of operatives. The export of rifles and revolvers for military purposes is a very important branch of the national trade in all these countries. It is viewed with no disfavor or reprobation. A manufacturer of arms, or the inventor of a new cartridge or breech-loader, not only finds that his achievements do not injure him in the estimation of his neighbors, but that, if he is successful, they are actually titles to honor and distinction. Colonel Colt, or Remington, or Sharpe,

or Sir William Armstrong, or Krupp, has certainly never found that his calling brought any stigma on him, or that it barred his entrance into any Christian church, or charity, or mission board, or made his subscription to any benevolent or religious enterprise unwelcome. On the contrary, the fact is — and in view of what we sometimes listen to on the subject of the "horrors of war," we think we may call it an amusing fact — these forgers of weapons are held in high honor and repute as great industrial chiefs. Their factories are pointed to with pride; their contracts with foreign governments are chuckled over for their glorious effects on "the balance of trade." All this is, of course, comprehensible and defensible on various grounds. We know several good reasons why the business of a manufacturer or dealer in arms should be treated as perfectly legitimate; we should be sorry to see him brought before a court of philanthropists as "a bad man," and condemned on the ground that certain ladies and gentlemen were of opinion that there should be no more war.

But here comes in the absurdity of this outcry about the immorality of selling arms to belligerents. Turkey has been arming for the last three years vigorously with Remington breech-loaders, all imported from this country. It is well known that they are to be used in killing Russians, but no word of protest has ever been heard against the transaction, or will be heard as long as the killing has not actually begun. France, between 1866 and 1870, procured about 500,000 chassepots, some at home but many abroad, without any whisper of objection also, though it was well known that they were intended to be used in killing Germans. Let Turkey, however, begin to defend herself this summer against an attack by Russia, and we shall be gravely told that to sell any more

Remingtons to her to take the place of those lost in active service, or to arm fresh troops, is a crime against humanity. So likewise, it would, in June, 1870, have been a perfectly proper thing to have delivered 100,000 rifles in Paris, to arm the troops getting ready to invade Germany; but to deliver them at Bordeaux, in December of the same year, when, according to these same moralists, France is defending the cause of human freedom, besides fighting for her own life, is blood-guiltiness.

We have only, indeed, to state the case to show the absurdity of the distinction which the Prussians have been trying, and not unnaturally, to set up for their benefit, and to which they have managed to get the adhesion of some people here and elsewhere who ought to know better. There is not a shred of authority in international law for the doctrine that any neutral government ought to interfere with the trade of any dealer in arms who chooses to run the risk of capture by belligerent cruisers. There is not the shadow of excuse in morals for applauding the sale of arms for warlike purposes up to the moment the war breaks out, and then reprobating it as un-Christian. War and the preparation for war — as we endeavored to show some weeks ago when discussing the peace agitation — are parts of one great transaction, which must, in the forum of morals, stand or fall as a whole. If you give your neighbor lessons in shooting and fencing, and sell him powder and ball, and pistols and cudgels, and in all your conversations with him impress on him the beauty and glory and justifiability of thrashing somebody, you cannot save your Christian character and build up a reputation as a peacemaker by shutting your doors and refusing to let him have any more cartridges or knuckledusters as soon as you see him actually engaged in a fray in the street; and

if you take to preaching the duty of forgiveness of injuries to him out of a window, you cannot wonder if he recognizes and denounces you as a Pharisee and a cheat.

The Prussian complaint, we are glad to see, is likely to have its absurdity made still more patent by the action of some of the Germans in this country. Meetings have recently been held in the West, at which the partiality of the Government at Berlin was rectified by denunciations of the Administration at Washington for permitting the export of arms to France, and resolutions have been passed refusing it confidence and support till it changes its policy. When we see German-American citizens voting against the Republican party because it refuses to violate a well-known rule of international law, and to saddle itself with new and difficult duties, to the great loss and detriment of American citizens, in order to compensate Germany for the want of a navy in a war with France, the doctrine of "benevolent neutrality" will have been relegated to its proper place among the odd fancies, born of excitement and embarrassment, to which all belligerents are liable.

TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE[1]

By T. R. Lounsbury

(January 4, 1872)

There are two ways in vogue of writing the history of a literature. One is to give in detail the main facts in the lives of authors, the titles of books, the dates of their publication, and the success they met with, together with their influence upon their own and upon succeeding times. This forms the principal part of the work — the part upon which the labor of preparation is chiefly expended. Facts are everything, principles nothing. There is criticism, to be sure, but usually very little, and that little of a kind that leads the intelligent reader to wish there were none at all. The other method is entirely different. If it deal at all with names and dates, it is with the single purpose of setting in a clearer light the history of ideas. It is a scientific exposition of the changes that have taken place in the intellectual development of a people, the causes which have led to them, the results that have sprung from them. Its chief aim is to trace those principles of thought and action which, ruling the lives of men, have found expression in their literature. In this view, the subject leaves the province of annals, and passes into that of philosophy. Literature is in it bound up with the national life, and, in order to know the characteristic of the one, it is essential to study closely the other. Race, climate, political institutions, manners, and customs, all become of importance; for these all affect the man, and necessarily leave their impress upon the work he produces.

[1] *History of English Literature.* By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun. Two volumes. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.

It is by the combination of both methods that the perfect history of literature will be written, if ever written at all; but up to the present time the former has been the one usually followed. Especially is this true in the case of works of this kind produced by members of our race, with its fondness for detail, its patient accumulation of facts, its aversion to general principles. But, even in the particular field chosen, with us the work has not been well done. Our histories of literature are full of information, but of information ill arranged, ill expressed, utterly undigested. Masses of fact are heaped together without any logical sequence, without any thread of connection save that of time — an important one, certainly, but by no means the most important. Men are treated of together solely because they happened to be born in the same period, just as words are placed together in a dictionary because they happen to begin with the same letter. These works are, in many cases, eminently useful; in nearly all cases they are preëminently stupid. Nowhere, indeed, has the ancient realm of dulness held its own more tenaciously, nowhere has it suffered less from even the semblance of invasion, than in the province of English literary history as written by Englishmen. It is doubtful if, under any circumstances, more successful efforts have ever been made to disgust the human mind with literature itself.

The present work, which, originally published in 1864, has just been translated into English, is of an entirely different cast. It follows the second method so closely that, in the sense in which words have come to have a meaning with us, its very title is a misnomer. It is one of the last books on the subject that any one would take up with the hope of finding any definite information on any point in the history of English literature. Details, so far as they are brought in at all, are the common ones that

can be found anywhere and everywhere. They are, for the most part, accurate, because they rarely go outside of matters well known. From one end to the other of these two bulky volumes scarcely a score of dates can be met with in the text. Numbers of inferior writers are not even spoken of at all. You may find them in Warton, the author tells us in one place — these good people who speak without having anything to say. Names high in the world of letters frequently fare no better. What are we to think of a history of English literature, as it is commonly understood, which, in an account of the great revival which followed the intellectual collapse of the eighteenth century, disposes of Coleridge in a few lines, mentions Keats once, and that casually, and does not even do so much as that for other prominent writers? Evidently, indeed, some of these authors have not been spoken of because they have never been read; it is equally clear in other cases that some have been read so slightly and superficially that there has been no independent criticism. Whenever, in fact, he comes to treat of inferior writers, Taine's opinions of them and their works vary little from the regular stock ideas. He generally does the correct thing, praises where everybody else praises, blames where everybody else blames. He looks upon Sterne as a sentimental scamp, finds Richardson very much of a bore, and even falls in with the fashionable denunciation of Pope, the representative of his classical age, in quite the style of modern English criticism. Yet, with all these deficiencies, if one is pleased to call them so, the work is not simply entertaining throughout; it is instructive. It is little praise to the author to say that he has written the best history of English literature that has yet been produced; he could not well have written one worse than those already existing; and the surprise

which men have felt at finding a book on this subject which they could read without yawning has apparently led some of them to ascribe to it merits which its composer would not be likely to claim for it himself. For the work is really a criticism of English literature, as it appears in a few of its greatest authors, about whom the others, so far as they are mentioned at all, are grouped. In the fifth and last book, which treats of modern writers, Taine takes six as representatives of the tendencies now existing. What, in this place, he has done avowedly and with design for the representation of tendencies, he has practically done everywhere else for the illustration of the history of results. This is, without doubt, an incomplete way of giving an account of literature, but it is much the most attractive way; nor is it, in certain points of view, the worst as regards details of the highest importance. For the mass of men will not read books of this kind at all if they are compelled to wade through accounts of obscure authors, of whose names they have never heard, and whose writings they have neither the time nor the inclination to read.

To the production of a work written in this manner Taine has brought several qualifications— one qualification in particular, the highest of all; for clearly the first and most essential requisite for the critical treatment of literary history is a catholic sympathy. Important as is fulness and accuracy of knowledge, still more important is the spirit with which one undertakes and carries through such a task. He who sets out to write the history of a literature must not only be free from the prejudices and prepossessions of his own age, but must be prepared to share fully in the feelings and ideas which have touched the hearts and moulded the manners of the men of every age. Obviously a most difficult thing for any

man to do; for some natures, probably, an impossible thing. It is hard for the most broadminded one of us to keep himself from being swayed by his surroundings, yet an absolutely necessary thing for him who aspires to the position of judge. He cannot afford to forget that a literary work which has pleased any generation must have in it some qualities to command respect, however difficult it may be to the men of another generation to find them. Still more certainly must it have such qualities if it continues to be held in high esteem by the men of several generations, even though these may be comparatively few in number. The man who fails to appreciate the peculiar power of an author who has impressed himself upon his time may not be lacking in literary taste — for in that the time itself may have been deficient — but he is clearly lacking in literary sympathy. He has no right to criticise, or rather his criticism is of no value, because there is one class of sentiments and ideas with which he has not succeeded in placing himself *en rapport*. The student of literature who cannot appreciate both Byron and Wordsworth, who admires Tennyson, but denies merit to Pope, may have depth of culture in certain directions, but he lacks breadth. The mere man of letters may consult and gratify the peculiar bent of his mind, may have his favorite authors, may indulge in capricious dislikes; but the critical historian of literature has no business whatever with preferences or aversions.

It is here that Taine's crowning merit lies. The literary information he furnishes is none of it new, and as regards amount is scanty. His philosophic views, his generalizations, his opinions of particular men, be they right or wrong, are likely to find many opposers. But the spirit with which he has discharged his task is not simply admirable on its own account. It has enabled him to do for

English literature as a whole what no Englishman has as yet done save in part. "The tirade of calumny," he says, "was in vogue fifty years ago; in fifty more it will probably have altogether ceased. The French are beginning to comprehend the gravity of the Puritans; perhaps the English will end by comprehending the gaiety of Voltaire: the first are laboring to appreciate Shakespeare; the second will doubtless attempt to appreciate Racine." It is, accordingly, little wonder that a man of ability who writes in such a spirit should have been enabled, though a foreigner, to present the most vivid and attractive picture of English literature that has yet been drawn. This wide-embracing sympathy which enables him to see how the men of every age felt, and to point out the source of every writer's power, fails him nowhere — at least to any marked extent — save in his criticism of Butler, whose "Hudibras" is, in his eyes, not merely mean and malignant, but, what in a literary point of view is far worse, is also awkward and dull. Here he forgets his own principles. He forgets that a work which is not only mean and malignant, but likewise awkward and dull, does not continue to be read for two centuries. But this is a solitary exception. It is not, indeed, meant to be asserted that his views are always just or his conclusions always sound. It is that they are uniformly legitimate and fair. They are just and true in the light in which the facts upon which they are based appear to an acute observer, who looks at the whole subject from a standpoint altogether different from that occupied by a member of our race. Given his premises, you can hardly fail to accept his conclusions. It matters not that they are different from ours, that in some cases they may be unpalatable. Certain fundamental differences of opinion between the two peoples, perhaps between the two races, must be taken

for granted, and for them the requisite allowance must be made. Thus, "The Campaign" of Addison, a fair specimen of the poetry of the prize-medal order, which to the English is generally so distasteful, receives his praise as "an excellent model of a becoming and classical style." True, he recognizes thoroughly that it is poor of its kind; but then each verse is full and perfect in itself, the epithets are well-chosen, the countries have noble names, and there are pretty turns of oratorical address. All the beauties which the Frenchman sees plainly are hardly visible to the Englishman, who simply feels that outside of half a dozen lines the poem is lifeless and insipid. Coming down to modern times, the very words with which he closes the work, "I prefer Alfred de Musset to Tennyson," make us conscious of the wide difference in tastes and sentiments between the two peoples. But it is a thing that has only to be recognized. There is no need of our quarrelling with it.

At the same time, there is always a tendency to push the doctrine of race too far, and Taine has strained it to its extremest limits. It is in race and climate, indeed, that he finds the origin of the leading characteristics of English literature. To him the Englishman has always been a barbarian — in no mean sense, be it understood. A barbarian he continues to be. Modified by centuries of cultivation, he is still, under the surface, the genuine representative of those fierce warriors whose chief pleasures were to be found in fighting, gorging, and guzzling; who, with the hearts of lions and the stomachs of ostriches, were never happy save in slaughtering foes or washing down half-cooked pieces of boar's meat with huge bumpers of mead, quaffed from drinking-cups made of the horns of wild bulls. A lineal descendant of the Vikings, he, like them, loves the battle and the storm, as well in

literature as in life. Civilize him, and place him in a country where the skies are sombre and the climate cold, where it is often dark in the middle of the day, where, when it is not rainy, it is foggy, where comfort is only attained by labor, where the struggle for existence is so fierce that large numbers must nearly work themselves to death to keep from dying — place him where he has such surroundings, and life seems to him a constant battle. Hence arises in him melancholy, the idea of duty, lofty contempt for outward show, stern and heroic courage. Seriousness becomes habitual. It enters into his character so completely that he even amuses himself in a melancholy manner. When the Protestant religion comes along with its contemptuous rejection of external forms, he takes to it naturally. Its enthronement of conscience as the supreme guide, its exaltation of moral over physical or intellectual beauty, its belief in an ever-present, perfect God, seeing all things, judging all things, still further intensify the native seriousness of his disposition, deepen it often into gloom. Thus thoroughly ingrained into the character, it manifests itself everywhere in the literature. This, in a few words, is Taine's idea. Again and again he returns to it. That there is truth in it not many will deny; that it is the whole truth, that it has even half the influence which he imputes to it, few close students of our literature will admit. One cannot help feeling, in reading many brilliant but highly-drawn passages in this work which treat of the effect of race, that Calvin, with his stern creed, his deification of duty, his lofty conception of personal purity, was only saved from being Taine's typical Englishman by the unaccommodating fact of his being a Frenchman. Writing an account of English literature in accordance with a preconceived theory, the author has not only exaggerated English

seriousness up almost to the point of caricature, but he has been led by it to ascribe to the men of the race what is true only of the men of a particular period. The same characteristics, for instance, which the modern Frenchman finds in Addison are found also by the modern Englishman. To the former Addison's ideas are commonplace; so they are to the latter. Taine assures us that Johnson's essays are a "national food," though to a Frenchman they would seem dull and insipid. Whether they were ever a national food or not, they certainly seem dull and insipid to Englishmen now, who accordingly never read them. Race and climate are great influences. It is the extravagant estimate put upon them which will ultimately lead to a denial of their having any influence at all.

As regards the details of his criticisms, the subject is too vast to admit of much remark. But in it the author is at his best. If there is little that is original in what he says of inferior writers, with the leading ones the case is different. There he is always fresh, suggestive, striking, and, what is even better, fully appreciative both of merits and defects. To be sure, there must always be differences of opinion. There are not likely to be many who will agree with the high estimate placed upon Ben Jonson, as compared with other dramatists of his age, particularly with Beaumont and Fletcher. Outside of lyric composition, in which his genius stood on a level with Shakespeare's, Jonson could hardly claim any such conspicuous superiority as is here accorded him; and the general neglect into which he has fallen shows strongly how little it is that traditional reputation can do for a man, save with critics, commentators, and historians of literature. It matters not that he was the literary autocrat of his own time, that his age rated him full as high

as Shakespeare, if not much higher. His preëminent position then was due largely to extraneous causes, in no small measure to his vast acquirements. For learning is always apt to impress one's contemporaries far more than wisdom, or even genius — a providentially blessed arrangement in a world where it is so hard to counterfeit the former, and so easy to counterfeit the latter; where, indeed, it takes usually a century to find out definitely whether a given individual has been a wise man or a fool. But, singularly enough, there has nowhere been drawn so satisfactory a picture of our great epic poet, with whom of all men a Frenchman might be supposed to have little in common. After the deluge of indiscriminate eulogy that has been poured upon Milton, it is refreshing to come across a writer who sees clearly the special characteristics of his genius, and points out plainly wherein his strength and weakness lay; above all, one who is not afraid to set forth sharply the truth in regard to that wonderful compound of sublime verse and prosy metaphysics which make up the "Paradise Lost." Perhaps it is only a foreigner who would have ventured to express so bluntly the feeling we all secretly entertain that Milton's Adam is very much of a prig; who would assure us so strongly that, in a literary point of view, there is full justification for that carnal sympathy we all have with the fallen archangel, a sympathy so profound that only an ample supply of grace can enable the most orthodox reader to wish success to his opponents. In the criticism of later writers, it will seem to most men that Wordsworth has not received that justice to which he is entitled by his ability and the influence which, in spite of absurd theories and insular narrowness, he has exerted. It is noticeable here that Taine holds steadily to the view, generally entertained by the poet's contemporaries both

in England and on the Continent, that Byron was the greatest product of the literary revival that began with the close of the last century; and that he follows Goethe, and, for that matter, Byron himself, in regarding Don Juan as his masterpiece — both being views to which the English, after years of depreciation, seem on the point of returning.

Of this work there is one thing more to be said in conclusion. Whatever other faults it has, it is not dull. The reader may dissent; he may be irritated; he may, if of a certain class, be disgusted; but he will never be bored. The marvellous vivacity and grace which make French prose the most attractive of reading have not evaporated by transfusion into a foreign tongue. The translation, as a whole, is well executed. We have the author's own certificate as to its faithfulness; and, in spite of some expressions and idioms that are not yet known to classic English, and are never likely to be, it also justifies his additional testimony as to its elegance.

MORLEY'S ROUSSEAU[1]

By Auguste Laugel

(Paris Letter, dated July 30, 1873)

Mr. Morley has done for Rousseau what he had done already for Voltaire. He has not simply written his biography — he has made this biography the ground, the first plan of a philosophical and political picture of the eighteenth century. Judged at this long distance of a century, these two men, Voltaire and Rousseau, assume now very different proportions. Voltaire had more practical effect in his own age, and Rousseau in the age which followed him. Voltaire, though he advocated so many changes, appears to us as a conservative, and Rousseau as the very genius of revolution and of socialism. Voltaire is more really humane and philanthropic, though he wrote for the great; and Rousseau, who wrote, so to speak, against the great, was at heart a despot, a hater of mankind. Voltaire was wanting in sentiment, but he had an exquisite urbanity, and he hated cruelty with a sort of noble fervor; Rousseau was always in tears, overflowing with sensibility, but his sensibility belonged to the nervous temperament, and his soul was really tuned and formed like the souls of the Terrorists of the French Revolution.

The secret of all his political and philosophical work must be sought for in his life, and it is with much reason that Mr. Morley devotes so many chapters to his youth, and to his wandering life in Savoy and Switzerland. One can hardly read a few pages in the two volumes of Mr.

[1] *Rousseau.* By John Morley. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. Two volumes. 1873.

Morley without being referred to the "Confessions." The "Confessions" is in fact Rousseau's great work, his enduring work; for his "Essays," his "Contrat Social," his "Émile," his "Nouvelle Héloïse," can hardly be read now from beginning to end without tedium. There is in them something so utterly false, so unreal, that one wonders how the French society of the eighteenth century could have been fed so long on such unsubstantial nourishment. These books, notwithstanding their magnificent style, strike us as do the fashions of another age. It seems as if the dresses of the Empire or the Directory could never have been really worn. Is the "Nouvelle Héloïse" really a love-story — this perpetual preaching on love — this eternal confusion and distinction of virtuous vice and vicious virtue? Give me rather the letters of Héloïse and Abélard, or the pastoral of Daphne and Chloe, or the short ode to Sappho. Is "Émile" a treatise on education? Take me to the wild Indians or to any tribe of savages rather than to a people of Émiles. I would rather die at once than be so *ennuyé*. Is the "Contrat Social" the gospel of a new political faith? What could be more unreal, more fantastic than a theory founded on the supposition that men in the woods, troglodytes, formed a compact, invented the ballot and universal suffrage? What we call "the state" is not, and never was, an initial cause. It is an effect, the everchanging effect, of long centuries of culture and civilization.

But the errors which were proved so dangerous, during the Terror, of the "Contrat Social," as well as the errors of the "Émile," can all be traced to the same cause, which must be found in the "Confessions." What a distance there is between the "Confessions" of St. Augustine and those of Rousseau! Both represent themselves as great sinners, but one is almost as proud of his sins

as the other is ashamed of them. St. Augustine is the founder of the doctrine of grace and of election; in his eyes, man deserves nothing from the hands of God; he owes everything to the generosity, to the goodness, of the Almighty. All the doctrines of Calvin, of Jansen, of Pascal, are in germ in the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. Rousseau's "Confessions" are conceived in a totally different spirit; he uses his sins simply as weapons against society; instead of believing in the total depravity of man, he believes in the perfection of the individual, isolated man; he endows his ideal *natural* man with all the virtues; his vices, his faults are only forced upon him by a forced state of society. Rousseau himself is, so to speak, this *natural* man, moving among a corrupt people, in conflict with civilization. He is a *solitaire* among millions; he cannot dress like anybody else; he invents a style, and speaks of the sublimities of nature in a manner quite unknown in an age of small verses, of well-cut French parterres, like the parterres of Versailles and of St. Cloud. He teaches mothers to nurse their own children; his Émile must learn a trade; and such is the influence of the new teacher that we see even now, in the palace of Versailles, traces of the handicraftsmanship of Louis XVI. This revolution can be compared, to a certain extent, to what has been called in our time in England muscular Christianity, and so far had some good effects; but the naturalism of Rousseau had much wider consequences in the moral order. Open any book you like, written in the latter part of the eighteenth century, read any speech you may choose of the Constituent Assembly or the Convention, and you will find marks of the deep impression produced by the teachings of Rousseau. The whole of society seems pervaded with the poisonous doctrine which exonerates the individual man

and throws all responsibilities on the ideal, unknowable, invisible "state." At least, when Louis XIV proudly said, "l'état c'est moi," he assumed a responsibility, he undertook to make France great, glorious, and prosperous. But what will become of a state in which every man considers himself as perfect, will attempt no struggle with his own passions, spends his days in glorified selfishness, and expects from the "state" the gratification of all his wishes, desires, and even caprices?

Rousseau tells us how he was walking from Paris to Vincennes, on a visit to Diderot, and felt suddenly inspired, entranced, by seeing in a newspaper the announcement of the following theme propounded by the Academy of Dijon: "Has the revival of science contributed to purify or to corrupt manners?" Of course Rousseau pleaded the cause of ignorance against science. This paradoxical essay, written, as Rousseau himself confesses, without conviction, determined however the direction of his entire intellectual career. He entered the lists as an enemy of civilization, of all conventions, of all historical forces. He was not a charlatan; he constructed for himself a sort of belief in the wickedness of society and the intrinsic virtue and perfection of man. He was a visionary; every eye can perceive the defects of society, but every eye cannot see the ideal Émile. His brain was certainly somewhat diseased, for he had all his life that strange delirium of persecution which is a common symptom of impending madness. Rousseau lived in a land of dreams, he was essentially anti-scientific, anti-positivist. Mr. Morley justly remarks that the "Spirit of Laws" of Montesquieu had initiated a true method for the study of history and legislation, of a method founded upon facts: "The *Discours*," says he, "was the beginning of a movement in an exactly oppo-

site direction; that is, away from patient collection of wide multitudes of facts relating to the conditions of society, towards the promulgation of arbitrary systems of absolute social dogmas."

This dogmatism culminated in the French Revolution and the various constitutions which were presented to the French people by political dictators amidst thunder and lightning, as a revelation from God; but, long before the Revolution, the national mind had been permeated by it. It is so much easier to drift into theories and dreams, to talk of sensibility, to shed tears over humanity, than to get possession of hard facts, of statistics, to make calculations, to enter into the details of administration! The old régime, nursed with the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and the impracticable "Contrat Social," became quite imbecile, unable to solve the smallest problems. What produced the French Revolution? — the inability to pay a debt of six hundred millions, a sum which seems to us a mere trifle. The system of taxation was ridiculous, and nobody knew how to change it. What is less known is the incapacity of the revolutionists as administrators and financiers. This incapacity was not the result of a subjective defect; it arose from the false method which Rousseau had originated, from the mania of big words and the contempt of small facts. Tocqueville has well proved that the whole system of centralization, which is generally considered as the work of the Convention and of Napoleon, is really the work of Richelieu, of Louis XIV, and of the ministers of Louis XV. Even at this time we have many of the taxes of the old régime. There was little administrative originality in the Revolutionary school, because it was always in a sphere of abstract dogma. To this day the Republican and Socialist parties have remained faithful to the doctrines of the "Social

Contract"; and this is the reason why the germ of Cæsarism is concealed in the French ideal of a republic. Gambetta would make no objection to these words: "As nature gives to each man an absolute power over all his members, so the social pact gives to the body politic an absolute power over all its members." Can we not find the theory of what is called by the modern Jacobins the imperative mandate in these words: "Sovereignty, being only the exercise of the general will, can never be alienated; and the sovereign, who is only a collective being, can only be represented by himself; the power may be transmitted, but not the will. Sovereignty is indivisible, not only in principle, but in object." The sections of the Parisian populace held no other doctrines when they dictated their will, amidst glittering bayonets, to the frightened Convention; and Robespierre, in his Declaration of Rights, only echoed Rousseau when he wrote: "The sovereignty resides in the people; it is one and indivisible, imprescriptible and inalienable." Rousseau himself dimly foresaw the dangers of a theory which considers all men as detached atoms of the same weight; and in his constitutional scheme for Poland he insisted upon the advantages of federal governments. In a large country like France — without any federal states, any distinct provinces — ten millions of electors, with unbounded equal and inalienable rights, forbidden to delegate their sovereignty for a limited number of years to any representatives, must either destroy each other or abdicate into the hands of a dictator. He felt at times that perfect equality was a dream, and spoke of elective aristocracy. But on the whole the Anglo-Saxon idea of government was distasteful to him; and he went so far as to say that there was no liberty at all in England. He was democratic and despotic, and con-

sidered even the separation of church and state as an abomination.

As Mr. Morley often justly observes, Rousseau ignored history; he drew all his conceptions from his imagination; he ignored the influences of race, of accumulated forces, of habit, of education, of nationality. He was a destroyer, an iconoclast, a hater of the past; but he was at the same time a prophet. His dangerous catechism is easily understood by the masses. He says to every man who suffers: "You suffer not by your own fault, but by the fault of the state, of the kings, of the priests, of the laws, of the rich, of the nobles. Christianity has promised to all men the blessings of eternal life. I offer to you this visible world; it is all your own. You can, by legislation, make yourself king, priest, lord, dictator."

I have not been able to do sufficient justice to the work of Mr. Morley. He has shown in these new volumes the qualities he had already shown in his "Voltaire" — a perfect knowledge of his subject, a catholic sympathy for all the manifestations of thought. His feelings as a gentleman have often been revolted by the actions of Rousseau, but his respect for genius has always given dignity to his most severe criticisms.

CHARLES SUMNER

By C. C. Nott

(March 19, 1874)

The passing tribute which the world seeks to render to a great man at his death is never a record of both his virtues and his faults. By it, however, we may measure approximately the estimate which mankind for the time places upon his character and works, and judge with tolerable accuracy whether he belonged at his end to the present or the past. The two deaths which have fallen upon the country during the present month present this contrast. Mr. Fillmore's shows how small a dot on the chart of history a Presidential term a century hence will appear. The newspapers have had to remind their readers that he was President, and have had little to say besides speaking approvingly of his fair character and patient industry and honorable impartiality. These are not virtues to be lightly spoken of, but they do not fill the measure of greatness. The Presidential office by usage takes a man out of an active participation in the affairs of the country, and as his term of office drops into the past his works seem to follow it and not him. Mr. Sumner, one would have said, had about reached the end of his career, but the feeling which has been universally evinced shows that the career had, in fact, not yet closed when death divided him from it. Always an antagonist of some one, and never knowing a moment of political calm or peace, he goes down to the grave lamented by that class which has learned to lean almost exclusively upon him, and respected by the great body of those with whom he differed and with whom he warred.

We do not measure this respect by the adulation which has been poured out at his obsequies. Our public press speaks well rather than discriminatingly of the dead. The spectacle of senators choked with grief at the loss of a man who did not greatly respect them, and who spent much of the failing strength of his latest years in dealing them the heaviest blows that he was capable of giving, is a spectacle which does not move the heart nor mislead the understanding. Nevertheless, both now and hereafter, it must be seen that his death produced a great effect upon the public mind, attributable to something more than gratitude for past services or a sense of dependence upon services yet to come. The public have never leaned upon Mr. Sumner, nor can it be said that they have felt for him any of that affection which is frequently bestowed on public men. For a brief period — that is, during the exciting days of the war — they went over toward him, and his extreme views became for the time their views; but for the greater part of his long public life he has been a thorn in the side of the majority. It was inevitable that it should be so, for the working life which he embraced was the advocacy of a weak minority; and this advocacy consisted in proving to all men who differed with him that he upheld the right and they the wrong. If he had gone down a few years sooner, there would have been a sense of relief in many men's minds, but, as it is, he has fought out well-nigh all his battles, and in his fall nearly all men are ready to forget the disquietude he has caused them, and, remembering only his undaunted devotion, yield him the tribute of respect and admiration.

His personal character is easily analyzed, and in it there is little or nothing to be unfolded or explained. Every man who has intelligently read the daily news-

papers has seen the full picture. Devotedness and culture, two qualities not likely to be united in popular belief, were his chief characteristics. On the one side there was the giving up of his entire service to what he believed to be the greatest of causes upon the world's stage, and, on the other, an elaboration in every detail of his public and private life. His policy was equally clear. There are no mysteries to be explained or contradictions to be reconciled. It was a transparent policy, and consisted simply in always attacking by the most open means. Upon the chessboard of statesmanship he was no strategist, and if he ever went upon it, it was to knock to pieces the moves of others. Of all our statesmen who were prominent before, during, and after the war (those three differing stages of our history equivalent in their conditions to three generations of life), he was the only one who has not been charged with inconsistency. This cannot be attributed to a solitary rectitude of character, but to the fact that he aimed from the beginning at an object which could only be attained at the end. He drew a line at the first so far in advance of what was, and so close to what was to be, that in the then condition of things it must have remained an impracticability. In his march toward this line he was harassed and checked and apparently beaten, but, so far as concerned his individuality, he never halted or deviated. From time to time concessions were made, not in the hope of satisfying him, but to satisfy the public as they drew nearer to Mr. Sumner's position. He took these concessions as they came, but never upon the condition that he would not immediately demand more. In fact, he never gave up all that in his extremest views he sought to attain, and hence he was never inconsistent. Most assuredly, what he was at the end, that he had been at the begin-

ning. Events had moved forward faster and further than ever before in the history of the world, but they had not quite reached the line of rest which he traced when, a quarter of a century ago, his public life began.

But for these reasons it must be said Mr. Sumner did not arrive at the full responsibilities, nor indeed assume the true duties, of a statesman. We do not for a moment tolerate the vulgar cry, not yet forgotten, that he was "nothing but an Abolition orator," and we fully believe the statement that he made about the time of his last reëlection, in which, with honestly earned self-approval, he pointed to his faithful, assiduous diligence, extending to every legislative duty which had been confided to him. Neither do we doubt that while ordinary politicians derided him as a man absorbed in "the negro question," he was really giving more care and attention to ordinary legislative topics than nine-tenths of the Senate. Nevertheless, he took into his guardianship a part rather than the whole, and remained always something more than a magnificent advocate but something less than a true statesman. Statesmanship is the science of guiding and governing the world as it exists; of using present means for the redress of present evils; of conceding wisely where concession is indispensable, and of leading men by a practical road though toward an ideal end. Such a science requires a sense of guardianship over the whole; the sacrifice of much that is a matter of sincere conviction; the power to stop short of what may have been projected; and the moral courage that is not afraid of an honest inconsistency. At the beginning of this half-century it was the office of true statesmanship to educate as rapidly as might be the masters for emancipation and the slaves for freedom; and then at the proper time to end slavery with the smallest possible jar that could be

given to the social system of the country. It was the policy of Mr. Sumner to war upon slavery by all constitutional means; to end it at the earliest possible moment regardless of all consequences; and to force it to such extremes that, to use his own words, it would "die like a rat in its hole." Such being his nature, there has never been a time and there never could be a time when a majority of the people would have confided the country to his care. As to that portion of the people who have of late years believed in him, and have had good reason to believe in him, it has not been the confidence of a minority of society in any just sense of the term, but of a class as against other classes. In the great battle for their rights, they knew that, if he was not supremely wise, he was supremely faithful; but the confines of the field limited their trust in his judgment. The lack of practical statesmanship in the present day is also strongly illustrated by Mr. Sumner's public life. That a man so learned, so painstaking, so unsparing of labor, so conversant with the experience of other nations and our own, should have done so little to perfect the practical working of our Government or to provide for the actual necessities of the people, shows how completely we have overlooked that necessary part of real statesmanship. To understand it fully, we have but to glance at Mr. Webster preparing himself for legislative work by reading through all of the English statutes, and carefully studying every work and speech and pamphlet that had been published on finance, or we have but to turn back to that earlier group of statesmen who not merely dealt in Declarations of Independence, but brought their disorganized and impoverished country into the rank of prosperous nations by every practical detail of intelligent statesmanship.

The niche which Mr. Sumner has filled in our history seems to have been built for him. By nature and by education he was peculiarly fitted, not for persuading, pleasing, instructing, or guiding — not, in short, for the ordinary work of the world, but for extolling what he thought was noble and denouncing what he thought was wrong. At an earlier day, he would not have had such auditors, and at a later he would not have had such themes. There was a concurrence, too, of time and place. Massachusetts was certainly the only State that would have sent Mr. Sumner to the Senate, and was probably the only State that would have upheld him as firmly. He entered Congress as a representative man from the only portion of the country ready to be so represented. When Mr. Sumner went abroad, his recovery uncertain and distant, no place-hunter ventured to suggest the necessity of having an active man in his stead, and the State kept his chair empty — a constant menace to the South as to how she would be represented. When it was well known that he would be unable to resume his duties, Massachusetts, though a Free-soil member could not well be spared from the Senate, reëlected him by the unanimous vote of one House and the almost unanimous vote of the other. His numerous reëlections have been in part avowals that what the State did in former times she still stands by, and recognitions of the fact that her own history in the conflict with slavery was almost identical with his. Further: it had been his painful good-fortune to have suffered in the conflict as soldiers suffer in the field. The blood of a Massachusetts senator had literally stained the Senate Chamber for a cause which Massachusetts believed sacred, and a deep and honest hero-worship resolved that he should always remain in that Senate, a witness of the State's fidelity both to

the cause and to him. Whether he would have been again reëlected may be doubted. The resolution of censure was a trick betimes to break his power where it was strongest — in the sensibilities of the people.

It may be that not the least useful effect of his life will be the lofty example which it furnishes to young men of wealth in our frivolous and mercenary day. In youth he practised the intellectual discipline of age, and in age he was actuated by the undisciplined earnestness of youth. The small fortune which, in a common phrase, "was just enough to ruin a young man," he used in the work of self-culture. We may note his manly beauty and fastidious dress, his elegant accomplishments and hereditary connection with the fashionable and pleasure-seeking circles of society, to bring out the contrast of his work on the *American Jurist*, the reports of the Circuit Court, the teaching in the Law School, his edition of "Vesey," his prolonged study of art and modern languages, and his assiduous intercourse with the most elevated and able men in every land.

As to his absolute integrity, it is needless for his eulogists to speak. To say that no Administration ever bought him with its political patronage; that he never tried to debauch his party with the same plunder; that he never used his place to rob the Government or to prey upon the citizen; that suspicion never smirched his name with charges of ill-gotten gain denied with artful duplicity; that he was never silent when he believed he ought to speak, nor voted for a bill when he knew he ought to vote against it, is to tell men what they already know — to tell them that the sun rose yesterday and the day before. We see defects in his character and errors in his course, but above them rises the majesty of a pure

life. And the eulogy that he would have preferred himself is that which may be most truly pronounced upon him: his life was devoted to an unending effort to secure for a wronged and degraded race the rights of men.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY

By Simon Newcomb

(May 16, 1878)

If Mr. Galton's researches on hereditary genius were supplemented by equally careful ones on cases of genius which appeared to be entirely sporadic, we might find an exhibit yet more striking than that with which he presented us. It is certainly worthy of note that the man who, during the present generation, has exerted the most enduring and widespread influence upon the progress of American science, is not known to have had a blood relation of intellectual prominence. His ancestry is unknown, and his parentage offers no features of interest. Even the year of his birth is in doubt — some authorities placing it in 1797, and others in 1799 or even later. His father died when the son was still very young, and his mother before he grew up. A parish library supplied him with boyish reading, and his earlier tastes were in the direction of romance and the drama. He was nearly grown when the accidental possession of a copy of Robinson's "Mechanical Philosophy" turned his thoughts towards natural philosophy and led him to seek a scientific education at the Albany Academy. Here he made himself so good a name as to be taken into the family of the Patroon in the capacity of private tutor. Failing physical health led to his spending a year as a civil engineer in the western part of the State. He returned home with a robust constitution, which never failed him throughout his long life. He declined further lucrative employment in the same capacity to accept the more congenial position of a professorship at the Albany Academy.

It was while a professor at Albany that he commenced the brilliant series of researches in electricity on which his purely scientific reputation principally rests, and which culminated in the discovery of the principles of the Morse telegraph. If we compare the poverty of his apparatus and the poverty of his means for research and publication with the importance of the results which he reached, we may accord him a place by the side of Faraday as an experimentalist. He became the sole discoverer of one of the most singular forms of electrical induction, and was among the first, perhaps the very first, to see clearly the laws which connected the transmission of electricity with the power of the battery employed. One of the problems to which he devoted himself was that of producing mechanical effects at a great distance by the aid of an electro-magnet and a conducting wire. The horse-shoe electro-magnet, formed by winding copper wire around a bar of iron bent into the form of a U, had been known before his time, and it was also known that by increasing the number of coils of wire greater force could be given to the magnet if the latter were near the battery. But when it was removed to a distance, the power was found to weaken at so rapid a rate that the idea of using the electro-magnet for telegraphic purposes seemed hopeless. Henry's experiments were directed toward determining the laws of electro-motive force from which this diminution of power resulted, and led to the discovery of a relation between the number of coils of wire round the electro-magnet and the construction of the battery to work it. He showed that the very same amount of acid and zinc arranged in one way would produce entirely different effects when arranged in another, and that by increasing the number of cells in the battery there was no limit to the distance at which

the effects might be felt. It only remained for some one to invent an instrument by which these effects should be made to register in an intelligible manner, to complete the electro-magnetic telegraph, and this was done by Morse. Henry himself considered the work of an inventor as wholly distinct from that of a scientific investigator, and would not protect the application of his discoveries, nor even engage in the work of maturing such applications. He never sought to detract from Morse's merits as the inventor of the magneto-electric telegraph, but did on one occasion, under legal process, give a history of the subject which was not favorable to Morse's claim to the exclusive use of the electro-magnet for telegraphic purposes. Some feeling was thus excited; but Henry took no other part in the controversy than to ask an investigation of some charges against himself contained in an article of Morse's.

In 1832 Professor Henry was tendered the chair of Natural Philosophy in Princeton College, a promotion which he accepted with great diffidence. The change was accompanied with a great increase in the means of continuing his researches in electricity. He found congenial society, a large and appreciative circle of listeners, large additions to his supply of apparatus, and a scientific society glad to publish his researches. Heretofore his publications were mostly confined to papers in *Silliman's Journal.* The Transactions of the American Philosophical Society now afforded him room for much more extended memoirs, and enabled him very soon to acquire a European reputation.

In 1837 he visited Europe and made the acquaintance of Faraday, Wheatstone, Bailey, and other eminent physicists, discussing with Wheatstone their projects for an electric telegraph. He returned to his lectures with the

zest and vigor acquired by this exchange of views with men of like pursuits with himself, and held his place as the foremost of American scientific teachers until 1846, when he was called to an entirely different sphere of activity.

Ten years before, Congress had accepted by a solemn act the curious bequest of James Smithson, made to the United States in trust, "to found at Washington an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The will gave no indications whatever as to the details of the proposed establishment, and long consideration was therefore necessary before the Government could decide upon its organization. It was not until 1846 that a definite plan of organization was established by law. When this was done, Professor Henry was at once looked upon as preëminently the man to be the principal executive officer of the Institution. He accepted the position with "reluctance, fear, and trembling," upon the urgent solicitation of Professor Bache. To describe what he did during the thirty years of his connection with it would be to write the history of the Institution. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to some episodes of a special interest at the present time, hoping to revert to the subject of its general management upon a future occasion. From the beginning two different views of the proper direction in which the energies of the establishment should be devoted have been entertained. There was a scientific party which held that the operations of the establishment should be confined strictly within the limits prescribed by the donor, and in the sense in which he himself, as a scientific investigator, would naturally have construed his own words — in fact, that it should be entirely an institution for scientific research and publication. Another party was desirous of giving it a

larger scope and wider range, including literature and art as well as science. These latter views were naturally entertained by the men who framed the plan of organization. Accordingly we find that the act alluded to provided for a capacious building, with suitable rooms or halls for the reception and arrangement upon a liberal scale of objects of natural history, for a library, gallery of art, and lecture-rooms, and for the reception and exhibition of "all objects of art and of foreign and curious research," of objects of natural history, and plants and geological specimens belonging or hereafter to belong to the United States, which may be in the city of Washington. The new secretary, of course, sympathized entirely with the scientific party, who considered most of these objects as foreign to the proper purpose of the Institution, and the expenditure of money upon them as contrary to the expressed intention of the donor. An acrimonious controversy thus arose, resulting in the retirement of a large minority of the Board of Regents and several of the assistants of the Institution. The whole policy of Henry was directed towards diminishing as far as possible the expenditure of the Smithsonian fund upon the library, the building, the museum, and art-gallery, by having these several objects provided for in other ways. He got the library removed to the Capitol and deposited in the Library of Congress, and the art-gallery superseded by the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The impropriety of charging the Smithsonian fund with the support of the Governmental collections was so obvious that Congress has for several years provided for the maintenance of the National Museum, as it has now become, in connection with the Institution. He aimed at a complete separation of the Museum from the Institution, the Government leasing the building for the use of the former, while the

latter should find more modest and appropriate but less expensive quarters. This project, however, he did not live to carry out.

Henry was, of course, the authority most frequently and regularly consulted by the Government on all questions which arose involving applications of science or of scientific principles. His greatest services to the Government were rendered as a member of the Light-House Board, a position which he held from the time the Board was organized. His principal duties were at first to enquire into the various methods of illumination, and especially to test the oils proposed for this purpose. Of late years he began to investigate the subject of fog-signals, which led to a very extended series of experimental researches on the causes which influence the propagation of sound through the air, and which sometimes render it inaudible at comparatively short distances. These experiments were mostly published in the annual reports of the Light-House Board.

The idea of using the telegraph for communicating the weather reports originated with Professor Henry, and was put in operation at the Institution at an early period of his connection with it. Visitors of that period will recall the large map of the United States which hung in one of the public halls, on which the state of the weather at many points of the country was indicated by marks pinned to the map. In accordance with his life custom, as soon as another department was found ready to continue any of his researches with a prospect of success he turned them over to it without any reserve, except that of receiving due credit. The subject of meteorology was, in 1871, left by him to the signal office.

The whole course of Professor Henry was marked by an elevation of character entirely in keeping with his

intellectual force. Placed in a position where the temptation to lend the use of his name to commercial enterprises was incessant, he so studiously avoided every appearance of evil that the shadow of suspicion never rested upon him. His services to the Government in many capacities, especially in that of member of the Light-House Board, where his experiments saved it hundreds of thousands of dollars, were entirely gratuitous. His salary was paid from the Smithsonian bequest, and he never asked the Government for a dollar on account of his services. An elevated but genial humor, a delicate poetic taste, a memory replete with anecdote, a refined, intellectual face, and an impressive bearing made him one of the most valued members of the intellectual society of Washington. One of his most remarkable traits was the entire absence of personal feeling against those by whom he felt himself wronged. His address to the Board of Regents asking an investigation of charges brought against him by S. F. B. Morse, the celebrated inventor of the electro-magnetic telegraph, was such a model of elevated sentiment, and breathed such purity of feeling, that no one in reading it could doubt the result. Like most men of his kind, he was averse to controversy, and we believe never took the slightest part in any of the disputes with which his name was sometimes associated. As Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution he is entitled to the enduring credit of preventing a permanent misdirection of its activities, and this of itself will earn him the gratitude of men of science in generations to come.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

By W. P. Garrison

(June 5, 1879)

The most obvious result of the life of the late William Lloyd Garrison, and the one most comprehensible to the present generation, is the abolition of negro slavery in 1863 instead of at some indefinitely later period. This, and the assurance, as Mr. Phillips remarked in his funeral discourse, that slavery will never be reëstablished on this continent, his countrymen feel that they owe specially to Mr. Garrison, and it forms, of course, the basis of all the grateful and honorable tributes with which the press and the pulpit have teemed during the past fortnight. That the service, however great we may esteem it, was no more confined to his native land than his fame has been or memory is likely to be, must be admitted by all who are capable of perceiving its political as well as its moral bearings. Mr. Garrison was not only the first Abolitionist of his time, he was also the most Republican of Republicans. He could not rest or be silent when once his attention had been drawn to the shocking contradiction involved in "the Union as it was" in his early manhood. He saw a government professedly founded on the brotherhood of man — on the idea, as we said last week, "that nobody exists for anybody else's benefit, and that every man is entitled to a fair opportunity of making the most of himself" — and yet tolerating and providing for a system which expressly denied these postulates. The irrepressible conflict that thereupon arose was between the modern idea for which Mr. Garrison spoke and the mediæval and pagan idea to which the slaveholders held.

If government of the people, by the people, and for the people, as, thanks to this conflict, we can now call our own, is the missionary form of government, destined ultimately to prevail wherever civilization has obtained, it is not easy to overrate the influence of a great Republic reforming itself; and so far as this reformation began with Mr. Garrison, he will have had a share in political changes not yet consummated, even in countries where his name has never been heard.

The indirect consequences of his anti-slavery agitation are most readily overlooked now. In imagination the colored race is pictured weeping at the grave of its benefactor (hardly known, in fact, to the mass of them in comparison with Grant or Lincoln) whereas Mr. Garrison was as truly the liberator of the whites as of the blacks. The very success of his endeavors is an obstacle to the appreciation of his merits in this particular. It is almost impossible to realize the condition of American society fifty years ago, when Benjamin Lundy's zealous assistant began to arouse the complacent readers of the Genius of Universal Emancipation. We no longer know what it is to live in a community in which one subject, touching the foundations of the government not less than the rights of man, is tabooed, cannot be talked about without causing uneasiness, without incurring reproach, loss of position, and bodily risk, without liability to arrest and prosecution; cannot, if discussed in the press, have the freedom of the mails. We must fancy the Governor of Vermont entreating the Mayor of Okolona to suppress the *Southern States*, or the Legislature of Massachusetts offering five thousand dollars for its editor, dead or alive, before we can understand the full significance of Mr. Garrison's "I will be heard." That voice, crying in the wilderness of immoral apathy and cowardly submission,

unloosed the tongues and the consciences of thousands; and the freedom of speech thus asserted, and maintained through all manner of perils, has become the heritage of every unpopular movement, of every variety of reform, of every shade of opinion, political or theological — a privilege so common that we forget its novelty, and cannot believe what price was paid for it. Those who look back to the early days of the *Liberator* will be convinced that the harsh language so much complained of was never more in place; the gag on Northern lips had been torn away, and to prove it something more was needed than a whisper.

Mr. Garrison's deeply religious nature being conceded, no feature of his career is more curious than the disrepute into which he fell among professing Christians of all denominations. His early training had been evangelical and sectarian, his study of the Scriptures both ardent and unremitting, and all his life long he freely drew from the Bible the texts which supported his denunciation of the sin of slavery. For some years after he began to edit his paper he gave the usual outward signs of being a Christian in the conventional acceptation of the term. How he came to be regarded otherwise is easily explained. The moral code imposed on the whole country by slavery was upside down, and had Mr. Garrison been generally assisted in his attempts to right it by the clergy and the churches, his character would not have suffered. Since, however, they were all interested in retaining the code as it was, in calling light darkness and darkness light, they, equally with the avowed apologists of slavery — nay, still more, as recreant to their professions — merited his sternest censure, and they received it. The charge of infidelity was the natural retort of the times, and was attached to all his associates, so that the mere

joining of the Abolitionists, without formal renunciation of doctrine, was deplored by sincere and humane church-members as a first step towards irreligion, and as a diversion from the prime duty of saving one's soul. Had Mr. Garrison adopted this view, it is questionable whether he would have saved a soul whose nobler instincts had been smothered, but it may be presumed that he would have lived in the odor of sanctity; by disregarding it he was enabled to substitute the ethics of Christianity for those of slavery in the allegiance of his countrymen, and to rescue from brutish promiscuity and hand over to Christian influences and Christian instruction four millions of human beings, to teach whom to read the Bible had been a felony. That in the midst of such a task, with the end almost in sight, the question (we believe in their first interview) of the friendly author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Are you a Christian, Mr. Garrison?" seemed almost quizzical, is highly credible.

A judicious writer in the *Evening Post*, while observing that, unlike some of his distinguished colleagues, Mr. Garrison can hardly be thought of except as an Abolitionist, leaves undecided the question, whether he would have attained eminence otherwise than as a reformer. However this may appear to his future biographer, for whom alone it will be worth while to discuss it, there is plenty of evidence that he was not a professional philanthropist. Of agitation for agitation's sake, as a means of living or of notoriety, he was wholly innocent. He was not only glad to stop, but he knew when to stop; and having advocated the dissolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society at the close of the war, he resisted even the temptation to continue the *Liberator* for other objects than the main one. The welfare of the freedmen, however, continued to occupy his thoughts, and from the

beginning of reconstruction down almost to his latest hour he wrote frequently for the press on national topics, and may be said to have died in harness. He held, and was in some measure responsible for, the Stalwart view of the total depravity of Southerners, and his reliance upon the general powers of the Government to protect the negro was apparently as vague and unlimited as that of any of Grant's adherents. He was a strict constructionist of the *ante-bellum* Constitution: he always denied that freedom was national and slavery sectional, because he could not juggle away the fugitive clause, the slave-trade clause, and the slave-representation clause; he never pretended that Congress could abolish slavery in the States, notwithstanding the clause guaranteeing a republican form of government. When freedom truly became national, however, he did not require chapter and verse for authority to defend and perfect the work begun by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation; nor, with Grant's two administrations before him, did he distrust the ability of Congress by law, and the President by force, to shield the freedmen from harm and to keep the governments at the South out of the hands of the white minority. Mr. Hayes's action in South Carolina and Louisiana seemed to him a surrender of the blacks to their oppressors, instead of the single performance of a constitutional duty.

These sentiments, to the extent that they were not peculiar to himself, found favor with the ruling party, and were made use of by the leading politicians to divert attention from the real issues of the day. In this there was something retributive, where retribution was not to be looked for. The thirty years' war which Mr. Garrison had waged with slavery had unfitted him for the consideration of questions that cannot be settled by a simple appeal to elementary principles of right and

wrong; and this led him to take a pessimistic view of the situation, the clews to which were, so to speak, no longer in his hands. When the slave power was everywhere dominant, when outrage followed outrage, and mob followed mob, through all the weary years of imperceptible progress, in the darkest hours of the rebellion, his cheerfulness never forsook him; his faith in God sustained his spirits and comforted him with the inevitable overthrow of slavery. When the time for statesmanship came, and the adaptation of means to ends in the restoration of shattered social and political fabrics, the fear that somehow this revolution might go backward — a fear so generally shared during Andrew Johnson's administration — appears to have overcome the hopeful temper of Mr. Garrison. Perhaps he found it easier to lay aside the rôle of agitator than of prophet. Certain it is that he regarded with suspicion the reports of white good behavior at the South, and accepted with a priori alacrity the tales of violence and injustice which suited the character of the man-stealers of old. It cannot be said that the South was at much pains to disabuse him, and his attitude towards it was the jealousy of a guardian whose wards have passed from him into unfriendly hands.

Of the personal qualities of Mr. Garrison, whether public or private, there is no occasion to speak here. His sincerity, courage, single-mindedness, purity, simplicity, modesty, were never called in question; time will fix his place as a writer and speaker, and pass the proper judgment on his methods. He has gone to his rest at a good old age, with his faculties undimmed, his sympathies as tender as in his youth, his conscience void of reproach, and leaving a name which owed as little to circumstances outside of himself as that of any self-made American of any period in our history.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICAN CONSERVATISM

By A. V. Dicey

I

(London Letter dated March 11, 1880)

A traveller in the United States has recently published the remark that "an English radical is much struck with the conservatism of the American people." The observation is, if properly understood, perfectly just, and represents the impression which the United States must have made upon hundreds of Englishmen who have enjoyed the great advantage and the infinite pleasure of a visit to the Union. Whether the impression is itself well founded must be left to the judgment of yourself and your readers. Meanwhile it may be of interest to enquire what are the answers to the three following questions: First, What does an Englishman mean by "conservatism" as applied to the American people? Secondly, What to an English observer appear to be the causes in America of this conservative temper? Thirdly, What are the inferences which the existence of this sentiment throughout the greatest of modern republics suggests to an English thinker with reference to the characteristics of democracy in the future?

First — What does an Englishman mean by conservatism as applied to the American people? The term, clearly, as applied to European politics is used in at least two senses, neither of which is applicable to the citizens of the Union. Conservatism on the Continent, and especially in France, is nothing better than a decent alias for a policy of aggressive reaction. A *conservateur* under

the French Republic might seem named on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. He is a conservative who does not wish to preserve any part of the existing constitution. He may be loyal to Henry V, to the Orleans dynasty, or to Napoleonism. The one thing he is not loyal to is the Republic. His first step towards order is a revolution, and he will not begin to preserve anything till the existing constitution of the country is overthrown. He is that strange birth of an age of civil strife — a reactionary revolutionist. The conservatism of reaction can from the very nature of things hardly exist throughout the Union. Conservatism, as applied to English politics, has certainly no affinity with reaction. The wildest Jingo who worships Lord Beaconsfield does not dream of overthrowing the existing constitution. A politician who hinted at the policy of restoring the unreformed Parliament of 1830 would soon find himself committed to Bedlam. But the conservative sentiment as it exists in England, though not reactionary or aggressive, is distinctly defensive. It is the feeling of men who not only wish things to be as they are, but are aware that things will not long remain as they are unless those who object to change exert themselves to repel the attacks of innovators. This feeling, which is not really represented by the vagaries of Lord Beaconsfield, governs the rich and respectable members of English society.

But though at bottom a sentiment of this kind cannot be wanting in any civilized and wealthy state, the defensive conservatism of England is not exactly what an English critic means when he applies the term to the United States. It implies in England not indeed aggression, but active resistance to the progress of democratic changes. It cannot, in the same form at least, exist in a country where every democratic alteration has been

carried out, and where, as it appears at least to a foreigner, there is no party wishing to change, and none therefore enlisted to defend, the established order of things. It is, in fact, the very absence of the wish for change, the conscious or unconscious preference for things as they are, the assumption, sometimes well and sometimes ill-grounded, that the existing state of society ought not to be altered, which constitutes in the eyes of observant Englishmen the conservatism of America. Foreigners, impressed with the go-ahead character of Americans, and especially of American merchants, as well as citizens of the Union who know that the American people can make any change they choose in their institutions, and who are accustomed to boast with justice of the freedom of their country, will perhaps be alike indisposed to admit that the term "conservative" can, in the sense in which it is here employed, be applied to American society. There are, however, several considerations which may incline impartial judges to hold that the view taken by the traveller whose language has been cited is in substance correct. If one takes, for example, the merely political side of American life, it surely must be admitted that what is really remarkable is that a people who have power to change everything have, consciously at least, not changed anything in their institutions unless compelled to innovation (as in the abolition of slavery) by the irresistible stress of circumstances. Of the Constitution of the United States any one who has considered the political uninventiveness of mankind will always speak with profound admiration, for it is a work marked in at least two respects by traits of undoubted originality. But the constitutional fabric which is the glory of America is the handiwork of a generation utterly unlike the present and of men who were in some respects

daring innovators. Nearly a century has passed since their work was completed. Time has brought changes, but no American reformers have, except under something like compulsion, touched the monument of their forefathers' wisdom. This conservatism, if it is to be appreciated, must be compared not with the reckless revolutions of the Continent, but with the unceasing though steady changes of English politics. The alteration in the English Constitution since the beginning of the century has been far greater than the changes introduced during the same period into the Constitution of the Union.

Nothing, again, impresses a stranger more than the respect expressed and apparently felt throughout the Union for the founders of the Republic. It is like nothing which now exists in Great Britain. It recalls the language which in the last century Whigs of all schools applied to the leaders of the Revolution of 1688, or the obviously genuine veneration with which Lord Russell, who represented the sentiment of a past age, regarded the rules handed down by Whig tradition. The very mode in which the question of General Grant's possible third term is discussed strikes an Englishman as a singular specimen of conservative sentiment. There is much, as no reader of the *Nation* can fail to know, to be said against reëlecting the General. There is something on general grounds to be urged against Presidential reëlections, though in theory at least there would appear to be quite as much to be urged in their favor. The odd thing to a foreigner is the weight attached to mere precedent. Yet it can hardly be doubted that the reason which with the average elector tells most strongly against the gratification of General Grant's ambition, is not his unfitness for the post to which he aspires, not the political inexpediency of prolonged personal rule, but the fact

that Washington was only twice President. If Washington had filled office for three terms one may suspect that popular admiration or gratitude would have insisted on the same honor being paid to Grant. In any case, a main obstacle in the General's path is the existence of a sentiment so essentially conservative as to be unintelligible in a country like France, and to excite something like wonder even in a land so permeated by constitutional sentiment as Great Britain.

If there be anything more essentially characteristic of a people than its political institutions, this thing is its law. Now, that the laws of the States which make up the Union betray at every turn the conservatism of the American people, is an assertion which I make with confidence. I have professionally studied the law of England. I have given more attention than perhaps is usual in the case of a foreigner to the laws and to (what is even more germane to the present topic) the legal literature of America. That your law is founded on that of England is common knowledge. A point not so often noticed is that the growth of a republican society has to a far slighter extent than might have been anticipated changed either the substance or the form of the legal rules brought from the old country. How close your lawyers have kept to the beaten track of English law is best seen in comparative trifles. The fourth and seventeenth sections, for example, of the Statute of Frauds embody a rule which is a peculiarity — one might almost say an accidental peculiarity — of English law. As to the policy of the rule that certain ordinary contracts must, if they are to be valid, be in writing there is very much to be said. No one acquainted with modern England would be surprised were the venerable sections, which have caused more litigation than they have hindered, repealed *in toto* by some Con-

servative Parliament acting under the advice of a Conservative lord chancellor. The provisions of such a statute might be expected to be repealed or greatly modified when carried across the Atlantic; but this is not the case. Any one who looks at Mr. Throop's elaborate treatise will see that the legislation of Charles II holds its ground in all or nearly all the States of the Union. The words are in most cases scarcely altered. The letter rather than the spirit has in most instances been followed; for fifty dollars, e.g., in the New York Code, representing the sum of £10, of course does not really represent anything equal to the value of that sum in 1677. An enquirer whose mind is once turned to the subject will see everywhere traces of the spirit which has kept alive in the midst of a flourishing republic even the words of legal rules which grew up under an ancient monarchy. Everywhere throughout the Union an English barrister recognizes the terms — occasionally it must be added the jargon — to which he is accustomed at Westminster or Lincoln's Inn. If he is puzzled, it is rather by the antiquity than by the novelty of the formulas with which he meets. At least as late as 1870 a stranger might find in use at Chicago niceties of pleading which had for twenty, or it might be forty, years been out of use in England. If, like myself, he asked for an explanation of this curious survival, he was told that the people had in legal matters great confidence in the opinion of established lawyers. No further explanation was necessary, for the sentiment of your bar strikes a foreigner as strangely conservative as compared even with so steady-going a body as the bar of England. Of American legal works — such, for example, as Story's "Conflict of Laws," Mr. Holmes's admirable edition of Kent's "Commentaries," or Mr. Langdell's "Cases on the Law of

Contract" — no one who is competent to judge can speak without the most unfeigned admiration. The curious point for the present purpose, however, is that the merits of modern American lawyers are in the main the merits which marked the luminaries of English law in the past generation — extraordinary knowledge of cases, astonishing acuteness in working out the principles involved in recorded decisions and in applying them to the complicated circumstances suggested by new cases as they arise; and with all this a genuine veneration, which it may be feared is gradually dying out in England, for the wisdom and perfection of the Common Law. No one who has heard Professor Dwight's lectures or has studied Mr. Holmes's most interesting "Speculations" can doubt that the intellect of the American bar can deal to perfection with either the exposition of actual law or with the speculative problems of historical jurisprudence. No one, however, who compares England with America can fail to see that the desire for legal innovation which expresses itself in unceasing attempts either to reduce the law to a codified form, or, after the manner of writers like Mr. Pollock, to introduce into expositions of English law ideas suggested by foreign writers, is far more widely spread in the old country than in the Union. In other words, America, not England, is at present the home of legal conservatism.

In saying this I wish neither to blame nor to praise the one country or the other. My sole object is to give an example of the existence of that state of sentiment which, in default of a better term, may be called conservatism. The spirit which is traceable in law and politics comes out (though not, I admit, so clearly) in theology and in religious institutions. This assertion will probably be more easily accepted in America than in England.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon and better authorities than the pretentious author of "Spiritual Wives" have made current throughout Europe the idea that strange religious institutions, abnormal forms of belief, and daring theological speculation have their special home in the great Republic. This opinion is, of course, not without its foundation. The mere existence of Mormonism is, it will be said, sufficient proof that the opinion is well grounded. Yet this current notion, even though not causeless, is, I venture to think, in so far as a foreigner is capable of pronouncing judgment on a matter requiring more knowledge of facts than he can easily acquire, really calculated to mislead. The current tone of American religion appears to be for all practical purposes uncommonly like the tone which prevails in England. Where men may say anything they please without exposing themselves to legal or social loss, strange things will of course occasionally be thought and said; but any one who notes the number of churches, say, in Chicago or New York, will not readily believe that there has been any great wave of opinion drawing off American citizens from the religious habits prevalent in England, whilst any one who steps inside these churches will probably feel that he hears for good and bad much the same doctrine he would hear in London or Manchester. No doubt institutions such as the Oneida Community well merit attention. The same thing may be said of Mr. Bradlaugh's lectures, or of the Positivist church in London, which certainly has not an overflowing audience. But to suppose that the Oneida Community is a fair representative of average society in America is, I conceive, much like thinking that Mr. Bradlaugh's audience represents the ordinary theological tone of average Englishmen. Mormonism, no doubt, is a remarkable phenomenon. It shows that

noteworthy institutions which could hardly make way in an ordinary European state may arise and flourish in a country where the ground is both literally and metaphorically open for them. But Mormonism is exactly one of those exceptions which prove the rule. In one respect it is marked by a singular want of originality. It is grounded on a sort of vulgar biblicalism. It is, one may add, though of American origin, yet supported by foreigners, and may in all probability sink in the course of a generation or two into the same sort of position as that now occupied by many sects, both in England and America, which at their first birth seemed filled with the spirit of innovation, but which as time went on sobered down into bodies mainly remarkable by their tenacious adherence to some few principles, crotchets, or oddities inherited from their founders. There is no need, however, for pressing my point too hard. Let Mormonism be taken for what it is worth as an example of religious innovation or adventure; to an Englishman, certainly, the large fact about American society may rationally seem to be that in politics, in law, and in religion, its pervading tone is, compared at least with England, a sentiment of conservatism.

In one other letter I purpose to point out what may seem to be the cause of the fact I have noted, and what are some of the inferences which this fact suggests.

II

(London Letter dated April 1, 1880)

With your permission I will now examine the reply to the second and third questions which in my former letter I left unanswered.

What, in the second place, would appear to an English

observer to be the causes of what I have termed the conservative temper of America?

The reply hardly admits of doubt. Society in America is conservative because throughout the Northern States (to which alone I venture to refer) there is a noticeable absence of the conditions which in other countries evoke the desire for innovation. These conditions are material want or discomfort among the mass of the people, and the existence of a large body of persons given to speculative pursuits and irritated by the social or political circumstances by which they are surrounded. In a country where there is, as compared with Europe, a wide diffusion of material comfort; where, though many men are partially educated, few persons devote their whole minds to theoretical interests; where the arrangements of the state in the main correspond with the habits of the people, and where (perhaps it may be added) the absence of all opposition to the popular will slightly deadens even the passion for freedom, you may be certain — at any rate if the members of such a community belong to the English race — to find that predominant disposition to leave things as they are which, under all the apparent restlessness of American life, seems to a foreign critic to constitute the fundamental political tone of the American people.

What (to deal with my third and last question) are the inferences which the existence of American conservatism suggests to an English observer?

The first and to European statesmen by far the most important is that there is no connection, except one of historical association, between democratic government and revolutionary habits. Observation of America suggests that the great French Revolution has produced at least as much confusion in the world of political specula-

tion as in the world of political action. In England, and still more on the Continent, men are still unconsciously confused by the memories of the Reign of Terror. Republicanism shook, or appeared to shake, the very foundations of society; and because the attempt to establish Democratic institutions produced revolution, calm observers find it difficult even now to believe that a republic when established has not necessarily a close connection with what is called the revolutionary spirit, or, in other words, with the constant craving for change. Englishmen, indeed, are beginning to perceive that the lessons of the French Revolution have, though naturally enough, been grossly misinterpreted. A fair analysis of the principles which have governed France since 1789 shows that the majority of the French people have, from the moment that their urgent wants were satisfied, been the victims rather of selfish conservatism than of the excessive love for innovation; whilst thirty years' experience of the Swiss democracy should convince us of the futility of the dogma that freedom is inconsistent with order.

The Conservatives, however, of the Continent still dread the very name of a republic. Frenchmen, especially such as the Duc de Broglie, are haunted by the spectre of 1791. They may play with the popular dread of revolutionary violence, but no one can doubt that they are also the dupes of their own panic. No exorcism is so potent to lay the spirit of unreasoning fear as a study of the United States as they actually exist. No one who uses his eyes and looks facts in the face can doubt that in America, at least, popular government has no more necessary connection with the revolutionary spirit than in England monarchical government has with despotism. Indeed, the tendency of any one who reflects on the condition of your country will, it

may be suspected, be to revert to a train of thought familiar to the thinkers of the eighteenth century, before their intellectual calm was disturbed by the shouts of the Paris mob and by the sight of the guillotine.

"Nothing," writes Hume, "is more surprising to those who consider human nature with a philosophical eye than to see the easiness with which the many are governed by the few, and to observe the implicit submission with which men resign their own sentiments and passions to those of their rulers." "When popular discontents," writes Burke in a celebrated passage, "have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed and supported that there has been generally something found amiss in the constitution or in the conduct of the government. The people have no interest in disorder; when they do wrong it is their error and not their crime — 'Pour la populace, ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.'" These sentiments appear, indeed, somewhat out of date, and to belong to an age unlike our own. They are in truth, however, specially applicable to modern times, when experience no less than theory really proves that it is with people as with children: what they are allowed to do they often do not care to do at all; and a democracy with uncontrolled power to change everything is constantly found indisposed to alter anything.

The second inference which American conservatism, combined with a survey of the history of the United States, suggests to an impartial observer is closely allied to the conclusion that republicanism has no special connection with a love of change, but will hardly meet with ready acquiescence from your readers. This inference is that *bonâ-fide* popular government, the existence of as wide individual freedom as is compatible with the main-

tenance of law, complete legal and nearly complete social toleration both of free discussion and of differences of opinion, are not in themselves conditions which insure either general activity of intellectual speculation or a general interest in the promotion of original thought. All these conditions are fulfilled in the Union as it now exists. Can, however, any honest critic assert that American society is the home of extraordinary intellectual energy? No doubt more people are with you intelligently interested in what may be roughly termed intellectual matters than in any other country throughout the world. To put the matter simply, a greater proportion of your citizens are, I take it, intelligent readers than can be found in an European nation; but as far as a foreigner can judge from the obvious facts of the case, your educated classes follow in the main the lines pursued by the same classes in England, and are somewhat less agitated than Englishmen by the moral, social, or religious problems of the day. Scarcely any one will contend that you will find either in America or, indeed, in England the same speculative enthusiasm as was to be seen in France towards the close of the *ancien régime*, or, to take another example, anything like the burst of speculative and imaginative energy which prevailed in the little principalities of Germany at the beginning of the present century. Let us take another basis of comparison, and contrast the United States of to-day with American society of a century back. Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton, and the body of men who, born as British subjects, created the Union, have probably like other heroes gained something from distance, and have gained even more from the fact that their activity was displayed on a stage which attracted the eyes of the world; still, the fact remains that these men, bred in a colonial prov-

ince and under influences far less democratic than the institutions of modern America, are to this day the heroes of the Republic. Do not suppose that I in the least wish to hint at any exceptional decline in the intellectual power of America. Fluctuations in the capacity for developing genius are noticeable in all societies. There is nothing in England to compare with the group of celebrities who, to use a convenient Gallicism, "illustrated" the age of Scott, of Wordsworth, of Brougham, of Sydney Smith, and of Bentham. Modern France does not display the brilliancy of intellect which shone forth in the time of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau. The Germany of Moltke and Bismarck does not compare very favorably with the Germany of Goethe, of Schiller, of Niebuhr, and of Stein. My aim is not to show that American society exhibits any special deficiency in mental power, but simply to point to the conclusion that republican freedom is not a security for intellectual activity.

The idea that liberty must of itself stimulate speculalative energy, or, in other words, necessarily produce a spirit of active enquiry and of theoretical innovation, is natural enough. There is a real connection between individual liberty and freedom of thought, for the rule of liberty takes away the deadening influence of persecution. To this it may be added that as long as the free expression of opinion is the privilege of but very few countries, the states which enjoy this privilege will attract to them bold thinkers who cannot otherwise find room for their energies. Hence in the last century Holland, England, and Geneva shone with intellectual glories not properly their own. It was, therefore, all but inevitable that men who knew by experience that persecution might be strong enough to destroy the very springs of speculative power,

and who saw that free states were the homes of intellectual innovators, should conclude that there was a closer connection than in fact exists between political liberty and speculative activity. The extended experience of mankind has now taught us that persecution itself is, though when carried beyond a certain limit fatal to free thought, by no means its only enemy. Human indolence is, after all, the deadliest, because the most permanent, foe to intellectual achievements. We may, perhaps, even maintain that ineffective persecution — that is, persecution which irritates without destroying those upon whom it falls — is favorable to the promotion of speculative energy. Forbidden fruit has a peculiar charm just because it is forbidden. When this charm is removed it is often found that few persons care to climb high in search of the out-of-the-way fruits of the tree of knowledge. To say that moderate persecution occasionally produces some slight benefit by the reaction which it causes in its victims against the doctrines enforced by their persecutors, is not to tender an apology for intolerance. There are other things quite as important to mankind as the existence of vehement intellectual activity. To say that Voltaire or Diderot would not have displayed the whole of his powers in any society more tolerant than that in which he lived, is quite consistent with the belief that the intellectual and moral vices of the Regency were a dear price to pay for the rapid and rather hasty growth of the spirit of enlightenment. But, however this may be, the fact that unlimited freedom, while leaving room for speculation, does not in itself stimulate men's intellectual activity, is worth notice. As one contemplates (neither for praise nor blame but simply with a view to fair criticism) the marked conservatism of America, one is forced, or at least led, to the conclusion

that the democracy of the future, as it will not justify the fears of reactionists, will also somewhat disappoint the sanguine expectations of democratic enthusiasts. Freedom will, like wisdom, be justified of her children. She will, we may suspect, produce throughout the civilized world orderly, law-respecting, conservative societies, which will ensure progress, but will also take good care that mankind does not advance at too rapid a pace or dash recklessly into unknown paths.

THE "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT HARVARD

By B. L. Gildersleeve

(May 19, 1881)

For the hundreds who were present at the Sanders Theatre on Tuesday night, or who will witness the subsequent performances of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Harvard, there are thousands of the readers of the *Nation* who have followed the undertaking in thought, and it is for these lovers of classical study that I write. Not that I intend to go into an analysis of the play itself, for if any work of tragic art has been carefully studied it is the "Œdipus," and it would seem almost impossible to indicate one novel point in plot, in dialogue, or in chorus. Nor shall I consider here the conditions of the performance, although such a study might have some interest as an independent attempt to solve the problem of setting the antique "Œdipus" on the modern stage, but it would be more modest, and certainly far less dangerous, to learn the limits of the undertaking from the accomplished scholars who have had the matter in hand than to frame a speculative scheme on the possible. What I desire to say now, in connection with this enterprise, has a wider scope. The project itself is a matter of so much interest to all students of classical antiquity that even those who are slow to emerge from the still air of the teacher's life can hardly resist the temptation to tell a larger public why the Harvard play, which is an incident to so many, is an event to us, the issue of a long preparation and the promise of a better future; and I hope I shall be pardoned for taking the "Œdipus Tyrannus" as an illustration of the advance which has been

made in America within the last thirty or thirty-five years in studies which are classed by some ignorant or narrow people as non-progressive. Though a pessimist in all else, a man cannot be a pessimist in his calling, unless that calling be pessimism itself, and then it is a trade and not a calling. So, whatever else I may have despaired of, I have never despaired of the permanency of the ancient classics as an integral part of our civilization, and I think that Mr. Carlyle's testamentary provision as to the lapse of his classical bursaries was needless. Is there a decline in this country? The answer depends on the point of view. Less Latin may be quoted — quotation as a fine art is dead even in England; there are fewer allusions to mythology; our politicians do not stuff their speeches with Greek and Roman worthies; but there is a far better appreciation of Latin and Greek than there ever was before. People do not study Latin now because it is the source of "all the elegant expressions in English," as the young Princess Victoria did, nor Greek chiefly to read the New Testament in the original; and despite the tendency to make a classic author a stalking-horse for bringing down tough etymologies and netting queer constructions, there is a much closer study and a much truer appreciation of the literary art of antiquity now than at the time to which I refer; and this is shown signally by the very drama which everybody is talking of to-day.

Signally by the "Œdipus," because the "Œdipus" was and still is for the majority of college-bred men the play by which Sophocles is chiefly, if not solely, known. Of late years the repertory has been enlarged. The triad of "Prometheus," "Œdipus," and "Medea," by which Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were once regularly represented, is not so stable as it was; and yet the state-

ment will hold good. Why this prominence of the "Œdipus"? The fame of the piece in antiquity? The dictum of Aristotle? Certainly not the theme, unless we can see in the articulation of the play a certain affinity to the grimness of the American temper, which delights in the mechanical evolution of mischief. One should think that the "Antigone," the "Ajax," would be better adapted to the youthful mind than this dread tale of involuntary parricide and unconscious incest, this fearful self-immeshing of an heroic nature in the toils of doom. There is no chorus in the "Œdipus" that appeals to the young heart like the Eros chorus in the "Antigone," and boys hold their breath as they read the last words of Ajax. But in the divorce of scholastic training from real life the theme made very little difference to our fathers. I have recently read that, in a certain French Lycée, Petronius, or some similar classical impropriety, used to be a prize book. For that matter, the second Eclogue of Vergil is still read in schools. But it is not only the unreality of the method of study that neutralizes any bad effect: true poetry purifies of itself. It is only when we attempt to interpret these things to others that we feel the difference of the modern atmosphere. Last summer I was in the Gaiety Theatre waiting for the curtain to rise on Sarah Bernhardt's Phèdre, when a man took a seat by my side and asked me if I would have the kindness to give him an outline of the play; he knew no French, had no notion what it was all about, and wanted some clue to guide him in his admiration of the great actress. Often as I had read the "Hippolytus" and the "Phèdre," I felt for the first time the difficulty of putting the matter in such a form as not to shock myself by the crudeness of it. So the prose story of Œdipus is not easy to tell. It does not fit into a "Wonder-book for Boys and Girls." But the

play still holds its own in instruction. It has always been a favorite despite the theme, and it was this popularity that gave it a place in the "Græca Maiora," which was the advanced reading-book in most American colleges for nearly half a century. I have the copy used in my college days before me now as I write. It is the fourth American edition (Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co., 1839). Such a book could not get itself printed in America now. Shall I say because it is too learned? It is certainly a strange contrast both in cumbrousness and in crudeness to what is current to-day. The commentary is not bad reading to any one who has an interest in the development of study. It is so much behind the time in which this edition was printed that it seems incredible that the book should have held its ground into the second half of the century. I have a certain affection for it; the selections are fair, and it is pleasant to read the compliments to Porson, the reflections on Brunck's audacity, and the cautious references to that flagitious innovator Boeckh. But just now I am interested in trying to represent to myself what image of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" was possible to any youth whose chief reliance was on such a textbook. There is no attempt to develop the plot, none to give any notion of the Greek tragic art. This was supposed to be the duty of the *præceptor diligens*, who is first to learn all about it from Aristotle's "Poetic," Mason's "Elfrida and Caractacus," Brumoy's "Théâtre des Grecs" and the "Voyage du jeune Anacharsis," and then to impart his knowledge "*viva voce* to his disciples." Instruction in the metres is limited to the iambic, trochaic, and anapæstic verses. The choral rhythms are judiciously passed by. The knotty passages are explained fairly enough, all things considered; but what was the total effect? I verily believe that those of us who had any

knack at verse would have thought it no profanation to turn the dialogue into rhymed decasyllabics. Impossible! what is impossible? The feat was performed only last year in Ohio. As for the choruses, they were considered wilful puzzles, to which the Oxford translation, which circulated surreptitiously, gave a very uncertain clue. A "widower bull" and an "enigmatical bitch" — the latter unconventional turn being delicately relegated to a foot-note — were the most vivid figures in the phantasmagory that did duty for the true "Œdipus." Of course most of us felt that there must be poetry there, but the admiration was induced.

My contemporaries may have been more fortunate than I was, but I think that I represented the average lad of the average American college in the fifth decade of the century. The change that has come over our classical study since that time is due to German influence and German training, which were then but feebly felt except at the great centres; and this is a debt which we must not forget even now, when it is our right and our duty to assert a certain independence of judgment, and dare to think for ourselves and investigate for ourselves.

Sophocles is the favorite of the Germans, and it is possible that they have loved him too minutely. A subtle plot like that of the "Œdipus" may be dissected into filaments so fine that the threads will cease to hold. The tragic irony may be so magnified by the microphone of "sympathetic" criticism that the whole play will be a concert of diabolical fleers and flouts. But the deeper the study of Hellenic art, the stronger the conviction that the whole organism is permeated by thought transmuted into feeling; and, on the other hand, the closer the observation of the actual human life, the surer the certainty that the poet's vision and the world of fact are, after all,

one. However, the gain of classical studies in America has not been in this direction only. Our progress has been great in the appreciation of form. I am not going to enter upon the subject of pronunciation, though I consider the ejection of the English sounds a great gain; but there are other points in which the progress is less open to cavil. The very words of the Greek language, thanks to the advance of etymological study, glow and glitter as they never did in the olden time, and the Greek chorals sing themselves to us with a music which had been asleep for centuries. We cannot reproduce every detail, but we know enough to discern the principles of a noble harmony. The choruses are no longer straggling centipedes, with every foot different and no forward motion in any, but rhythmic pulses changing their beat with the shifting tides of passion. Nay, even the dialogue masses and deploys itself — not in mechanical puppetry, yet not without law. In the architecture of the drama as a whole it is, of course, possible to carry the study of proportion into absurd detail; but, as it is hard to overestimate the subtlety of the Greek sense, we do not go far wrong in the processes by which we unfold the implication of their works of art. We are only giving mathematical expression to an instinctive jet. How much of this advance has made itself felt in the performance of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Harvard is known by this time. Something more is expected than the vivid representation of the tragic power of the play. That power could not fail of manifestation by coarser means. Whether the rarer and subtler elements can be fixed by the actualization of the stage is the difficult problem. At any rate, the experiment could not have been in better hands.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN GERMANY

By Carl Schurz

(November 24, 1881)

The radical difference between the constitutional system of Germany and that of England could scarcely have been put in a stronger light than by the Emperor's speech at the opening of the Reichstag, and the construction given to that speech by the official press. The *North-German Gazette*, known as Prince Bismarck's organ, announces the measures recommended in the speech from the throne — the tobacco monopoly, the workingmen's insurance by the state, the biennial budget, etc. — as "the Emperor's programme," whereupon the Liberal press unanimously express regret "that the august person of the sovereign has thus been put forward in opposition to a majority of the nation in favor of Socialist and political projects for which Prince Bismarck ought himself to assume sole responsibility." An attempt to protect a Minister by shifting the responsibility for his measures upon the sovereign would be looked upon in England as a violation of the most fundamental principles of the Constitution. The Liberal press in Germany evidently seeks to put its disapproval of the Emperor's and the Chancellor's assumed relations on the same ground. It would be right in doing so if in Germany the same system of ministerial responsibility existed. But it does not. While in England the Ministers of the Crown are held responsible to Parliament, being subject to a vote of the Parliamentary majority, under the Constitution of the German Empire the Chancellor is responsible only to the Emperor, no matter whether the majority of the

Reichstag be for or against him. In this respect the German system bears a certain resemblance to that of the United States, where the Ministers are not, as to their measures, subject to a majority of Congress, except in cases of impeachment — with this fundamental difference, however, that the heads of the executive departments are in the first place responsible to the President, while the President is responsible for the conduct of the executive branch of the Government generally, holding his office only for a stated term, and also subject to impeachment, which the Emperor of Germany is not. And as the Emperor is responsible to nobody, no system of personal responsibility really exists under the Constitution of the Empire. It is clear, however, that under such circumstances the Emperor, like our President, may do what the Queen of England cannot do: announce certain measures of policy as his own personal programme without violating any principle of the German Constitution.

While for this reason it would be wrong to condemn the attitude in which the Emperor has been placed, on the ground of the Constitution as it is, the German Liberals are clearly right, in view of what the Constitution ought to be, in saying that the responsibility for the declarations of the Emperor's speech should be assumed by the Minister who originated the measures which that speech recommends. It is not at all improbable that this occurrence, which has put the irresponsible character of the Imperial Government in so glaring a light, will serve to make the question of the constitutional responsibility of Ministers again the subject of debate and agitation. We do not mean to say that such an agitation would be likely to lead to immediate results. It is, indeed, apparent that when Prince Bismarck feels himself obliged to seek support for his measures by entrenching them behind the

venerable figure and the popularity of the Emperor, he must think his own popularity and power over public opinion no longer strong enough to secure their success. Nor is it likely that by such a manœuvre the popular or Parliamentary opposition to the Chancellor's measures will be overcome. The same trick was tried during the campaign which preceded the elections, when the people were told every day by the organs of the Government in the press and on the hustings that every vote against the Conservative candidates would be a vote against the Emperor, and still the Liberal Opposition gained ground constantly. And now it is well enough understood that it is the Chancellor's programme for which the Emperor is merely serving as a breastwork. The Emperor's proclamation will therefore be less calculated to strengthen the Minister than to weaken himself.

But, after all, as long as the Emperor lives and Prince Bismarck holds sway over him, the agitation for constitutional reform will scarcely result in a movement strong enough to overturn their favorite principles of government and to put in their place a system with which they think they cannot carry on the affairs of the Empire. The popular respect for the person of the aged monarch and for the eminent services rendered by the Chancellor, as well as the belief in the latter as the "necessary man" to conduct the foreign policy of Germany, are still too strong to encourage a movement which, to succeed, must not shrink from general and uncompromising hostility to them. But the Emperor is old and cannot in the course of nature hold the reins much longer. Whether his successor would be as firmly wedded as his father to the system at present existing, and whether under him Prince Bismarck may hope to wield the same power with the same devoted support of the sovereign as here-

tofore, is at least questionable. It is popularly believed that he would not, even if he were to remain in his present position, and this popular belief will be sufficient to stimulate to fresh, more vigorous, and more hopeful efforts the aspirations for a government of constitutional responsibility, the want of which has now become once more so strikingly apparent.

GENERAL SHERMAN

By J. D. Cox

(February 19, 1891)

General William Tecumseh Sherman came of the well-known colonial family of that name which was settled at Boston before 1636. Several of them removed to Connecticut very early, and became prominent in the history of that colony. His grandfather, Judge Taylor Sherman of Norwalk, was one of the Connecticut Commissioners to organize for settlement the "fire lands" in Ohio, a reservation appropriated to the sufferers by the coast raids of Arnold and the British in the Revolution. This led to a family migration to Ohio, and Charles R. Sherman, the General's father, fixed his home at Lancaster, in the central part of the State, a pretty town in a lovely region. He attained distinction as a practising lawyer at the local bar, where Thomas Ewing and Henry Stanbery were leaders. The fact that the Indian Chief Tecumseh was recognized as a man of great qualities cannot have better proof than in Charles Sherman's naming his son William after him, in the frontier region where the qualities of the red man usually remembered are those which excite horror and alarm. The same fact shows the large-minded candor of the elder Sherman.

The General was born in 1820, being about midway in a large family of eleven children. His father was Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio from 1821 till his sudden death in 1829 from over-exposure to the sun in travelling the circuit in June. His accumulations had been small, and the mother, Mary Hoyt Sherman, had need of all the energy characteristic of the colonial families to meet

the burden thrown upon her. The hearty good neighborhood of such settlements made her friends efficient in finding means of livelihood for the growing children, and William T. was adopted into the family of Mr. Ewing, whose daughter, Ellen Boyle Ewing, he afterwards married. He had the advantage of education in a good academy at Lancaster, and was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point in 1836. He graduated in 1840, being sixth in a class of forty-three. He was commissioned in the army as a subaltern in the Third Artillery and was immediately sent to Florida, where the Seminole War was dragging towards its slow termination.

His service till the Mexican War was in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, including duties which took him over the ground in which his campaign of Atlanta and the March to the Sea afterwards occurred, and he gained what proved to be invaluable topographical knowledge of a region of which there were no maps worthy of the name. He was at home on recruiting service when the war with Mexico began in 1846, and immediately applied for work in the field. He was ordered to New York, assigned to Company F in his regiment, and with his battery was shipped in the storeship Lexington to California by way of Cape Horn. The ship visited Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso on the route, reaching Monterey after a long voyage of almost two hundred days. Mexico was too busy with the invasion by Scott and Taylor to make any strong effort to hold the province of Upper California, and it fell into our hands with the merest show of opposition. There was no fighting for Sherman to do, but the organization of a new dependency was thrown upon the military and naval officers, and he had a very active share in that work. His energy and strong business sense secured for him the

selection as Acting Adjutant-General of the Department, and he rode and sailed from one end of California to the other in his active performance of all sorts of duties connected with the Administration. Generals Halleck and Ord were among his intimates of his own age, and Hooker served with him a little later.

The discovery of gold, the wild rush of men of all countries to the mines, the submerging of the old Spanish population by the newcomers, the organization of a new State and its admission to the Union, made a wonderful experience for the young soldier, though not strictly of the military kind. Friends in the East tempted him to leave the army and embark in a banking business at San Francisco, in which he spent several years, managing the capital of others with a sturdy honesty and good sense which carried the house safe through the panic of 1855, and established for himself the reputation of a safe and conservative man of affairs, who kept his personal interests strictly subordinate to the trusts which were put in his hands. The period of financial depression culminated in 1857, and Sherman, oblivious of himself, advised the capitalists with whom he was associated to close a business which seemed to have risks disproportioned to any profits which could be realized without rash speculation.

Thrown again upon his own resources, a year or two was spent in tentative efforts to open a new professional or business career, and in 1859 he was invited to become Superintendent of a State Military Academy established in Louisiana. He accepted the position, full of faith that the threats of civil war which were already rife at the South would amount to nothing, and that a congenial career was opening to him. Less than two years brought home to him a second time the severest test of principle. Would he give up his support and that of his young

family — would he abandon what he had hoped would be a pleasant life-work — as a matter of patriotic duty? As soon as it became evident that Louisiana would secede, he resigned his place and returned home.

At this time he seems to have refused to believe that war was imminent, and to have had no expectation of resuming his military career. He did not sympathize with the anti-slavery movement in the North. John Sherman's identification with the Republican party as one of its leaders was not pleasant to him, and he used strong language about the "politicians" who were, as he thought, needlessly destroying the Union. When the South began active war by the attack on Fort Sumter, he expressed a willingness to reënter the regular army, but thought his duty to his wife and children forbade his entering the volunteer service for only three months, the extent of Lincoln's first call for troops. He tried the superintendence of a street-railway company in St. Louis, as a stop-gap and breadwinner for the moment, but tendered his military service to the Government when the call for three years' men was issued. He was appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, regular army, on May 14, 1861, and immediately went to Washington, where he was put upon inspection duty with the new volunteer army collecting there, while his subordinates in the regiment were recruiting and organizing it in different parts of the West.

The interval since he had resigned from the army in 1853 had been full of varied experience for him, and at times his outlook had been anything but promising; but he had faced every exigency with manly courage and highest principle, always asking first what was his duty, and putting last the question of his advantage. In the providential education which fits men for a great career,

the eight years were of more importance than he dreamed of. He had learned how to turn his hand (and his brain) to almost anything. He had developed self-reliance and patience in adversity. He had broadened his views of the world, and had been freed from the narrowing effect of military routine. He had greatly matured all his ideas and grown large in moral courage and in will. In short, he was fitted for command.

He commanded a brigade in the first battle of Bull Run, and in the turmoil of the retreat to Washington saw how much was to be done to make an army out of the noble but untrained material which flocked to the standard. Very soon General Robert Anderson asked for him to assist in the organization in Kentucky of the Army of the Ohio, and he was sent West with the grade of Brigadier-General. When Anderson's health failed, he succeeded to the department command, and his energetic representations as to what must be done in the West to carry on the war successfully seemed so extravagant to Cameron, the Secretary of War, that Sherman was pushed aside as unpractical and harebrained. In truth, he was so devoured by his ideas of the importance of the task the nation had undertaken, and of the absolute necessity of success in it, that his ardent temperament might well make his words like those of a man possessed. Here, at least, was a regular-army officer who was dead in earnest in pushing every resource of the country to the utmost to match the terrible energy the South was showing. He would have despised himself if he could have been capable of sitting down quietly to the routine of a department command, or of simply obeying orders, without trying to stimulate those above him to rise to his high conception of the needs of the time and of the only road to success.

Reduced to a subordinate position, he did not sulk. He still tried to do more than was required in his post, and to volunteer aid from his surplus energy to help others without jealousy or self-seeking. Thus he organized troops at Paducah to be sent up the Tennessee River to Grant, though they passed from his command and he had to go on organizing new brigades from the raw recruits coming in. He did not hesitate a moment to take a division to Pittsburgh Landing, and thus his connection with General Grant began. It would be hard to overestimate the action and reaction of these two men upon each other. Each supplemented the other, each appreciated the things in the other which he himself lacked. Each seemed at his best when coöperating with the other. From that time Sherman's history is the history of the war in the Gulf States — too long a story for such a notice as this, but one in which his courage and his patience, his energy and his self-command, his invention and his practical skill, his enterprise and his subordination, all and each were elements in a great and continuous success which never elated him, but seemed to make his judgment and his conduct ever safer and surer till final victory came, and the world was in doubt whether he or his great chief had the larger part in it.

Sherman's patriotism was as true in 1861 as it was four years later, but it was different in kind. He began the war under the sense of solemn duty to uphold the Constitution and the Union by fighting for the flag. He had been trained in the school of which his distinguished father-in-law, Thomas Ewing, was a leader. He disliked slavery, and wished to see it die out by the progress of enlightened civilization, but he could endure it and live in a society where it existed. He advocated immediate amelioration of the slave's condition and his education;

but he thought the men were fools who advocated immediate abolition. He would have carried out Clay's compromises and waited for the progress of mankind to solve the rest of the problem.

The war taught him that peace could only come with universal emancipation; yet even in April, 1865, he was willing to accept the practical certainty of this, and not to insist upon its formal acknowledgment by the South. He thought it a fact accomplished by Lincoln's proclamation, and was not averse to smoothing the way to restored national relations by letting this be tacitly recognized in the final surrender. When once the war was over, however, he advocated everything which could be fairly considered the logical consequence of the victory, and was one of the rare instances of men who become less conservative as they grow older.

He persistently refused to be a candidate for the Presidency when it was notorious that he had but to say the word and he would be the nominee of the Republican party. It is possible that in this he was influenced by his brotherly wish that Senator Sherman should have the political honors, as he himself had the military ones; but he was consistent in it, for he always maintained that Grant's leaving the army to be made President was the great error of his life. The force of association made him more a party man in his later years than his earlier, but no one can doubt the quenchless fire of his patriotism, and his absolute devotion to what he regarded as the good of his whole country.

His outspoken frankness was a very striking trait of his character. It was not always bluntness in the common meaning of that term. It was rather the complete unreserve of one who was willing to have you see into his inmost soul, and who was incapable of a pretence. With

this was a genial courtesy which was often very taking in his intercourse with men, and peculiarly so with women. His memoirs are one of the most noteworthy examples of self-revealing in the whole range of autobiography. Those who were nearest to him in his career know best how absolutely truthful is his story of his life, his motives, his judgments, his ambitions. He held it to be part of his duty to truth and to the development of military science that he should not withhold his unfavorable judgment when he had so judged, nor gloze over the rough passages of military experience by a general varnish of praise. He acknowledged his liability to error, and said he should be as glad as any other to have his errors corrected. His opening the appendix of his second edition to those who might think he had wronged them, was an unexampled thing of its kind.

As an officer in the field, his loyalty to his superiors was always transparent. He would urge his opinions: he would boldly use such discretion as was given him; he would suggest plans; but when the proper authority, military or civil, had spoken, he did what was ordered with as faithful a zeal as if he were carrying out his own ideas. His criticisms were always in the interest of the common purpose, never selfish. He gave the full power of his brain to helping perfect the plan, and neither gave nor took offence in doing so. When success was reached by different means from those he had advised, as in Grant's investment of Vicksburg, his hearty recognition of it was not diminished by a jealous word or thought.

He was never a martinet. He says himself that he was not in good "form" enough to be an officer of cadets, and remained in the ranks. He knew that in military matters form is apt to overtop substance. He wanted everything to be subordinate to the end. If pipe-clay,

knapsacks, and leather stocks made the soldier march or fight less energetically, he wanted black belts, loose blouses, and blankets across the shoulder; and so with tactics. Simplicity of movement, few manœuvres, speed in getting to the proper position, and good fighting shape when there, these were in his eyes the important thing, and all the world has come to his opinion.

The two or three great captains in any age are alike in the supreme qualities which make a general. They have the unruffled presence of mind which makes their intellectual operations most sure and true in the greatest and most sudden peril, and the true greatness which makes the most momentous decision and unhesitating action under vast responsibility as if these were the everyday work of their lives. The present generation has in our army seen two such, Grant and Sherman. It is doubtful if it has seen a third. A number of brilliant names of the second order might have developed into the highest rank, but none can fully claim it who has not handled a hundred thousand men in an independent campaign.

It remains only to add that General Sherman was better loved the better he was known. His subordinates who gave him zealous service have no sores or scars caused by his rule. He could command without being arrogant. He weighed all good reasons, he listened to all reasonable complaints. He was a good comrade and a loyal friend who made no pretence of superiority, but who knew when and how to give the word of command. The country has lost a great and pure character and a great patriot, and will find him greater as the seasons pass over his grave.

A GREAT EXAMPLE

By E. L. Godkin

(November 10, 1892)

When Mr. Cleveland, in December of 1887, sent in his anti-tariff message, there was hardly a prominent man in his party who did not think he had made a great mistake. Even those who agreed to the full with his opinions thought the publication of them a piece of magnificent folly, for which he and the party were sure to suffer. His reëlection before he wrote his message was, as he stood, all but certain. Even the Republicans, large numbers of whom had come over to him as, on the whole, a wise and prudent statesman, admitted this. It seemed as if his canvass, in spite of the poor antecedents of his party, would be a walkover. He aggravated his fault, from the politicians' point of view, by failure to consult with them before taking his plunge. The language of the message was not sufficiently studied, some said. It showed want of thorough familiarity with the workings of the tariff, said others. Others, again, wished that before he wrote it he had made a more thorough study of political economy. But, for one reason or another, all except a few of the more enthusiastic tariff reformers thought he had destroyed his own usefulness as a candidate, and condemned his party to another period of eclipse. What groaning and moaning over him there was among "the practical men" during the remainder of the winter! How they cursed the Mugwumps and the professors for leading him astray! How sure they were that the American people would not stand such foolishness! How glad his enemies — the Hill men, Tammany men,

and political debauchees of every description — were that he had planned his own destruction and would soon trouble the party councils no more.

His defeat came almost as a matter of course. His message took the public, bred in protectionist fallacies, by surprise. It alarmed the manufacturers, and gave the Quays a larger fund than they had ever had before to save their monopoly. He was nominated largely because the party had no one else of any prominence to put up, and almost with a certainty of failure. Mr. Cleveland went back into private life with serenity, leaving his message to be pondered, and leaving the Republicans in full possession of the Government, with full power to push the protectionist principle to any extreme they pleased. It then soon appeared that the message was a stroke of genius; that it had at last secured for the tariff thorough popular attention and discussion, such as no speech, article, or book could secure for it. Its very simplicity, its freedom from details, its avoidance of the reserves, qualifications, and discriminations which a more erudite economist would have introduced into it, proved its greatest merit. There never was a more signal illustration of the poet's saying, that a mans' best " armor is his honest thought, and simple truth his utmost skill." The fact that the author had staked his chance of the Presidency on it, had issued it in defiance of the advice of the worldly-wise, and was prepared to live or die by it, was an appeal of the utmost power to the love and admiration which the American people, and all people of the Western World, feel for the man who is not afraid — who says, with the noble army of martyrs and the goodly company of patriots and reformers of all ages and all countries, "Here I stand. I can do no otherwise, God help me."

In his letter about silver Mr. Cleveland gave another and almost as striking a proof of the wisdom of his boldness. When he wrote it, in February, 1891, his party was apparently bent on rushing down another steep place to its ruin by conniving at or avoiding collision with the currency lunatics, who, in conjunction with a band of tricky mining speculators, were trying to debase the currency of a great commercial nation. The "practical men" again thought that, as a possible candidate, he ought carefully to hold his peace about this immense folly and wickedness, or, if he spoke at all, clothe his thought in such cloudy phraseology that it could be made to bear two or three meanings, if not wholly to conceal it from the popular understanding. But he refused to be a party to this little stroke of low cunning, and, taking his courage, as the French say, in both hands, gave the silver folly a blow from which it never recovered. He blew it clean out of the party mind and the party platform by a single shot. Again the shrewd politicians sat down on the party stoop and wept, and prepared sorrowfully to nominate a first-class juggler in the person of David B. Hill, who was to show the wretched Mugwumps how much better it was to be able to keep six balls in the air at once than to be able to show the absurdity of a fluctuating currency. In one year that letter of February had again confounded the shrewd, and put heart and hope into the timid and shifty.

Mr. Cleveland's triumph to-day has been largely due to the young voters who have come on the stage since the reign of passion and prejudice came to an end and the era of discussion has opened. If the last canvass has consisted largely of appeals to reason, to facts, to the lessons of human experience, to the teachings of Christianity and science, and has brought confusion on the preachers

of mediæval barbarism and absurdity; if it has put a stamp of horror and contempt on the attempts to make mutual hate a necessary accompaniment of peaceful industrial competition — thus furnishing Socialism with one of its best weapons — it is to Mr. Cleveland, let us tell them, they owe it. But they are indebted to him for something far more valuable than even this— for an example of splendid courage in the defence and assertion of honestly formed opinions; of Roman constancy under defeat, and of patient reliance on the power of deliberation and persuasion on the American people. Nothing is more important, in these days of "boodle," of indifference, of cheap bellicose patriotism, than that this confidence in the might of common sense and sound doctrine and free speech should be kept alive.

HELMHOLTZ

By C. S. Peirce

(September 13, 1894)

Dr. Hermann Helmholtz, as his contemporaries have called him, the acknowledged and worshipped head of the scientific guild, is gone. He was born on August 31, 1821, at Potsdam, where his father was professor of the gymnasium. His mother's maiden name was Caroline Penn; she came of a branch of that family settled in Germany since the religious troubles in England. From childhood Hermann had a passion for science; but the nineteenth century came near missing this great light, for the circumstances of the family were such that no road to science was open to him except that of studying medicine in the Military Institute of Berlin. He took his degree of M.D. in 1842, and his inaugural dissertation, the only Latin publication of his life, related to the nervous systems of invertebrate animals. He was at once attached to the service of charity, and began without delay to study putrefaction, upon which in 1843 he published a memoir maintaining its purely chemical nature — an opinion subsequently surrendered. He soon returned to Potsdam a surgeon in the army. In 1845 he was employed with good reason to write articles on animal heat in a medical encyclopædia of high character, and in the yearly report upon the progress of physics. The same year he printed an original investigation of the waste of substance of a muscle in action.

After that, for about two years, he produced nothing. It was one of those periods of seeming idleness to which the most productive geniuses are subject, and which af-

ford mediocrity matter for carping. Other young scientists filled the journals of 1846 with the records of their industry, but not one syllable came from Helmholtz. He was not heard from until 1847, and not till July 23, when he read a paper before the Physical Society of Berlin. This paper was entitled "The Conservation of Force." In the judgment of many of those who have examined the matter, it was the epoch-making work from which alone the greatest scientific discovery that man has ever made must date. Certainly it was the argument which produced the intense conviction with which the world has held that doctrine ever since. It is fair to say that other excellent critics, and Helmholtz himself among them, award the merit of the first enunciation of the great law to Robert Mayer, who, in 1842, had published a paper which attracted no attention whatever, and of which Helmholtz in 1847 was as little aware as the rest of the world. But, in any case, there is no doubt that Helmholtz was the first to conceive the proposition from the point of view which made it so attractive to all accurate thinkers and so wonderfully fecund in new truth.

According to his statement, nothing exists in the outer world but matter. Matter *in itself* (*an sich*) is capable of no alteration but motion in space, and these motions are modified only by fixed attractions and repulsions, and this is true everywhere, even in the actions of animals and men. It was an amazingly bold assertion, utterly opposed to almost every kind of philosophy, certainly to Kantian and all post-Kantian idealism, as well as to the nominalistic idealism of the English school, which such writers as Ernst Mach have taken up. But the implicit faith with which it has been received is a singular psychological phenomenon, for the theory that all human actions are subjected to a law having no teleological character, when

we know (or seem to know) that our actions are adjusted to purposes, has obvious difficulties; and the experimental evidence of the correctness of the law as applied to animal physiology is very slender. Indeed, some of the most careful researches (as those of Fick and Wislicenus) have led to results directly opposed to it. Yet the physiologists, one and all — the judicious Michael Foster, for example — simply treat those results as absurd. In this aspect Helmholtz's great doctrine appears as the pet *petitio principii* of our time. Its truth was unquestionable, in the only sense in which anything based on induction can rationally be admitted as true, namely, its *close approximation* to exactitude. Nobody can deny that it is at once the crown and the key of physical science. In that memoir, by the way, Helmholtz first displayed his facility in applying the calculus to unaccustomed problems — a facility very surprising in a man of twenty-six whose studies had been supposed to lie in the direction of anatomy and physiology. Surely, in the company of that memorable meeting of the Physical Society there must have been some who were able to discern that they were in the presence of one of the most stupendous intellects that the human race has yet produced.

Of course, a reward was due from organized humanity to the man who had thus lifted man's mind to a higher vantage ground. And this reward came, for the next year he was created no less than assistant in the Anatomical Museum of Berlin. He now began to occupy himself with the physiology of hearing. In 1849 he was appointed supplementary (or extraordinary) professor of physiology in the University of Königsberg (without salary), and in 1850, on July 19, he communicated to the Physical Society of Berlin an elaborate memoir breaking ground in the interesting field of the measurement of the

duration of nerve-actions. In 1851 he invented the ophthalmoscope, for which many and many a human being has owed him his eyesight. This year he began an original study of electrodynamics. In 1852 he was promoted to a regular chair in the university. His discourse upon his installation dealt with peripheral sensations in general, especially those of sight and hearing. It was a comparison of the relation existing between the vibrations that excite a given sense, and those existing between the sensations themselves. We remark that while the memoir on the "Conservation of Force" fairly bristled with repetitions of the philosophical phrase *an sich* (in itself), it is in this discourse carefully avoided. It would seem that something must have happened in the interval which made Helmholtz dread *an sich* as a burnt child does fire. In this paper, such ingenuity is used to avoid it that but once does it slip in, and then in a negative phrase. But since the idea was there, we cannot praise Helmholtz for not giving it its proper dress.

In giving the substance of his lecture, we need not imitate his circumlocutions to avoid this natural phrase. His point was this: vibration-systems essentially different give rise to precisely the same color-sensations. There are three fundamental color-sensations, which, being mingled in different amounts, give rise to all others; but there is nothing corresponding to this tri-dimensionality in the vibrations themselves. On the contrary, the sensations of a color-blind person for whom one of the three fundamental sensations is non-existent, much better correspond with the facts in themselves. Sounds, on the whole, correspond more accurately to the vibrations. But, to the ear, the difference between one rate of vibration and another is hardly perceptible until two different sounds are compared. If a melody is transposed

to another key, the effect is nearly the same; but a painter who should transpose red to yellow, yellow to green, green to blue, and blue to violet, would make a nightmare of his painting. These are certainly striking facts; but still more interesting is it to note what lesson it was that this typical nineteenth-century understanding drew from them. Other minds as clear as his might have read here the incommensurability between mind and matter, and have found a refutation of materialism in the circumstance that mind here acts as matter could not do. But the conclusion of Helmholtz is that the sense-qualities distinguish the things in themselves about as well and about as arbitrarily as the names Henry, Charles, and John parcel out human kind.

Besides this "*Habilitationsvortrag*," a "*Habilitationsschrift*" was expected from the new professor, and this last set forth his theory of the mixture of colors. It was, at bottom, the doctrine of Dr. Thomas Young; and only the careful comparison with observation, and the application of it to explain effects of mixing pigments and the like, were new. In 1854 he attended the meeting of the British Association at Hull, and there read a fuller account of his theory of colors, which no doubt induced Maxwell to take up this study, who soon made it even more lucid and beautiful than Helmholtz had done. In 1855 he became professor of physiology at Bonn. In 1856 he began the publication of his great treatise on physiological optics, which was not completed till ten years later. On May 22 of the same year, he announced to the Berlin Academy his discovery of combinational tones, which are musical sounds resulting from the interferences of the vibrations making two other sounds.

In 1858 he became professor in Heidelberg, at that time the ultimate goal of a German professor's ambition;

and in the same year he astonished the mathematical world by his great memoir on eddies, or vortices, a matter of fundamental importance in hydrodynamics. It was a very great and fruitful idea which he there advanced, and which he wonderfully developed. Much has already come from it, but its full harvest yet remains to be gathered in. No mathematician will dispute that this was a work only second in importance to the cataclysmic essay on the "Conservation of Force." During the next two years Helmholtz's acoustical researches were very prolific, and at the same time he published remarkable papers upon color-blindness and upon the contrasts of colors. In 1860, on April 12, he read to the Vienna Academy a paper giving measurements by his pupil, Von Pietrowski, of the viscosity of fluids, with a mathematical discussion by himself. Although the subject was not quite new, Stokes's masterly work dating from 1851, still Maxwell's researches were not yet begun, and this memoir constituted another important contribution to hydrodynamics and to the general conception of matter. Helmholtz himself very soon began to apply these ideas in acoustics.

We next find him engaged upon the difficult problem of the horopter and the motions of the eye. One of the next subjects to engage his attention was the musical note which is emitted from a strongly contracted muscle. In 1862 appeared his great work on "Sensations and Sound" and the theory of music, and with it the main work of his life was accomplished. Since that time he has indeed produced enough to make another man famous; it is little only in comparison with his earlier achievements. He has written, for example, papers upon the facts underlying geometry which were substantially anticipated by Riemann's great work, with

which Helmholtz would seem not to have been acquainted. To produce independently that which was the proudest laurel of one of the most original mathematicians of the ages was a great feat, but it was needless. There were also a series of memoirs in which Helmholtz discusses all the principal systems of formulæ which have been proposed by different physicists as laws of electrodynamics. He gave the first mathematical explanation of the formation of ordinary waves upon water — an explanation which not only enables us to see why certain forms of waves which might exist are not produced in nature, but also throws much light on other subjects. In 1871, he was appointed professor of physics, no longer of physiology, in the university of Berlin. Twenty years later he was made president and director of the Physikalisch-Technische Reichsanstalt, a foundation under the control of the Imperial Department of the Interior, for the experimental furthering of exact natural inquiry and the technics of precision.

Not the slightest allusion to any moral or religious problem ever dropped from the pen of Helmholtz. Though no reference to Hegel or Hegelianism appears in his pages, he more than any other namable person caused the downfall of that kind of speculation in Germany, and brought in the present admiration for the English style of philosophizing which his own so much resembled. The temper of the man was admirable. He never indulged in one of those reclamations of priority into which scientific vanity is sure to be betrayed, but several times published notes to show that his own results were not so new as he and the scientific world believed them to be. He did much to bring into notice the works of other physicists, among them the Americans Rowland and Rood (his visit last year to this county is

freshly remembered). He found himself several times engaged in controversies with redoubtable antagonists, Clausius, Bertrand, perhaps we may so reckon Land. In every case he so conducted himself as to bespeak an imperious desire to find out the truth and to publish it; and every approach to personality was avoided or flung away from him as a pestilential infection. The world owes much to the intellectual clearness and integrity of Hermann Helmholtz, M.D.

GLADSTONE

By James Bryce

(May 26, 1898)

No man has lived in our times of whom it is so hard to speak in a concise and summary fashion as Mr. Gladstone. For forty years he was so closely associated with the public affairs of his country that the record of his parliamentary life comes near to being an outline of English politics. His activity spread itself out over many fields. He was the author of several learned and thoughtful books, and of a multitude of articles upon all sorts of subjects. He showed himself as eagerly interested in matters of classical scholarship and Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical history as in questions of national finance and foreign policy. No account of him could be complete without reviewing his actions and estimating the results of his work in all these directions.

But the difficulty of describing and judging him goes deeper. His was a singularly complex nature, a character hard to unravel. His individuality was extremely strong; all that he said or did bore its impress. Yet it was an individuality so far from being self-consistent as sometimes to seem a bundle of opposite qualities capriciously united in a single person. He might with equal truth be called, and he has been in fact called, a conservative and a revolutionary. He was dangerously impulsive, and had frequently to suffer from his impulsiveness; yet he was also not merely wary and cautious, but so astute as to have been accused of craft and dissimulation. So great was his respect for authority and tradi-

tion that he clung to views regarding the unity of Homer and the historical claims of Christian sacerdotalism which the majority of competent specialists have now rejected. So bold was he in practical matters that he transformed the British Constitution, changed the course of English policy in the Orient, destroyed an established church in one part of the United Kingdom, and committed himself to the destruction of two established churches in two other parts. He came near to being a Roman Catholic in his religious opinions, yet was for twenty years the darling leader of the English Protestant Nonconformists and the Scotch Presbyterians. No one who knew him intimately doubted his conscientious sincerity and earnestness, yet four fifths of the English upper classes were, in his later years, wont to regard him as a self-interested schemer who would sacrifice his country to his lust for power. Though he loved general principles, and often soared out of the sight of his audience when discussing them, he generally ended by deciding upon points of detail the question at issue. He was at different times of his life the defender and the assailant of the same institutions, yet he scarcely seemed inconsistent in doing opposite things, because his method and his arguments preserved the same type and color throughout.

Any one who had at the beginning of his career discerned in him the capacity for such strange diversities and contradictions, would probably have predicted that they must wreck it by making his purposes weak and his course erratic. Such a prediction would have proved true of any one with less firmness of will and less intensity of temper. It was the persistent heat and vehemence of his character, the sustained passion which he threw into the pursuit of the object on which he was for

the moment bent, that fused these dissimilar qualities, and made them appear to contribute to and to increase the total force which he exerted.

Theories of character based on race differences are dangerous, because they are so easy to form and so hard to test. Still, no one denies that there are qualities and tendencies generally found in the minds of men of certain stocks, just as there are peculiarities in their faces or in their speech. Mr. Gladstone was born and brought up in Liverpool, and always retained a touch of Lancashire accent. But, as he was fond of saying, every drop of blood in his veins was Scotch. His father was a Lowland Scot from the neighborhood of Biggar, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, where the old yeoman's dwelling of Gladstanes — the kite's rock — may still be seen. His mother was of Highland extraction, by name Robertson, from Dingwall, in Ross-shire. Thus he was not only a Scot, but a Scot with a strong infusion of the Celtic element, the element whence the Scotch derive most of what distinguishes them from the English. The Scot is more excitable, more easily brought to a glow of passion, more apt to be eagerly absorbed in one thing at a time. He is also more fond of abstract intellectual effort. It is not merely that the taste for metaphysical theology is commoner in Scotland than in England, but that the Scotch have a stronger relish for general principles. They like to set out by ascertaining and defining such principles, and then to pursue a series of logical deductions from them. They are, therefore, somewhat bolder reasoners than the English, less content to remain in the region of concrete facts, more eager to hasten on to the process of working out a body of speculative doctrines. The Englishman is apt to plume himself on being right in spite of logic; the Scotchman delights to think that it

is through logic he has reached his conclusions, and that he can by logic defend them.

These are qualities which Mr. Gladstone drew from the Scottish blood. He had a keen enjoyment of the processes of dialectic. He loved to get hold of an abstract principle and to derive all sorts of conclusions from it. He was wont to begin the discussion of a question by laying down two or three sweeping propositions covering the subject as a whole, and would then proceed to draw from these others which he could apply to the particular matter in hand. His well-stored memory and boundless ingenuity made this finding of such general propositions so easy a task that a method in itself agreeable sometimes appeared to be carried to excess. He frequently arrived at conclusions which the judgment of the sober auditor did not approve, because, although they seemed to have been legitimately deduced from the general principles just enunciated, they were somehow at variance with the plain teaching of the facts. At such moments one felt that the man who was charming but perplexing Englishmen by his subtlety and ingenuity was not himself an Englishman in mental quality, but had the love for abstractions and refinements and dialectical analysis which characterizes the Scotch intellect. He had also a large measure of that warmth and vehemence called in the sixteenth century the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, which belongs to the Scottish temperament, and particularly to the Celtic Scot. He kindled quickly, and, when kindled, he shot forth a strong and brilliant flame.

With these Scottish qualities, Mr. Gladstone was brought up at school and college among Englishmen, and received at Oxford, then lately awakened from a long torpor, a bias and tendency which never thereafter ceased to affect him. The so-called "Oxford Movement,"

which afterwards obtained the name of Tractarianism and carried Dr. Newman, together with other less famous leaders, on to Rome, had not yet in 1831, when Mr. Gladstone won his degree with double first-class honors, taken visible shape, or become, so to speak, conscious of its own purposes. But its doctrinal views, its peculiar vein of religious sentiment, its respect for antiquity and tradition, its proneness to casuistry, its taste for symbolism, were already potent influences working on the more susceptible of the younger minds. On Mr. Gladstone they told with full force. He became, and never ceased to be, not merely a High Churchman, but what may be called an Anglo-Catholic in his theology; deferential, not only to ecclesiastical tradition, but to the living voice of the visible Church, respecting the priesthood as the recipients (if duly ordained) of a special grace and peculiar powers, attaching great importance to the sacraments, feeling himself nearer to the Church of Rome, despite what he deemed her corruptions, than to any of the non-episcopal Protestant churches. Henceforth his interests in life were as much ecclesiastical as political. For a time he desired to be ordained a clergyman. Had this wish been carried out, it can scarcely be doubted that he would eventually have become the leading figure in the Church of England and have sensibly affected her recent history. The later stages in his career drew him away from the main current of political opinion within that church. He who had been the strongest advocate of established churches came to be the leading agent in the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, and a supporter of the policy of disestablishment in Scotland and in Wales. But the color which these Oxford years gave to his mind and thoughts was never obliterated.

When the brilliant young Oxonian entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-three, Sir Robert Peel was leading the Tory party with an authority and ability rarely surpassed in parliamentary annals. Within two years the young man was admitted into the short-lived Tory Ministry of 1834, and soon proved himself an active and promising lieutenant of the experienced chief. Peel was an eminently wary and cautious man, alive to the necessity of watching the signs of the times, of studying and interpreting the changeful phases of public opinion. His habit was to keep his own counsel, and even when he perceived that the policy he had hitherto followed would need to be modified, to continue to use guarded language and refuse to commit himself to change till he perceived that the fitting moment had arrived. He was, moreover, a master of detail, slow to propound a plan until he had seen how its outlines were to be filled up by appropriate devices for carrying it out in practice. These qualities and habits of the Minister profoundly affected his gifted disciple. They became part of the texture of his own political character; and in his case, as in that of Peel, they sometimes brought censure upon him, as having withheld too long from the public views or purposes which he thought it unwise to disclose till effect could promptly be given to them. Such reserve, such a guarded attitude and conservative attachment to existing institutions, were not altogether natural to Mr. Gladstone's mind, and the contrast between them and some of his other qualities, like the contrast which ultimately appeared between his sacerdotal tendencies and his political liberalism, contributed to make his character perplexing and to expose his conduct to the charge of inconsistency.

Mr. Gladstone sat for sixty-three years in Parliament,

and for more than twenty-six years was the leader of his party, and therefore the central figure of English politics. As has been said, he began as a high Tory, remained about fifteen years in that camp, was then led by the split between Peel and the protectionists to take up an intermediate position, and finally was forced to cast in his lot with the Liberals — for in England, as in America, third parties seldom endure. No parliamentary career in English annals is comparable to his for its length and variety; and of those who saw its close in the House of Commons, there was only one man, Mr. Villiers (who died in January, 1898), who could remember its beginning. He had been opposed in 1833 to men who might have been his grandfathers; he was opposed in 1893 to men who might have been his grandchildren. It took fourteen years, from 1846 to 1860, to carry him from the Conservative into the Liberal camp. It took five stormy years to bring him round to Irish home rule, though his mind was constantly occupied with the subject from 1880 to 1885; and those who watched him closely saw that the process had advanced some considerable way even in 1881. And as regards ecclesiastical establishments, having written a book in 1838, as a warm advocate of state churches, it was not till 1867 that he adopted the policy of disestablishment for Ireland, not till 1890 that he declared himself ready to apply it in Wales and Scotland also.

No great popular leader had in him less of the true ring of the demagogue. He saw, of course, that a statesman cannot oppose the popular will beyond a certain point, and may have to humor it in order that he may direct it. Now and then, in his later days, he so far yielded to his party advisers as to express his approval of proposals for which he cared little personally. But he

was too self-absorbed, too eagerly interested in the ideas that suited his own cast of thought, to be able to watch and gauge the tendencies of the multitude. On several occasions he announced a policy which startled people and gave a new turn to the course of events. But in none of these instances, and certainly not in the three most remarkable — his declarations against the Irish church establishment in 1868, against the Turks and the traditional English policy of supporting them in 1876, and in favor of Irish home rule in 1886 — did any popular demand suggest his pronouncement. It was the masses who took their view from him, not he who took his mandate from the masses. In all of these instances he was at the time in Opposition, and was accused of having made this new departure for the sake of recovering power. In the two former he prevailed, and was ultimately admitted by his more candid adversaries to have counselled wisely. In all of them he may, perhaps, be censured for not having sooner perceived, or at any rate for not having sooner announced, the need for reform. But it was very characteristic of him not to give the full strength of his mind to a question till he felt that it pressed for a solution. Those who discussed politics with him were scarcely more struck by the range of his vision and his power of correlating principles and details, than by his unwillingness to commit himself on matters whose decision he could postpone. Reticence and caution were sometimes carried too far, not merely because they exposed him to misconstruction, but because they withheld from his party the guidance it needed. This was true in all the three instances just mentioned; and in the last of them his reticence probably contributed to the separation from him of some of his former colleagues. Nor did he always rightly divine the popular mind. Absorbed in his own financial views,

he omitted to note the change that had been in progress between 1862 and 1874, and thus his proposal in the latter year to extinguish the income tax fell completely flat. He often failed to perceive how much the credit of his party was suffering from the belief, quite groundless so far as he personally was concerned, that his Government was indifferent to what are called Imperial interests, the interests of England outside England. But he always thought for himself, and never stooped to flatter the prejudices or inflame the passions of any class in the community.

Though the power of reading the signs of the times and moving the mind of the nation as a whole may be now more essential to an English statesman than the skill which manages a legislature or holds together a cabinet, that skill counts for much, and must continue to do so while the House of Commons remains the supreme governing authority of the country. A man can hardly reach high place, and certainly cannot retain high place, without possessing this kind of art. Mr. Gladstone was at one time thought to want it. In 1864, when Lord Palmerston's end was evidently near, and Mr. Gladstone had shown himself the most brilliant and capable man among the Liberal ministers in the House of Commons, people speculated about the succession to the headship of the party; and the wiseacres of the day were never tired of repeating that Mr. Gladstone could not possibly lead the House of Commons. He wanted tact (they said), he was too excitable, too impulsive, too much absorbed in his own ideas, too unversed in the arts by which individuals are conciliated. But when, after twenty-five years of his unquestioned reign, the time for his own departure drew nigh, men asked how the Liberal party of the House of Commons would ever hold together after

it had lost a leader of such consummate capacity. Seldom has a prediction been more utterly falsified than that of the Whig critics of 1864. They had grown so accustomed to Palmerston's way of handling the House as to forget that a man might succeed by quite different methods. And they forgot also that the man may have many defects and yet in spite of them be incomparably the fittest for a great place.

Of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, something must now be said. By it he rose to fame and power, as, indeed, by it most English statesmen have risen, save those to whom wealth and rank and family connections have given a sort of presumptive claim to high office, like the Cavendishes and the Russells, the Cecils and the Bentincks. And for many years, during which Mr. Gladstone was distrusted as a statesman because, while he had ceased to be a Tory, he had not fully become a Liberal, his eloquence was the main, one might almost say the sole, source of his influence.

The permanent reputation of an orator depends upon two things, the witness of contemporaries to the impression produced upon them, and the written or printed — we may, perhaps, be soon able to say the phonographed — record of his speeches. Few are the famous speakers who would be famous if they were tried by this latter test alone, and Mr. Gladstone was not one of them. It is only by a rare combination of gifts that one who speaks with so much readiness, force, and brilliance as to charm his listeners, is also able to deliver such valuable thoughts in such choice words that posterity will read them as literature. Some few of the ancient orators did this; but we seldom know how far those of their speeches which have been preserved are the speeches which they actually delivered. Among moderns, some French preachers,

Edmund Burke, Macaulay, and Daniel Webster are perhaps the only speakers whose discourses have passed into classics and find new generations of readers. Twenty years hence Mr. Gladstone's will not be read except, of course, by historians. They are too long, too diffuse, too minute in their handling of details, too elaborately qualified in their enunciation of general principles. They contain few epigrams, and few of those weighty thoughts put into telling phrases which the Greeks called γνῶμαι. The style, in short, is not sufficiently rich or finished to give a perpetual interest to matters whose practical importance has vanished. The same oblivion has overtaken all but a very few of the best things of Grattan, Pitt, Canning, Plunket, Brougham, Peel, Bright. It may, indeed, be said — and the examples of Burke and Macaulay show that this is no paradox — that the speakers whom posterity most enjoys are rarely those who most affected the audiences that listened to them.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone be judged by the impression he made on his own time, his place will be high in the front rank. His speeches were neither so concisely telling as Mr. Bright's nor so finished in diction; but no other man among his contemporaries — neither Lord Derby nor Mr. Lowe nor Mr. Disraeli nor Bishop Wilberforce nor Bishop Magee — deserved comparison with him. And he rose superior to Mr. Bright himself in readiness, in variety of knowledge, in persuasive ingenuity. Mr. Bright required time for preparation, and was always more successful in alarming his adversaries and stimulating his friends than in either instructing or convincing anybody. Mr. Gladstone could do all these four things, and could do them at an hour's notice, so vast and well-ordered was the arsenal of his mind. His oratory had many conspicuous merits. There was a

lively imagination, which enabled him to relieve even dull matter by pleasing figures, together with a large command of quotations and illustrations. There were remarkable powers of sarcasm — powers, however, which he rarely used, preferring the summer lightning of banter to the thunderbolt of invective. There was admirable lucidity and accuracy in exposition. There was great skill in the disposition and marshalling of his arguments, and finally — a gift now almost lost in England — there was a wonderful variety and grace of appropriate gesture. But above and beyond everything else which enthralled the listener, there were four qualities, two specially conspicuous in the substance of his eloquence — inventiveness and elevation; two not less remarkable in his manner — force in the delivery, expressive modulation in the voice.

The note of genuineness and spontaneity which marked the substance of his speeches was no less conspicuous in their delivery. Nothing could be more easy and graceful than his manner on ordinary occasions. His expository discourses, such as those with which he introduced a complicated bill or unfolded a financial statement, were models of their kind, not only for lucidity, but for the pleasant smoothness, equally free from monotony and from abruptness, with which the stream of speech flowed from his lips. The task was performed so well that people thought it an easy task till they saw how immeasurably inferior were the performances of two subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer so able in their respective ways as Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen. But when an occasion arrived which quickened men's pulses, and particularly when some sudden storm burst on the House of Commons — a place where the waves rise as fast as in a mountain lake under a squall rushing down a

glen — the vehemence of his feeling found expression in the fire of his eye and the resistless strength of his words. His utterance did not grow swifter, nor did the key of his voice rise, as passion raises and sharpens it in most men. But the measured force with which every sentence was launched, like a shell hurtling through the air, the concentrated intensity of his look, as he defied antagonists in front and swept his glance over the ranks of his supporters around and behind him, had a startling and thrilling power which no other Englishman could exert, and which no Englishman had exerted since the days of Pitt and Fox. The whole proud, bold, ardent nature of the man seemed to flash out, and one almost forgot what the lips said in admiration of the towering personality.

Though Mr. Gladstone's oratory was a main source of his power, both in Parliament and over the people, the effort of his enemies to represent him as a mere rhetorician will seem absurd to the historian who reviews his whole career. If the memory of his oratorical triumphs were to pass completely away, he would deserve to be remembered in respect of the mark he left upon the British statute-book and of the changes he wrought both in the Constitution of his country and in her European policy. To describe the acts he carried would almost be to write the history of recent British legislation; to pass judgment upon their merits would be foreign to the scope of this article.

His action in the field of foreign policy, though it was felt only at intervals, was on several occasions momentous, and has left abiding results in European history. In 1851, he being then still a Tory, his powerful pamphlet against the Bourbon government of Naples, and the sympathy he subsequently avowed with the national movement in Italy, gave that movement a new standing

in Europe by powerfully recommending it to English opinion. In 1870 the prompt action of his Government, in concluding a treaty for the neutrality of Belgium on the outbreak of the war between France and Germany, saved Belgium from being drawn into the strife. In 1871, by concluding the treaty of Washington, which provided for the settlement of the Alabama claims, he not only asserted a principle of the utmost value, but delivered England from what would have been, in case of her being at war with any European power, a danger fatal to her ocean commerce. And in 1876, the vigorous attack he made on the Turks after the Bulgarian massacre roused an intense feeling in England, so turned the current of opinion that Disraeli's ministry was forced to leave the Sultan to his fate, and thus became the cause of the deliverance of Bulgaria, Eastern Rumelia, Bosnia, and Thessaly from Mussulman tyranny. Few English statesmen have equally earned the gratitude of the oppressed.

Such a record is the best proof of the capacity for initiative which belonged to him, and in which men of high oratorical gifts have often been wanting. In the Neapolitan case, in the Alabama case, in the Bulgarian case, no less than in the adoption of the policy of a separate legislature and executive for Ireland, he acted from his own convictions, with no suggestion of encouragement from his party; and in the last instances — those of Ireland and of Bulgaria — he took a course which seemed to the English political world so novel and even startling that no ordinary statesman would have ventured on it.

His courage was indeed one of the most striking parts of his character. It was not the rashness of an impetuous nature, for, impetuous as he was when stirred by some sudden excitement, he was wary and cautious whenever

he took a deliberate survey of the conditions that surrounded him. It was the proud self-confidence of a strong character, which was willing to risk fame and fortune in pursuing a course it had once resolved upon — a character which had faith in its own conclusions, and in the success of a cause consecrated by principle — a character which obstacles did not affright or deter, but rather roused to a higher combative energy. Few English statesmen have done anything so bold as was Mr. Gladstone's declaration for Irish home rule in 1886. He took not only his political power, but the fame and credit of his whole past life, in his hand when he set out on this new journey at seventy-seven years of age; for it was quite possible that the great bulk of his party might refuse to follow him, and he be left exposed to derision as the chief of an insignificant group. It turned out that the great bulk of the party did follow him, though many of the most influential and socially important refused to do so. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor any one else could have foretold this when his intentions were first announced.

The essential dignity of his nature was never better seen than during the last few years of his life, after he had retired (in 1894) from Parliament and public life. He indulged in no vain regrets, nor was there any foundation for the rumors, so often circulated, that he thought of reëntering the arena of strife. He spoke with no bitterness of those who had opposed, and sometimes foiled, him in the past. He gave vent to no disparaging criticisms on those who from time to time filled the place that had been his in the government of the country or the leadership of his party. Although his opinion on current questions was frequently solicited, he scarcely ever allowed it to be known, and never himself addressed

the nation, except on behalf of what he deemed a sacred cause, altogether above party — the discharge by Britain of her duty to the victims of the Turk. As soon as an operation for cataract had enabled him to read or write for seven hours a day, he devoted himself with his old ardor to the preparation of an edition of Bishop Butler's works, resumed his multifarious reading, and filled up the interstices of his working time with studies on Homer which he had been previously unable to complete. No trace of the moroseness of old age appeared in his manners or his conversation, nor did he, though profoundly grieved at some of the events which he witnessed, and owning himself disappointed at the slow advance made by some causes dear to him, appear less hopeful than in earlier days of the general progress of the world, or less confident in the beneficent power of freedom to promote the happiness of his country. The stately simplicity which had been the note of his private life seemed more beautiful than ever in this quiet evening of a long and sultry day. His intellectual powers were unimpaired; his thirst for knowledge undiminished. But a placid stillness had fallen upon him and his household; and in seeing the tide of his life begin slowly to ebb, one thought of the lines of his illustrious contemporary and friend —

> " such a tide as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound or foam,
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home."

Of how few who have lived for more than sixty years in the full sight of their countrymen, and have been as party leaders exposed to angry and sometimes dishonest criticism, can it be said that there stands on record against them no malignant word and no vindictive act! This was due in Mr. Gladstone, not perhaps entirely to

natural sweetness of disposition, but rather to self-control, and to a certain largeness and dignity of soul which would not condescend to anything mean or petty. Nor should it be forgotten that the perfectly happy life which he led at home, cared for in everything by a devoted wife, kept far from him those domestic troubles which have soured the temper and embittered the judgment of not a few famous men. Reviewing his whole career, and summing up the impressions and recollections of those who knew him best, this dignity is the feature which dwells most in the mind, as the outline of some majestic Alp moves one from afar when all the lesser beauties of glen and wood, of craig and glacier, have faded in the distance. As elevation was the note of his oratory, so was magnanimity the note of his character.

The favorite Greek maxim that no man can be called happy till his life is ended must, in the case of statesmen, be extended to warn us from the attempt to fix any one's place in history till a generation has arisen to whom he is a mere name, not a familiar figure to be loved, opposed, or hated. Few reputations made in politics keep so far green and fresh that men continue to read and write and speculate about the person when those who can remember him living have departed. Out of all the men who have played a leading part in English public life in the present century there are but seven or eight — Pitt, Fox, Canning, Wellington, Peel, O'Connell, Disraeli, perhaps Melbourne and Brougham — who still excite our curiosity. The great poet or the great artist lives longer — indeed, he lives as long as his books or his pictures; the statesman, like the musician or the actor, begins to be forgotten so soon as his voice is still, unless he has so dominated the men of his own time, and made himself a part of his country's history, that his personal

character becomes a leading factor in the course which events took. Tried by this test, Mr. Gladstone's fame seems destined to last. His eloquence will soon become merely a tradition, for his printed speeches do not preserve its charm. His main acts of policy, foreign and domestic, will have to be judged by their still unborn consequences. If his books continue to be read, it will be rather because they are his than in respect of any permanent contribution they have made to knowledge. But whoever follows the annals of England during the memorable years from 1843 to 1894 will meet his name on almost every page, will feel how great must have been the force of an intellect that could so interpenetrate the events of its time, and will seek to know something of the wonderful figure that rose always conspicuous above the struggling throng.

There is a passage in the "Odyssey" where the seer Theoclymenus, in describing a vision of death, says: "The sun has perished out of heaven." To Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone has been like a sun which, sinking slowly, has grown larger as he sank, and filled the sky with radiance even while he trembled on the verge of the horizon. There were able men, and famous men, but there was no one comparable to him in power and fame and honor. Now he is gone. The piercing eye is dim, and the mellow voice is silent, and the light has died out of the sky.

HERBERT SPENCER

By William James

(December 10, 1903)

In the death of Mr. Herbert Spencer, England has to deplore the loss of one of the two or three most influential thinkers whom she has given to our generation. In awarding "points" to the various candidates for immortality in the "Pantheon of Philosophy," few are entitled to a higher mark than Mr. Spencer on the score of positive and systematic form. Whatever greatness this quality imports — and surely it is as rare and great as any — belongs to Mr. Spencer in the fullest measure. Who, since he wrote, is not vividly able to conceive of the world as a thing evolved from a primitive fire mist, by progressive integrations and differentiations, and increases in heterogeneity and coherence of texture and organization? Who can fail to think of life, both bodily and mental, as a set of ever-changing ways of meeting the "environment"? Who has not suddenly at some time grown grave at the thought that the parents' sinful or virtuous habits are inherited by the children, and destined to accumulate from generation to generation while the race endures?

When one tries, however, to give a nearer account of Herbert Spencer's genius, and a more exact appraisal of his importance in the history of thought, one finds the task a hard one, so unique and idiosyncratic was the temperament of the man; and, with all the breadth of ground which his work covered, so narrow and angular was the outline which he personally showed. A pen like Carlyle's might convey a living impression of all the

pluses and minuses which Mr. Spencer's character embodied, but a writer like the present critic must surely fail. Carlyle, himself, indeed, had he ever tried the task, would have failed. With his so different temperament, the littlenesses of the personage would have tempted his descriptive powers exclusively, and the elements of greatness would have got scant justice from his pen. As a rule, all people in whom a genius like Carlyle's raises a responsive thrill, find something strangely exasperating in the atmosphere of Spencer's mind: it seems to them so fatally lacking in geniality, humor, picturesqueness, and poetry, and so explicit, so mechanical, so flat in the panorama which it gives of life. Nevertheless, the fact remains that long before any of his contemporaries had seized its universal import, he grasped a great, light-giving truth — the truth of evolution; grasped it so that it became bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and, with a pertinacity of which the history of successful thought gives few examples, applied it to the whole of life, down to the minutest details of the most various sciences. And how, one may well ask, is profundity and the genuine "spirit of prophecy" ever to be shown in a man, if not by fruits like these?

Moreover, although Spencer's intellect is essentially of the deductive and a priori order, starting from universal abstract principles and thence proceeding down to facts, what strikes one more than anything else in his writings is the enormous number of facts from every conceivable quarter which he brings to his support, and the unceasing study of minutest particulars which he is able to keep up. No "Baconian" philosopher, denying himself the use of a priori principles, has ever filled his pages with half as many facts as this strange species of apriorist can show. This unflagging and profuse com-

mand of facts is what gives such peculiar weightiness to Mr. Spencer's manner of presenting even the smallest topics. Some of his "Essays" have a really monumental character from this cause. "Manners and Fashion," "The Origin of Laughter," "Illogical Geology," and the reviews of Bain's "Emotions and Will" and Owen's "Archetype of the Vertebrate Skeleton," immediately occur to the mind as examples. In all his writings on social morals, from "Social Statics" to "The Man versus the State," the same quality is most impressively shown. Yet, with this matchless knowledge of certain sets of facts, one may hear it plausibly argued that Spencer is not a "widely informed" man in the vulgar acceptation of the term. He shows, that is, small signs of *desultory* curiosity. His command, e.g., of foreign languages is small, and in the history of philosophy he is obviously unversed. His facts, in short, seem all collected for a purpose; those which help the purpose are never forgotten, those which are alien to it have never caught his eye.

Mr. Spencer's attitude towards religion, again, is slightly paradoxical. Few men have paid it more sincere explicit respect; and the part called "The Unknowable" of his "First Principles" celebrates the ultimate mysteriousness of things, and the existence of a Supreme Reality behind the veil, in terms whose emphatic character it is hard elsewhere to match. Yet on the whole he passes, and we imagine passes rightly, for an irreligious philosopher. His metaphysical "Absolute" is too ineffable to become active in the system, and an absolute physics forthwith takes its place. The mystery of things, instead of being "omnipresent," is all neatly swept together into this one chapter, and then dismissed with an affectionate good-bye, while all the particular mysteries which later present themselves are quickly explained

away; Life being but complicated mechanism, and Consciousness only physical force "transformed," etc., etc. In Mr. Spencer's heroic defence of individualism against socialism and the general encroachment of the State there is a similar seeming incoherence, so marked that one cannot help suspecting his thought to have started from two independent facts, and to be faithful to two ideals.

The first one was the old English ideal of individual liberty, culminating in the doctrine of *laissez faire*, for which the book "Social Statics," published in 1851, was so striking a plea. The second was the theory of universal evolution, which seems to have taken possession of Mr. Spencer in the decade which ensued. The Spencerian law of evolution is essentially statistical. Its "integrations," "differentiations," etc., are names for describing results manifested in collections of units, and the laws of the latter's individual action are, in the main and speaking broadly, hardly considered at all. The fate of the individual fact is swallowed up in that of the aggregate total. And this is the impression (unless our memory betrays us) which Mr. Spencer's dealings with the individual man in society always give us, so long as the general description of the process of evolution is what he has in hand. He denies free will, as a matter of course; he despises hero-worship and the tendency to ascribe social changes to individual initiative rather than to "general conditions," and in every way tends to minimize the particular concrete man. Society drags the unit along in its fatal tow. Yet in the political writings of Mr. Spencer, with their intense and absolute reliance on individuals, we find the very opposite of this. Deeper students than we are may see the point in his system where these two streams of tendency unite. To us they seem, not perhaps incompatible, but at least detached.

To the present critic, the ethical and political part of Mr. Spencer's writings seems the most impressive and likely to endure. The "Biology," the "Psychology," the "Sociology," even were they abler than they are, must soon become obsolete books; but the antique spirit of English individualism is a factor in human life less changeable than the face of the sciences, and such expressions of it as Spencer has given will probably long deserve to be read. The "Data of Ethics" is unquestionably the most valuable single part of the "Synthetic Philosophy," not for the reason that it makes ethics for the first time "scientific" (although this was probably its chief merit in its author's eyes), but because it gives voice with singular energy to one man's ideals concerning human life. Ideals as manly, as humane, as broadly inclusive, and as forcibly expressed are always a force in the world's destinies. The "Data of Ethics" will therefore long continue to be read.

The "Principles of Biology" and of "Psychology" are already somewhat out of date. Spencer's heroic attempt mechanically to explain the genesis of living forms is altogether too coarsely carried out in the former book; and the problems of reproduction and heredity are complicated to-day with elements of which he could know nothing when he wrote. Of the "Psychology," it may be further said that not much remains that is of value beyond the general conception, supported by many applications, that the mind grew up in relation to its environment, and that the two cannot be studied apart — a conception that sounded decidedly more original in the fifties and sixties than it does now. The "Sociology" has probably a longer lease of life. It is more recent, and must long be valued as a vast collection of well-arranged anthropological facts. As a chapter in the "System of

Philosophy," its value is almost evanescent, for the author's habit of periodically pointing out how well the phenomena illustrate his law of evolution seems quite perfunctory and formal when applied to social facts, so strained and unnatural is it to conceive of these as mechanical changes in which matter is integrated and motion dispersed. It is probable — strange irony of fate! — that the book called "First Principles," although from a strict point of view it is far more vulnerable than anything its author ever wrote, is the work by which the "Synthetic Philosophy" will remain best known to the reading world.

This, however, is very likely as it should be. A man like Spencer can afford to be judged, not by his infallibility in details, but by the bravery of his attempt. He sought to see truth as a whole. He brought us back to the old ideal of philosophy, which since Locke's time had well nigh taken flight; the ideal, namely, of a "completely unified knowledge," into which the physical and mental worlds should enter on equal terms. This was the original Greek ideal of philosophy, to which men surely must return. Spencer has been likened to Aristotle. But he presents far more analogies to Descartes, whose mechanical theory of evolution swept over his age as Spencer's sweeps over ours. And although Spencer can show no such triumphs of detail as Descartes's discoveries of analytical geometry, of dioptrics, of reflex action, and of perception by the eye, his moral character inspires an infinitely greater sympathy than that of the earlier philosopher. Descartes's life was absolutely egotistic, and he was basely servile to the powers that be. Mr. Spencer's faculties were all devoted to the service of mankind, and few men can have lived whose personal conduct unremittingly trod so close upon the heels of their ideal.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN

By Fabian Franklin

(October 22, 1908)

The great achievement with which the name of President Gilman will always be chiefly associated is that of having naturalized in America the idea of a true university. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to any other instance in which a fundamental advance in the aims of the higher education in a great nation has been so clearly identified with the work of one man. To say this is not to claim for Mr. Gilman any great originality of conception, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, any monopoly in the work of shaping the methods by which the ideas underlying the creation of the Johns Hopkins University were brought into definite and concrete form. It is perfectly true that the time was ripe for the great forward step that was taken in Baltimore in 1876; vague aspirations in that direction existed in a number of places, and fragmentary efforts toward higher university work were made here and there, by some exceptionally gifted or exceptionally equipped professor in one or another of our leading institutions of learning. But there is no telling how long a time the actual ripening might have required if it had been left to the gradual increase of these sporadic efforts, which had no systematic support, and which were not even recognized, by any but the merest handful of men, as pointing toward any broad or significant result. The first great merit of President Gilman was that, from the moment that he was called to Baltimore, the object which he set before himself was that of making the institution which was to

arise there under his guidance a means of supplying to a nation intellectual training of a higher order than could be obtained at existing colleges and universities, and thus distinctly raising the standards of American science and scholarship. The wisdom of Johns Hopkins in placing no restrictions on the discretion of his trustees, and the intelligence and broad-mindedness of the trustees themselves, gave President Gilman a rare and enviable opportunity to carry out this high purpose; but it must not be forgotten that, in the practical execution of such a task, there arise a thousand difficulties, temptations, and insidious dangers, any one of which may portend serious damage, and all of which, taken together, may mean utter failure. To be firm against local prejudices or desires when in conflict with the great end in view; to be uninfluenced by personal claims and unafraid of temporary complainings; to disappoint the natural hopes of those who were anxious to see imposing buildings and big crowds of students, and to await the recognition which attends the genuine achievement of a vital but not superficially showy result — these are things that look easy in the retrospect, but that did not seem by any means matters of course before the event.

As to the actual methods adopted in the inception of the Johns Hopkins University, it would be an error to attribute them to the unaided initiative of President Gilman. He felt his way; he had at his side, in the original group of six professors, men who were not only eminent scholars, investigators, and teachers, but able advisers. Three were American and three English; and of the three Americans, two had been thoroughly imbued with the methods of the German universities in which they had been trained. It was, of course, in the main the adoption of German university standards and methods

that characterized the new university at Baltimore, and differentiated it from anything that had theretofore existed in America; and in determining just how far to go in this direction the views of two such men as Gildersleeve and Remsen were naturally of the utmost value and influence. Anything like an exact imitation of the German university was not attempted; but the conclusion was soon arrived at that the German doctorate of philosophy must be set up as the fixed goal of students, and that the German *Seminar* must be one of the chief instruments of instruction. That before receiving the university degree the candidate must have shown the training of an investigator in his chief subject, as well as the acquisition of a certain amount of specialized knowledge, was thus fundamental in the Johns Hopkins plan from the beginning; it need hardly be added that, as a matter of course, productive research was, generally speaking, understood to be an indispensable part of the activities of the professorial body. That the combination of the work of research with the work of teaching was a cardinal part of President Gilman's programme from the outset is evident from his inaugural address delivered February 22, 1876, half a year before the university was opened; and the promptness with which the university began the publication of the *American Journal of Mathematics*, the *American Chemical Journal*, and the *American Journal of Philology* gave evidence of the prominence, in President Gilman's mind, of the idea of furnishing all necessary facilities and encouragements for the prosecution of research.

The project of establishing twenty fellowships, to be held for a period of from one to three years by young men of good attainments and of unusual promise, had been adopted by Mr. Gilman before he had gathered

his professors together, and it proved to be a factor of the first importance in the creation of that inspiriting atmosphere which distinguished the early years of the Johns Hopkins, and which all who shared in the labors and the enthusiasms of that time cherish among the brightest memories of their lives. The fellowship and scholarship method of attracting students has, in the past thirty years, spread to great dimensions in our country, with results that are not without their objectionable side; but neither at the Johns Hopkins nor elsewhere is the idea of the fellowship now what it was when Mr. Gilman gathered in the aspiring young men who held the Johns Hopkins fellowships in the first few years. It may be somewhat difficult to point out the exact difference; but perhaps this may best be indicated by saying that the Johns Hopkins fellowship in those days did not seem a routine matter, an every-day step in the regular process toward a doctorate or a professorship, but a rare and peculiar opportunity for study and research, eagerly seized by men who had been hungering and thirsting for such a possibility. Of course not every one of the twenty was a *rara avis*, nor was every one equally enthusiastic. But, on the whole, here was a little phalanx of gifted and ardent young men gathered from every quarter of the country, some of them fresh from study in Germany, and nearly all filled with the idea that a new world was opening out for American learning and that they were the first to be admitted to the privilege of entering upon its intellectual joys. At least one member of the first band of fellows, a man who has reached the highest distinction as a philosophical thinker and writer — Professor Royce — some years ago recorded in a charming way his recollections of those inspiring days, and what he says about them is no more than those who were

his contemporaries at Johns Hopkins will recognize as true.

Among the qualities of President Gilman to which the splendid success of the young university was due, none is more frequently or more justly pointed to than his rare talent in the choice of men. With the small faculty with which the work was begun, it was of essential importance that every appointment, or nearly every appointment, should be of preëminent excellence; and such was the case. Moreover, the qualities of the various professors — their temperament, their predilections, their methods, their origin and antecedents — were extremely diverse; and it was in a measure this very diversity that gave Johns Hopkins that peculiarly intense and picturesque vitality that was so marked in its early years. It would never in the world have done to have a whole faculty of Sylvesters; anything like a systematic programme would have been out of the question, and still more out of the question would have been the carrying out of any programme whatever. But on the other hand, the presence of *one* Sylvester was of absolutely incalculable value. Not only did he fire the zeal of the young men who came for mathematics, but the contagion of his intellectual ardor was felt in every department of the university, and did more than any other one thing to quicken that spirit of idealistic devotion to the pursuit of truth and the enlargement of knowledge which is, after all, the very soul of a university. It was one of the finest traits of President Gilman that he not only appreciated qualities like Sylvester's sufficiently to lead him to select such a man in the first place, but — what is far more noteworthy — was capable of such genuine sympathy with him, such participation in his aims and enthusiasms, as to overcome all the barriers and difficulties

and vexations that necessarily attended dealings with a man having in so extraordinary a measure the trying temperamental peculiarities that are the privilege of genius. It was not only in the selection of men, but in dealing with them, that Gilman showed the gifts of a remarkable administrator. Nor does this adequately express the source of his hold on his colleagues, for that was due not merely to skill or sagacity, but also to the really extraordinary breadth of his interests. There was nothing great, nothing significant in any field of effort, that failed to appeal to his imagination and to arouse in him the keen interest of a man whose mind was ever open to the possibilities of achievement and to the promotion of culture in all its forms.

Mr. Gilman's career did not begin with the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University, and did not end with his retirement from its presidency after twenty-five years of service. Nor was his activity during that twenty-five years confined to his university work. He took an important and sometimes a leading part in every movement for educational and social betterment in Baltimore; he was selected by President Cleveland as a member of the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and effectively applied his skill as a geographer and his talent for the organization of a complex work to the task of that body; he succeeded Carl Schurz as president of the National Civil Service Reform League; he took an active and important part in the administration of the Peabody Fund, the Slater Fund, and the General Educational Fund. Before the Johns Hopkins days, he had done fine work at Yale, especially in the development of the Sheffield Scientific School; and his acceptance of the presidency of the University of California resulted in its almost immediate transformation from an insignificant

to an important institution. He edited the works of Francis Lieber and wrote a life of James Monroe and a number of papers on subjects connected with education and with government. After his resignation from Johns Hopkins, he became the first president of the Carnegie Institution, and continued at that post during the years in which its work was taking shape.

But, after all, the central fact of his life, and that which gives it genuine historical importance, was the formation of the Johns Hopkins University. From this event will always be dated the raising of America's chief institutions of learning to the plane of real universities, and indeed the beginning, in our country, of productive intellectual activity on a large scale in the higher fields of research. If anybody is inclined to think that there was nothing but coincidence in this — that it was only a matter of the time and the money coming fortunately together — it is worth while to call his attention to the way in which history repeated itself when, seventeen years after the foundation of the university, the gift of the moderate sum of half a million dollars, by Miss Garrett and others, rendered possible the opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. It was not an accident that such men as Welch and Osler — not to mention others — were found for the work then undertaken; it was not an accident that the result of that work was such as was characterized by President Eliot when he spoke of "the prodigious advancement of medical teaching which has resulted from the labors of the Johns Hopkins faculty of medicine." However ripe the time may have been, it awaited the awakening touch of the right men, set on the right track, encouraged and aided to do the right thing, before the result was accomplished. President Gilman was, all his life, a centre of hopeful and creative

activity; he had a genuine love of large and useful achievement, and he had both the steadfastness of purpose and the clearness of judgment necessary to the realization of such achievement; he took a keen interest in those who worked with him and those who worked under him; he was quick to discern excellence of every kind, and eager to help its possessor to the best opportunities for the exercise of his powers; he filled every year of his long life with energetic and beneficent activity; he was kindly and generous; he never lowered the dignity of his office; and he leaves behind him a rare record of high and lasting service to his country and to the cause of learning.

MARK TWAIN

By Stuart P. Sherman

(May 12, 1910)

No American writer has ever enjoyed a more purely democratic reputation than Mark Twain. From village celebrity to international renown, he has been advanced stage after stage by popular suffrage. The plain, unbookish burgess holding both his sides at a public lecture has helped roar him into eminence. The freckled, brown-legged pirate who finds Tom Sawyer nearer to his business and his bosom than Robinson Crusoe has played no negligible part in the campaign. The vote of the retired merchant reading "A Tramp Abroad" in preparation for a European holiday told decisively in his favor before the tardy voice of the professional critic assented. When an overwhelming majority of his fellow countrymen had established his position, the universities recognized the fact, so that one day not long ago, he strolled into the Sheldonian Theatre, clad in scarlet, and, after a "very satisfactory hurrah" from the audience, was created doctor of letters by the University of Oxford.

During the last few years of his life, he attained a still higher honor. It is to be hoped that no one will attempt to distinguish the customary "three periods" of his development, because, contrary to custom, he was essentially the same in all parts of his career. One may distinguish, however, three aspects of his reputation. Like a political orator making his maiden speech or invading hostile territory, he broke through the reserve of his audience with a string of irresistible stories. Handicapped by uproarious laughter, he produced two or three pieces

of fiction which demanded serious attention; but his leonine head had grown gray before he lived down his record as a "platform humorist." At his seventieth birthday, he obtained a reconsideration of his case, and the highest tribunals decided that he indubitably belonged in the history of literature, if, indeed, he was not the "foremost American man of letters." After that, national feeling about him crystallized rapidly. He appeared in white flannels in midwinter, declaring that white was the only wear for a man with seventy clean years behind him; we were significantly pleased. After our newspapers had made one of their little breaks, he sent word to us that the reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated." It was a phrase that we all envied, from the President down; we saw that he was no mere literary man — he was a public man. When he died, we abandoned the last reservation. We said with one voice: He was an American.

To the foreign critic this ultimate tribute may seem perplexingly cheap and anticlimactic. That is, of course, due to the mistaken notion that we number some four score millions of Americans. As a matter of fact, we number our Americans on our ten fingers; the rest of us are merely citizens of the United States. Any one who will take a little pains with the alphabet may become a citizen; to become an American demands other talents. We are more than doubtful about Washington. Lowell said that Lincoln was the first American, but he forgot Franklin. There have been one or two since Lincoln's time. From certain indications, it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt might turn out to be an American. Only the other day, he sent us a message to this effect: "I know that the American people will agree that I could have acted in no other way than I did act." The American is a man of

destiny. His word and deed flow inevitably out of the American character. On the one hand, he does a thing because it is right; on the other hand, the thing is right because he does it. Revising the thought of Henry V, we may say, Nice customs curtsy to great Americans.

The point is strikingly illustrated by a story which Mark Twain tells on himself in one of the chapters of his autobiography. It was in 1877, before a company including all the leading geniuses of New England, banqueting in honor of Whittier's birthday. When Mark Twain's turn came, he rose and entered upon a fictitious "reminiscence." Out in southern California he had knocked at a miner's cabin, and announced himself as a literary man. The miner replied with marked ill-humor that he had just got rid of three of them, "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes — consound the lot. . . . Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed; Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prizefighter. . . . They had been drinking, I could see that." And so on.

At the words "consound the lot," Twain had expected a peal of laughter, but to his amazement "the expression of interest in the faces turned to a sort of black frost." The whole story was a dismal failure; it was years before the author recovered from the shame of it. Speaking as a mere reader of Lamb, Jane Austen, Thackeray, O. W. Holmes, I am not in the least surprised at the New England frost. I know very well that Congreve or Addison or George Meredith would have agreed with the New England geniuses that Mark Twain's reminiscence was a piece of crude, heavy, intellectual horse-play — an impudent affront offered to Puritan aristocracy by a

rough-handed plebeian jester from Missouri. But hear Mark Twain thirty years later:

> I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it has n't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There is n't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? . . . If I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here . . . I would melt them till they'd run all over that stage!

In his mellow Indian summer Mark Twain himself grew conscious that he had become an American. He knew, therefore, that the speech was right, *because he had made it.* I confess to a doubt whether those "old literary immortals" would laugh at it even now; if they would not, as a countryman of Lincoln I should be ashamed of them. The man who cannot laugh with Twain must be either better or worse than the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens. To accept him is almost equivalent to accepting the American flag. When once you have sworn allegiance, you may find fault with both for the rest of your life without impeachment of your patriotism. "I paint myriads of heads," cried Walt Whitman, "but I paint no head without its nimbus of gold-colored light." He was prophesying the golden mean, which he called the "divine average," and which he knew was actually rarer than either extreme. He was prophesying Mark Twain. "Who are you, indeed," he exclaims, "who would talk or sing in America?" The antiphonal voice replies:

> I swear I will have each quality of my race in myself,
> Talk as you like, he only suits These States whose manners favor the audacity and sublime turbulence of The States.

Humor, it is agreed, consists in contrasts and incongruities, and the essence of Mark Twain's most characteristic humor consists in contrasting this typical, nimbused American, compacted of golden mediocrities, against the world — consists in showing the incongruity of the rest of the world with this nimbused American. It necessarily follows that the heights and depths of humor are beyond the reaches of Mark Twain's soul. It necessarily follows that his laughter is burly, not fine; broad, not profound; national, not universal. When he that sitteth in the heavens laughs, he is not contrasting the year 1910 with the year 1300, nor the President of the United States with Louis XVI, nor the uncrowned sovereigns of Missouri with the serfs of Russia, Germany, or England. The comparison is intolerable — let us mark a lowlier difference. When Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," looking out upon the bewildered lovers exclaims, "Lord, what fools these mortals be"; when Titania, waking from magical sleep, murmurs drowsily, "Methought I was enamoured of an ass" — the mirth of these subtle creatures is kindled by the contrast between sentimental and bottom humanity, respectively, and the exquisite manners and passions of elfland. If Twain had written the play, he would have put Puck into overalls and Titania into a hoop-skirt. For he ignored the ethereal hunger which troubled the creator of Falstaff, and never entered into the secret laughter of the idealist. Let us descend once more. It is said that the last book Mark Twain read was Carlyle's "French Revolution." I suppose he loved it incidentally for its picturesque and savage energy, but mainly because it proclaims that a man's a man for all that. He shows traces both of its style and of its central thought in his own work. But so far as I know, he never shows

a trace of its heart-searching irony, of that universal world-humor which arises when the upstart, red-blooded pageant of time's latest hour is confronted with the grim, dim phantasms of eternity —

> Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded, only fable expecting that he will waken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Tow-head (Tête d'étoupes) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (Taillefer) cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda, have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. . . . They are all gone; sunk-down, down with the tumult they made; and the rolling and trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever.

Carlyle makes ducks and drakes of Charlemagne and shrill Fredegonda, but he laughs with a by-gone eternity. When Whitman asks that stupendous question, "Whom have you slaughtered lately, European headsman?" millions of strange shadows tend on him. He, too, is a humorist, and a grave one. He makes ducks and drakes of the "old literary immortals," for he laughs with an eternity to come. Mark Twain cannot be persuaded that we are such stuff as dreams are made of; looking neither before nor after, he laughs with the present hour; and he cannot stand the comparison.

Not by his subtlety, then, nor his depth, nor his elevation, but by his understanding and his unflinching assertion of the ordinary self of the ordinary American did Mark Twain become our "foremost man of letters."

He was geographically an American; he knew his land and its idioms at first hand — Missouri, the Mississippi

River and its banks, Nevada, California, New England, New York, the great cities. It is insufficiently recognized that to love one's country intelligently one must know its body, as well as its mind. He had the good fortune to be born in the West; so that, of course, he had to go East — otherwise he might, instead of becoming an American, have remained a mere Bostonian or New Yorker all his life, and never have learned to love Chicago and San Francisco at all. At various times and places, he was pilot, printer, editor, reporter, miner, lecturer, author, and publisher. But during the first half of his life, he went most freely with "powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families." The books in which he embodies his early experiences — "Tom Sawyer," "Roughing It," "Huckleberry Finn" — are almost entirely delightful. They breathe the spirit of eternal boyhood, they are richly provincial, they spring out of the fresh earth. There is a touch of melodrama in the first and more than a touch of farce in the last, but in the main, they are as native as a bluff to the Mississippi or a pine tree to a red spur of the Rockies.

It is when an American carries his virtues abroad that the lines of his character become salient. Mark Twain was a self-made man, of small Latin and less Greek, indifferent to abstractions, deficient in historical sympathy and imagination, insensitive to delicate social differences, content and at home in modern workaday realities. I confess with great apprehension that I do not much care for his books of foreign travel. Like the story told on Whittier's birthday, they are "smart and saturated with humor"; but for some almost indefinable reason my emotions fail to enter into the spirit of the occasion. An uneasy doubt about the point of view binds my mirth

as with a "black frost." I find myself concerned for my fellow-citizen, the author behind the books; beneath the surface gayety the whole affair seems to be of appalling seriousness for us both. Ostensibly light-hearted burlesques of the poetical and sentimental volumes of travel, these books are in reality an amazingly faithful record of the way Europe and the Orient strike the "divine average" — the typical American — the man for whom the world was created in 1776. Wandering through exhumed Pompeii, he peoples its solemn ruins with the American proletariat, and fancies that he sees upon the walls of its theatre the placard, "Positively No Free List, Except Members of the Press." He digresses from an account of the ascent of Vesuvius to compare the prices of gloves, linen shirts, and dress suits in Paris and in Italy. At length arrived at the summit of the mountain, he describes its crater as a "circular ditch"; some of the party light their cigars in the fissures; he descends, observing that the volcano is a poor affair when compared with Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands. He visits the Parthenon in the night; obviously, the memorable feature of the expedition was robbing the vineyards on the way back to the ship. The most famous picture galleries of Europe are hung with "celebrated rubbish"; the immemorial Mosque of St. Sophia is the "mustiest barn in heathendom"; the Sea of Galilee is nothing to Lake Tahoe. The Mississippi pilot, homely, naïve, arrogantly candid, refuses to sink his identity in the object contemplated — that, as Corporal Nym would have said, is the humor of it. He is the kind of travelling companion that makes you wonder why you went abroad. He turns the Old World into a laughing-stock by shearing it of its stored humanity — simply because there is nothing in him to respond to the glory that was Greece, to the

grandeur that was Rome — simply because nothing is holier to him than a joke. He does not throw the comic light upon counterfeit enthusiasm; he laughs at art, history, and antiquity from the point of view of one who is ignorant of them and mightily well satisfied with his ignorance. And, unless I am very much mistaken, the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens — those who made the success of "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad" — have laughed with him, not at him. So, too, unquestionably, in the nearly parallel case of that bludgeoning burlesque, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

What endears a public man to us is what he has in common with us — not his occasional supereminences. It does not damage Franklin to say that he was not so graceful as Lord Chesterfield; nor Lincoln to say that he was not so handsome as Count D'Orsay; nor Mr. Roosevelt to say that one misses in his literary style I know not what that one finds in the style of Walter Savage Landor. Writing from Khartum, the hunter tells us that, in consequence of hard service in camp, his pigskin books were "stained with blood, sweat, gun oil, dust, and ashes." We have a mystical feeling that this is very appropriate and beautiful — that a good American's books ought to be stained with gun oil and ashes. "Fear grace — fear delicatesse," cries the author of "Chants Democratic." It does not damage Mark Twain to say that there was not a drop of the aristocrat in his veins.

In politics he was an intelligent but unspeculative democrat, committed to the principles of the preamble to the Constitution, preserving a tang of Tom Paine's contempt for kings, and not without a suggestion of the republican insolence caricatured by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit." I do not think that he gave a "square

deal" either to Europe or to the Arthurian realm; but within his own territory he had a very genuine sense of the brotherhood of man. He was not, like some more exquisite men of letters, a democrat in his study and a snob in his drawing-room; he was of the people and for the people at all times. His tender regard for the social contract permeated his humor. It will be remembered that Pudd'nhead Wilson earned his nickname and ruined his chances as a lawyer for twenty years by an incomprehensible remark about a howling dog. "I wish I owned half of that dog," said Wilson. "Why?" somebody asked. "Because I would kill my half." No one understood him — the sensitive, symbolic democracy of the expression was too compact for their intelligence, and they fell into a delicious discussion of how one half could be killed without injury to the other half. That, to be sure, is also one of the problems of democracy; but Wilson's implications were, I believe, both simpler and deeper than that. In not molesting another man's dog he showed the American reverence for property. The American desire to be moderately well-to-do (Mr. Roosevelt's "neither rich nor poor") he indicated by desiring to own only half the dog. In saying that he would kill his half he expressed his sacred and inalienable right to dispose of his own property as he chose, while at the same time he recognized his neighbor's sacred and inalienable right to let his half of the property howl. Indeed, I am not sure that he did not recognize that the dog itself had a certain property right in howling.

With almost every qualification for a successful political career, Mark Twain could never have aspired to the Presidency, for he was not a regular attendant at church — a shortcoming, by the way, which interfered seriously with Mr. Taft's campaign till his former pastor

testified in the public prints that the candidate had once at a church social taken the part of a fairy. In religion, Twain appeared to be a mugwump, or, more classically speaking, an agnostic over whom had fallen the shadow of Robert Ingersoll of pious memory. The irreligion of that generation is touched with a raw, philistine rationalism, but is thoroughly honest. Like all Americans, the author of "Tom Sawyer" received his religious culture in the Sunday-school, but stumbled over the book of Genesis and kindred difficulties, and was "emancipated." The loss of faith which, in proper conditions, is a terrible bereavement, was to him a blessed relief; when the God of the Sunday-school and the camp meeting ceases to terrify, he ordinarily becomes a deadly bore. Having never known the magnificent poetry of faith, he never felt the magnificent melancholy of unbelief. His experience was typical, however, and his very unspirituality was social. In his examination of Christian Science, he admitted that every man is entitled to his own favorite brand of insanity, and insisted that he himself was as insane as anybody. That was enough to assure most of us that he was sound on "all essentials."

"Be good and you will be lonesome" is, I suppose, one of Mark Twain's most widely quoted utterances on moral topics. At first thought, one may wonder why this apparently Bohemian apothegm should have taken such hold upon the heart of a nation which above all things else adores virtue. But the difficulty disappears the instant one reflects that these seven words express as in a nutshell precisely the kind and temper of virtue that the nation adores. Like Wilson's observation on the dog, the saying is cryptic and requires explication. Twain tells us in his autobiography that when he was a boy his mother always allowed about thirty per cent on what he said for

"embroidery" and so "struck his average." The saying means, as I take it, first of all, Don't lose your sense of humor as those do who become infatuated with their own particular hobbies in goodness. Calculate to keep about in the middle of the road, but make allowance for all reasonable shades of difference in taste and opinion. Don't be too good or you will find yourself in a barren and uninfluential minority of one. In America, whatever is not social is not virtue. When he put his shoulder under the debts of his bankrupt publishing house, the author of the apothegm himself explained its meaning. Natively fond of strong language, careless of peccadilloes, tolerant of all human frailties though he was — kin-making touches of nature — his feet were "mortised and tenoned" in domestic rectitude and common morality.

"We cannot live always on the cold heights of the sublime — the thin air stifles" — I have forgotten who said it. We cannot flush always with the high ardor of the signers of the Declaration, nor remain at the level of the address at Gettysburg, nor cry continually, "O Beautiful! My country!" Yet, in the long dull interspaces between these sacred moments we need some one to remind us that we are a nation. For in the dead vast and middle of the years insidious foes are stirring — anæmic refinements, cosmopolitan decadencies, the egotistic and usurping pride of great cities, the cold sickening of the heart at the reiterated exposures of giant fraud and corruption. When our countrymen migrate because we have no kings or castles, we are thankful to any one who will tell us what we can count on. When they complain that our soil lacks the humanity essential to great literature, we are grateful even for the firing of a national joke heard round the world. And when Mark Twain, robust, big-hearted,

gifted with the divine power to use words, makes us all laugh together, builds true romances with prairie fire and Western clay, and shows us that we are at one on all the main points, we feel that he has been appointed by Providence to see to it that the precious ordinary self of the Republic shall suffer no harm.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP

By Paul Shorey

(May 11, 1911)

To the many general causes of educational unsettlement and confusion in this "age of transition," the United States adds one peculiar to itself. Normally, the higher educational system of a great country should send its roots deep down into the national tradition, and its organs should be nicely adjusted to one another and to the functions of the national life. But the American college is an accidental development of colonial copies of the English college, and the superposed American university, even when not a direct imitation of the German university, is manned chiefly by professors "made in Germany." For the disadvantages of these anomalies, there is some compensation in a certain breadth, flexibility, and open-mindedness that characterize the better type of American scholar. But the disadvantages are nevertheless very real, and not to be blinked. They may be summed up in the word maladjustment, manifesting itself externally in the imperfect coördination of secondary, collegiate, and university instruction, and spiritually in the divorce of our scholarship and our science from culture. There are, of course, many other causes for this — specialism, commercialism, democracy. But the chief cause, perhaps, is the fact that our professional scholarship has been in the past an importation, not an indigenous growth — an importation, not from England, the home of our literature; not from France, whose qualities would best correct the excesses of professionalism and the heavy Teutonic strain in ourselves, but from Germany,

whose culture, as Goethe, Heine, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche have told their compatriots, is a sporadic, feebly rooted flower, choked by a weedy growth of over-specialized erudition.

There is no remedy for this state of affairs in doctrinaire and revolutionary reform of our educational machinery, nor in those facile denunciations of pedantry with which lively writers can always win the applause of a gallery that has been habituated by professors of the new pedagogy to apply that purely relative term to every form of exact and minute scholarship. The fault is not with the seminar, the doctoral dissertation, or the final examination. These are convenient and flexible instrumentalities which the university professor is already free to use for the realization of any idea to which he can win his students. It is the ideals and aims themselves that need to be liberalized, not revolutionized. That is necessarily a slow process, the first step in which must be a clearer self-consciousness on the part of American scholars and a fuller appreciation of the problem which the development of the American university has created for them. Our task is to re-define and so far as may be harmonize the aims of culture and scholarship without undue concessions to the gushing dilettante, and to emancipate ourselves from slavish subservience to German influence without losing the lessons or forgetting the debt of gratitude that we owe to Germany.

In practice, the beginning of such a reaction shows itself in the increasing proportion of American students who now pursue their graduate studies at home instead of going to Germany. Our pupils recognize that the much exaggerated and rapidly lessening scientific superiority of the German universities is more than outweighed by the possibilities of unity and continuity of culture, unin-

terrupted contact with the national life and education, and the more intelligent and sympathetic personal guidance which the better American universities provide. They see that our degrees are somewhat harder to win, and infer that they may be quite as well worth the winning. They are right, and we should henceforth reserve travelling fellowships for holders of the American doctorate who will visit the German universities as intelligent observers and critics, and not abandon themselves in helpless, open-mouthed plasticity to be moulded into patterns of second-rate Germans. Men who go directly from the inadequate preparation of the ordinary minor college to the great European universities not only waste a year or two in fumbling endeavors to adjust themselves to alien conditions, but convey and receive totally false impressions about American and European scholarship. The superiority of the foreign university rests almost wholly on the severer discipline of the German gymnasium and the great English public schools. The American university professor, if competent for his task, is aware of this difference, makes allowance for it, and in the end brings a fair proportion of his men up to the European standard even in the technique of scholarship. There is no provision for this work in the European universities. The visiting American student, if exceptionally able and ambitious, may be stimulated to remedy his deficiencies unaided. In a large proportion of cases he copies out copiously and slavishly lecture notes not adapted to his needs, fancying that he is storing up treasures of erudition undreamt-of in America, and leaving on the mind of his German or Oxford professor a conviction, which courtesy vainly endeavors to disguise, that Americans lack the very notion of sincere and serious scholarship. At the end of three or four years he returns, completely

out of touch with American life and American education, to teach American boys. If a Rhodes scholar, he has gained an English intonation, some polish of manner it may be, and possibly an enlarged and more discriminating English vocabulary. But he is no nearer to an earned doctor's degree and professional mastery of his subject than one year at a first-class American university would have brought him. If Germany was his choice, he may have received the degree which Germany bestows somewhat lightly for the encouragement of the alien, and he has learned a foreign language. But he has paid a heavy price for his German in three years' discontinuance of the habit of reading English, and in the Teutonization of his English style. He has steeped himself, not so much in his subject, as in the German terminology and systematic *Wissenschaft* of his subject, with the result that either he will remain for life the prisoner of the system and the terminology, or, as sometimes happens, in a mood of revolt and reaction, he stops his subscription to the *Selten Erscheinende Monatschrift* and takes in the *Bookman*, and replaces the philological hand apparatus on his revolving book-shelf by a set of the British poets and the "Library of the World's Best Literature."

It may be said that the outcome of an American course of graduate study is often equally futile and deplorable. It must be admitted that the machine-made doctor of philosophy often remains essentially a barbarian, unread outside of the technical literature of his speciality, unfurnished with those general ideas the possession of which was Taine's criterion of the educated man, and incapable of either writing or understanding English of the sound tradition. From this text our impatient critics proceed to a general onslaught on Ameri-

can scholarship and denunciation of the Germanized American university, its minutely specialized courses, its seminars, and the doctoral dissertations, the parody of whose titles is a gag that never fails with a popular audience. They would reform it altogether, and substitute for the idea of training investigators the endeavor to produce teachers, writers, intellectual leaders, of broad and liberal culture. With the demand for the humanization of our scholarship I heartily sympathize, though I would accompany it by a plea for the fortifying of our culture by a little more respect for exact knowledge. It is not the excess of either erudition or culture, but their assumed incompatibility and divorce, from which our higher education is suffering. But in their eagerness for the end, our literary censors investigate the disease superficially and prescribe impossible remedies. They ignore the complexity of the problem and do scant justice to the efforts of university instructors to solve it. They forget that in the graduate school, at any rate, culture really is and must be a by-product. A three years' graduate curriculum, devoted ostensibly and mainly to cultural courses, wide reading in general literature, and daily or monthly themes, is an impossible piece of educational machinery. The more serious students would revolt at its aimlessness, and the public would very properly want to know what the undergraduate course was for.

And this brings us to the central difficulty with which the American university professor is struggling, not quite so unconsciously, or, if we take long views, so hopelessly as the genial onlooker assumes. The deficiency of the ordinary graduate student not only in respect of culture, but in the elementary technique of his specialty, is due to the comparative failure of collegiate education, that

in turn to the lax training of the secondary schools, and that again to the low intellectual standards of a young, prosperous, commercialized nation, and the reaction of the indulgent American parent against what he deems puritanic or old-world ideas of discipline and restraint. This fatal sequence and the recriminations to which it gives rise are an old story which it is useless to repeat here. It may be freely conceded that the university, too, contributes its share of errors to our pedagogical muddle. But if these could be eliminated by the wisdom of its critics, the chief problem would still remain: the retrieval in three short years of the losses and waste of ten years of confused and misdirected effort. It cannot be done without sacrifice. So long as the American graduate student enters the university unable to write lucid English and ungrounded in the elements of the subject which he proposes to pursue, he must work a little longer and a little harder for his degree than he normally should. Even so, he will not achieve a perfect adjustment of the ideals of professional competency and breadth of culture. In the nature of things he will incline to one side with some sacrifice of the other. The scheme of the graduate curriculum is broad enough to include both. It is already so administered in many places as to do justice to the reasonable claims of both. The name seminar need frighten nobody, so long as it is recognized that a seminar may deal with the literary criticism of the Greek drama or the philosophy of Plato as well as with the text criticism of Pliny's letters or the syntax of the Greek verb. The acceptance of an occasional doctoral dissertation on a Greek particle or the manuscripts of Catullus should be no grievance to the student of broader interests, provided he himself is encouraged and helped to write, if he can, a readable monograph on some literary, histori-

cal, or philosophic theme. The graduate school can meet all the legitimate needs of more aspiring spirits without sacrificing its present ideal of exact, first-hand scholarship within a definite field for all and original research for some. It is not and should not be any considerable part of its function to provide either "inspiration" in the form of eloquent popular lectures or training courses for the journalist, the novelist, and the essayist. These things, so far as they can be taught at all, belong either in the second half of the collegiate course or in the extension department. The "mere" littérateur should not attempt to force his point of view upon the graduate school. But if he can afford the time he will greatly profit by accepting its point of view provisionally and for one or two years. From the narrowest curriculum he will acquire something which in America he could hardly get in any other way, the scholar's conscience and a clear conception of the difference between first-hand and second-hand knowledge.

These preliminary reserves and qualifications threaten to occupy more space than the main thesis. But *distinguo* is the first word of my philosophy as of Montaigne's. The undiscriminating attribution to German influence of all real and imaginary defects of the American graduate school and the systematic exaggeration of the supposed antithesis between scholarship and culture can do no possible good. Nietzsche's eloquent diatribes against the excesses of history and philology have no application to our conditions. The superior culture of Oxford or Paris is not due to the substitution of culture courses for detailed and precise work. It is due to the background of the national tradition in language and literature, and the controlling consciousness of this tradition in the minds of teachers and taught. Germany has never had such a

tradition and our dependence on Germany has prevented us from renewing ours, interrupted by the conditions of colonial and pioneer life.

The mere habituation of American scholars to German prose, through their most impressionable years, would keep them from attaining the certainty of linguistic instinct of a cultivated Englishman or Frenchman. *La prose allemande n'existe pas,* says a distinguished French critic. Unfortunately, it does exist for American philologians as an *exemplar vitiis imitabile.* I refer not merely to the omnibus type of German sentence wittily described by De Quincey, Ruskin, and Mark Twain, to the "something splay" in the German language which Nietzsche quotes from Matthew Arnold, or to the all-pervading mixed metaphor. Rhetoric is something larger than refinements of style or diction; it is psychology, tact, taste. Professor von Wilamowitz is not only one of the greatest of living scholars, but in his way a man of the broadest and finest culture. But all his genius could not save Goethe from the cabbage passage in "Werther," and all his Hellenism could not guard Wilamowitz against that sophomoric flight of rhetoric about the Athenian sewers at the close of his "Aus Kudathen," which would be as impossible to a Jebb or a Gaston Boissier as we trust it will some day seem to American scholars of equal standing.

Style is only a symptom of deeper things. A Germanized education makes our scholars strangers to their own national literature, and confuses all their literary, historical, and cultural perspectives. It may be doubted whether literary criticism can ever rise higher than its source in the critic's immediate perception of values in the language and literature to which he is born. From this must come the analogies, instincts, standards, that

control and keep sane the philological criticism of other literatures. The criticism of German scholars lacks and always has lacked this balance-wheel. They do not know their own literature as Frenchmen and Englishmen know theirs, nor do they write with constant reference to it. And if they did it could supply them no equivalent of the poetry of England, the drama and the prose of France. The consequent crudity and amateurishness of their criticism of life and letters is their misfortune and not their fault. But it will surely be our fault if, dazzled by the prestige of their learning, we continue much longer to take seriously their Homeric theories, their interpretations of the Platonic philosophy, their estimates of Cicero and Virgil; if we accept as contributions to comparative literature articles on "Der Einfluss der Anakreontik auf Johann Peter Uz," or the triple sawdust of Stemplinger's "Fortleben der Horazischen Lyrik," and Billeter's "Die Anschauungen vom Wesen des Griechenthums"; if we study Mill's Platonism only at second hand in Gomperz, and treat the Homeric views of Andrew Lang respectfully only when they come back to us in Rothe; if we waste our students' attention on Robert's *tours de passe-passe* with Mycenæan and Ionian armor, or on Mülder's equations of eyes and oysters; if we assist the disciples of Blass in rearing the baby science of prose rhythm, conceived in the innocency of a scholar whose naïve surprise of the cadences of Plato and Demosthenes was untempered by any previous experience of De Quincey or Ruskin; if we accept the estimates of reviewers blind to the crushing superiority of Jebb's Sophocles, Gaston Boissier's Cicero, or Croiset's history of Greek literature, and acquiesce in the judgment that dismisses Pater's "Plato and Platonism" as the trifling of an amateur, while treating the pseudoscience of Lutos-

lawski as an advancement of knowledge; if we remain to the end dependent on bibliographies that catalogue Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" under *Sinneswahrnehmung* and list a reprint of FitzGerald's "Agamemnon" as a new text edition.

Something too much of these obvious and ungracious reflections. It is, I repeat, not the fault of the Germans that the false historical perspective and *Umwerthung aller Werthe* which accompany their gifts of learning are a hindrance and not a help to the heirs of Chaucer and Tennyson. The remedy, as we have seen, is not to substitute culture courses for scholarship, but to train our scholars at home as French and English scholars are trained in an environment and by methods that shall subject the form and relate the content of their knowledge to the high tradition of their own language, literature, and inherited culture. This cannot be done in a day or a generation. For it will take a generation to prepare the teachers. But we may make a beginning now — with ourselves, as well as with our pupils.

Thus far I have spoken of our own special problem of the adjustment of an imported professional scholarship to our national education and culture. But there is a brief final word to be said on the need of rescuing scholarship itself from the German yoke. The public will suppose me to mean from German pedantry and superfluous accuracy in insignificant research — but I mean in all seriousness from German inaccuracy. The disease of German scholarship, well indicated by Matthew Arnold in "God and the Bible," has now infected all the world. The game of investigation, as played by its most brilliant practitioners, threatens to become a systematic dissemination of error and perversion of the feeling for evidence. In a large proportion of philological and historical

problems, the most that we can hope to attain is an accurate collection of the insufficient evidence and a clean-cut statement of the alternative probabilities. There still remains an enormous amount of this work to be done. Instead of doing it, the Germanized scholarship of the world insists on "sweat-boxing" the evidence and straining after "vigorous and rigorous" demonstration of things that do not admit of proof. The method is openly avowed and defended on principle. The scholar who lacks the courage to make mistakes, they say, will make no discoveries. They quote Bacon to the effect that truth emerges more readily from error than from confusion, and take this to mean that the systematic elaboration of absurdity is the true philological method. The practical results are deplorable. The chief objection to hunting for mares' nests is that you are sure to find them. But the quest itself impairs the reasoning powers. It obscures in our teaching and in the eyes of the public the true cultural aims of philological study by an excess not of precision, which can never do harm, but of that parody of scientific research which consists in the "pyramiding" of unverifiable hypotheses. It blinds us to the elementary logical truth that the resultant probability of such a process is not the summation but the fractional product of the probabilities of the separate steps. And what is more, the predetermined resolve to achieve results vitiates the separate steps. The public even of scholars has no conception of the quantity of misstatement now circulating in accredited books signed by reputable names; and it is impossible to tell them because the enumeration of errors is not only invidious in a writer, but intolerably wearisome to the reader. There are large fields of philology in which we shall be compelled to do the work all

over again, in order to determine the simple facts of the tradition uncolored by the pleas of advocates with points to prove. The big ambitious books of the Nordens, the Heinzes, the Reitzensteins, the Joels, the Dümmlers, the Hirzels, the Wendlands, and even, alas! of the Wilamowitzes cannot be trusted. They cannot be safely used without laborious verification, and verification too often reveals that the texts cited are mistranslated, misinterpreted, or, at any rate, do not prove the point. American scholars have not wholly escaped this infection. But either some defect of ambition or a remnant of Yankee common-sense makes the majority of them immune to the disease in its most virulent form. There are compensations in all things. It is sad that our scholarship, as our literary friends so often remind us, is hard, thin, dry, matter-of-fact, syntactical, statistical, archæological, and negative; that it never rises to the comprehensive survey and the generous *élan* of constructive hypothesis of Germany, and is lacking in the grace and charm of France, the restrained emotion and finished eloquence of England. But I console myself with the reflection that perhaps, while we are growing to our full stature, it is the temporary mission of our hardness and thinness to correct some of the excesses associated with the admirable qualities that are beyond our reach. We are often reproached for not producing those charming, readable essays that flow so frequently from the facile pens of our French and English colleagues. Well, Professor Butcher's lecture on Greek literary criticism is pleasant reading, but I am not certain that the multiplication of such lectures would be a more desirable outcome of our scholarship than are Professor Carroll's dissertation on Aristotle's "Poetics," Dr. Baker's study of literary criticism in Greek comedy, or Professor Van Hook's dissertation on the terminology

of Greek literary criticism. I open Professor Butcher's essays at random and read:

> Plato goes so far as to discover a moral danger in prose compositions which lack rhythm or harmony: to his mind they indicate some disorder within the soul.

Here is a testimony to rhythmical prose indeed. It is most interesting. Unfortunately, Plato says nothing remotely resembling what is here attributed to him. The passage of the "Laws" cited in support of the statement is completely misunderstood. I open Professor Mackail's delightful lectures on Greek poetry and find an eloquent page about an awesome lightning flash which illuminates an awful pause before the retreat of the Trojans. Nothing could be more impressive — if true. But there is no lightning flash, and the simile does not illuminate the terror-stricken pause of the Trojans, but the breathing space won by the Greeks seventeen lines after the pause. If we must choose, I prefer American thinness and dryness to this. We may pay too high a price not only for a German *geistreiche Combination*, but for French neatness of antithesis and English romantic sentiment. To adapt the phrases of Emerson, let us sit at home with might and make the best of ourselves.

LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

By Paul Elmer More

(December 4, 1913)

One of the mottoes prefixed to the second volume of these letters[1] is a sentence from Sainte-Beuve, which would read in English something like this: "The illustrious writers, the great poets, scarcely exist without having about them other men, themselves essential rather than secondary, great in their incompleteness, the equals in the inner life of thought with those whom they love, whom they serve, and who are kings by right of art." The words could not be more fitting if they had been written with Norton in mind, so perfectly do they express his relation to the artists of his generation. We think of him first, perhaps, as the friend of Ruskin and Carlyle, of Longfellow and Lowell, and of the other writers who were giving lustre to the Victorian and — may we say? — Cantabrigian age, and we recall the epitaph he once playfully suggested for himself: "He had good friends, whom he loved"; but we do his memory wrong if we regard him merely as parasite, or shadow, of those greater reputations. He was more than friend and audience; he was counsellor and, at times, judge. One of the few notes of personal resentment in his correspondence is a protest against a passage in Ruskin's "Præterita" which had represented him as seeking unasked the society of the more famous man. Ruskin, indeed, meant to cast no slur, and in the same book adds

[1] *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton.* With Biographical Comment by his Daughter Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes, illustrated.

the most generous praise of his "first tutor": "Norton saw all my weaknesses, measured all my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance — though the younger of the two — and always admitting my full power in its own kind."

Something of that "rectorial power" he had with whomsoever he lived, whether individual or community, and from it came his honor and a measure, too, of bitter reproach. His letters, as they are now published in selection, have other claims to attention, but their greatest value is in the clear revelation of the man himself to those who knew him not at all or, like the writer of this essay, knew him but slightly, and of the source of the authority which made him among his more productive contemporaries an *égal au dedans*. The opportunity to set forth the nature of that power brings a peculiar pleasure, not without a sense also of humility, to the present editor of the journal which Norton helped to found and into which so much of his character entered.

As for the work of the editors of these volumes it is sufficient to say that there is not a word of their own about Norton, nor is there a letter of his included, which would have given offence to his scrupulous taste in such matters; and, on the other hand, there is no evidence that anything has been omitted which is necessary to the understanding of the man and his position. Possibly the interest of the volumes would not have been diminished if an even stricter selection had been exercised in the earlier letters. He came to maturity late, and it is the gravity of his judgment more than any adventitious aids of fancy or cleverness that holds our attention.

His letters in this respect are curiously unlike those of Lowell, with which one naturally compares them. After

the first crude effervescence of youth Lowell charms us with his grace and keeps us almost spellbound with the fecundity of his wit; we say that never was there a fellow like this to amuse and entertain. But somehow the interest does not quite hold to the end; we are a little irked to find that he never entirely controlled his own faculties; we never touch bottom with him, not so much because of the depth of his mind as because of the drift of its currents. With Norton it is just the reverse. We begin by thinking him, comparatively at least, a trifle dull; but as we read on we are caught by the sheer integrity of his utterance; we are impressed by the feeling that here was a man of utter veracity, who never swerved aside to be funny or wise or profound or original, but was concerned to say with unflinching precision just what he felt and thought. No doubt these virtues are in a way negative and denote a certain slowness of imagination and a certain lack of higher spontaneity in the writer, but at the worst we are not annoyed by the attempt to conceal such deficiencies under a sham sprightliness, and at the best we forget them by reason of other positive qualities. There is nothing in this correspondence in any way equivalent to the winged phrases in which Lowell describes to Norton the effect of Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa oration: "It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way — something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars," etc. Nor was it within the compass of Norton's pen to write any one of a dozen of those improvisations in which Lowell fairly takes your breath away with the audacity of his wit. But neither was it within the scope of Lowell's intelligence to give finality to one of the commonplaces of experience

with just such grave and pondered beauty of expression as that which Norton used to Leslie Stephen on the death of his brother: "It is one of those changes which alter the whole habit and aspect of life — shutting up so many chambers to which nobody else has a key, increasing the solitary and silent part of life which grows so disproportionate to the rest as we grow old." In the end we suspect that most readers will say, as they close the second of these volumes: Here is the larger man and the deeper nature, and here, after all deductions, are the finer letters.

But it must not be supposed that Norton was pedantic or priggish in his correspondence, or sent out an epistle with the solemn consideration of a judge handing down a decision. He is familiar and easy enough on occasion, and at times strong and picturesque. Especially during and after his third long visit abroad his letters and journal gain in liveliness by the occasional portraits of men and reports of conversations. Naturally, Carlyle is prominent in these, and he is presented as abounding in the kind of humorous exaggeration by virtue of which Norton always defended him against his detractors. One day it is Carlyle discoursing on Browning:

> So he went on till some one asked him if he had seen Browning lately. "Na," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I've read the whole of his new poem, 'The Ring and the Book,' in four volumes, from beginning to end, without omitting a word, and a most extraordinary production it is — a work of great ingenuity and full of verra strikin' sentences. I met Browning, indeed, in Piccadilly the other day, and I told him I'd read his poem from the first word thereof way to the last, and he said to me, quickly, 'Well! Well?' and I replied that I thought it a book of prodigious talent and unparalleled ingenuity; but then,

I suppose trusting to the sincerity of my own thoughts, I went on to say that of all the strange books produced on this distracted airth, by any of the sons of Adam, this one was altogether the strangest and the most preposterous in its construction; and where, said I, do ye think to find the eternal harmonies in it? Browning did not seem to be pleased with my speech, and he bade me good morning."

At another time it is Carlyle's swift judgment of Sumner, whom he defines as "the most completely nothin' of a mon that ever crossed my threshold — naught whatsoever in him or of him but wind and vanity." And again it is Carlyle on Carlyle, expressing a fundamental truth about himself which some of his critics have still to learn:

While we were sitting by the fireside, before we left the house this afternoon, he said, speaking of himself, — "I've been much misunderstood in my time, and very lately now I was readin' an article on Froude's view of Ireland in the last number of Macmillan, written by a man whom ye may have seen, one ———, a willow pattern of a man, very shrill and voluble, but harmless, a pure herbivorous, nay, graminivorous creature, and he says with many terms of compliment that there's 'a great and venerable author' who's done infinite harm to the world by preachin' the gospel that *Might makes Right*, which is verra precise contrary to the truth I hold and have endeavored to set forth, which is simply that *Right makes Might*. And I well remember when, in my younger days, the force of this truth first dawned on me, it was a sort of Theodicee to me, a clew to many facts to which I have held on from that day."

But it is Norton himself we come to seek in this correspondence, rather than Carlyle or another, and Norton's place as the last representative of a remarkable

generation — *ultimus Novorum Anglicanorum*. Some day we shall appreciate New England literature at its true value. But before that day we must learn to distinguish between what is provincial and what is merely local. If anything is provincial it is to incorporate such men as the old Scottish poets in the main body of English literature, as is commonly done in manuals of the subject, and to relegate the Massachusetts writers to an appendix, if they are mentioned at all, as though they were foreign to the spirit of the language in which they wrote. In one of his letters from London, Lowell tells of a Scotsman who "had the ill-manners" to compliment him on his English: "Why, I should n't know you were n't an Englishman. Where did you get it?" Lowell's was the reproof valiant. "I could n't resist," he says, "and answered with a couple of verses from a Scottish ballad —

> 'I got it in my mither's wame,
> Whaur ye 'll get never the like!'

He will never compliment me again, I fear." Whatever justification there may be for separating off the New England group lies rather in their cosmopolitanism. It is true that they showed symptoms of a weakening at the root by their too ready submission to influences from Germany and Spain and Italy, but in the main they were faithful inheritors of one of the dominant British traditions. Through all the changes that inevitably come with the passage of two hundred years, they still remembered the voice of Bunyan and Baxter and Marvell and Herbert and Wither and the others to whom their fathers had hearkened at the time of the great exodus. They created no one piece quite of the first rank in the realm of the imagination, but the body of their work, when the final account is made, will stand

out honorably in the general production of the Victorian era, and the spirit which controlled them and which rises from their books as a kind of fine and fragrant exhalation, will be recognized as one of the very precious things in the history of the world.

And Norton himself was fully aware of the beauty and meaning of that tradition into which he was born. No doubt, in the course of his long life he said many hard things about America, speaking sometimes not altogether wisely. Like others of his generation, he was caught up by the enthusiasm of the years when the country was moved to its depths by a passionate idea, and had it not been for ill health he would have fought in the Civil War with the soldiers of his State. But after the war he was never in sympathy with certain marked tendencies of democracy and never hesitated to express his opinion. "I have been too much of an idealist about America," he wrote, near the end of his life, "had set my hopes too high, had formed too fair an image of what she might become. Never had nation such an opportunity, she was the hope of the world." This disillusion was in part due to his fastidious social sense, sharpened by the contrast of America with the large opportunities he had enjoyed. Society was to him "the very rarest and best thing that the world proper can give us. It is the thing that our modern materialism is largely killing out — that is, in its highest form, the society that bears witness to leisure and culture, and good breeding, made up of men who though versed in affairs, are still idealists and lovers of poetry." This was the idea he had in mind, no doubt, when he began a lecture on the word "gentleman" before a large class with the grave pleasantry: "None of you, probably, has ever seen a gentleman." Such sentiments and words were not always taken kindly,

and when, as at the time of the Spanish War, he did not hesitate to expose publicly the mixture of hypocrisy and thoughtlessness that entered into the popular furor, resentment against him became almost a mark of loyalty to the country. Opinions may still vary in regard to his tilt with Senator Hoar; there are those who still think he was rightly rebuked for "the habit of bitter and sneering speech"; but these, we may suspect, are not many. Reading the letters of Norton and Senator Hoar side by side, most of us to-day will feel that honor and truth are rather on the side of Norton, and his address to the Cambridge Club, which, in a garbled report, called forth the storm of reproach, will seem to-day the memorable utterance of a calm and virile patriotism. Nor should it be forgotten that the address ended with the strong words, "*Nil desperandum de republica.*" Norton himself did, in fact, never despair. Many times in his letters he expresses his faith in the essential soundness of the people, and as he grew older his confidence in the destiny of his country increased rather than diminished. It is notable that the architecture of the World's Fair at Chicago was to him a magnificent achievement and a greater promise, and that from the city itself he could draw happy auguries for the future of America. A Brahmin of New England who can admire Chicago is not quite lost to virtue.

But withal, whether for his credit or discredit, it must be admitted that Norton stood before the country and exercised the office of critic as the product of a particular time and place. He was of Cambridge, the earlier Cambridge which was, with Concord, one of the eyes of New England, the Greece of Greece, so to speak; and this position he never forgot. Again and again in his letters he refers to the exceptional character of the generation

in which his own life began. "I believe, indeed," he says once, writing at the end of the century, "that the very pleasantest little oasis of space and time was that of New England from about the beginning of the century to about 1825 (he himself was born in 1827). The spirit of that time was embodied in Emerson, in Longfellow, in Holmes, and in Lowell. It was an inexperienced and youthful spirit, but it was a happy one; it had the charm of youth, its hope, its simplicity, its sweetness." He might have added, as his reader no doubt added, that he, too, was one of the bearers of that spirit — *sacra fero ingenti percussus amore* — though, for the hopefulness of youth, he brought other qualities. Innumerable forces of inheritance made him what he was. His ancestor, John Norton, named for his more noted uncle, one of the four famous Johns (Cotton, Norton, Wilson, and Davenport), took charge of the parish of Hingham in 1678. In the same year he published a poem, being nothing other than a "Funeral Elogy, Upon that Patron of Virtue, the truly pious, peerless & matchless Gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet." In 1897 our Norton edited the poems of the matchless gentlewoman, and in his introduction wrote of her with more than his usual freedom and intimacy:

It struck me that there would be something of quaint appropriateness in my writing, at this long interval, in regard to her whose praises he (John Norton) had sung, and that the act would not be without a certain piety toward my ancestor. And, further, I reflected, that as I could trace my descent in one line directly from Governor Thomas Dudley, the father of Mrs. Bradstreet, and as portraits of her brother, Governor Joseph Dudley, and his wife, looked down on me every day while I sat at breakfast and dinner, she, as my Aunt many times re-

moved, might not unjustly have a claim upon me for such token of respect to her memory as had been asked of me. . . . She cherished in herself and in her children the things of the mind and of the spirit; and if such memory as her verses have secured for her depend rather on the circumstance of a woman's writing them at the time when she did, and in the place where she lived, than upon their poetic worth, it is a memory honorable to her, and it happily preserves the name of a good woman, among whose descendants has been more than one poet whose verses reflect lustre on her own. (Through one of her children she is the ancestress of Richard Henry Dana; through another, of Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

From a daughter of John Norton, married to John Quincy, were descended John Adams and John Quincy Adams. In the direct male line came Andrews Norton, who in 1811 was appointed a tutor at Harvard and later professor of sacred literature. In 1821 he married Catharine Eliot (whence the relationship with President Eliot), and soon bought the house with some fifty acres of land in Cambridge known as Shady Hill. In that quiet home, which was to welcome so many of the great scholars and writers of the world, and whose gracious courtesies and dignities so many Harvard men still cherish in memory as a possession equal in value to any learning, Charles Eliot Norton, one of four children who grew to maturity, was born, and there, after many years and many labors, laid down his life.

By every right of tradition Norton belonged with the group of scholars and poets who just preceded him in birth, and he belonged with them also by virtue of his own accomplishments. When we consider the work of that generation it seems as if we saw the energy of a strong people, nourished through long discipline and

austere abstentions, now suddenly freed from repression and displaying itself in manifold, and all too brief, expansion. Each man had his particular share in that activity: to one it was the exercise of wit, to another the sentiment of home and hearth, to another the comfort of religion, to another the recreation of the past, to another the critical judgment, to another the symbolism of a brooding imagination, to another the freedom of nature, to another the justification of the untrammelled spirit. Now it must be admitted that in none of these fields was Norton quite eminent; even as a critic his writing falls below Whipple's, who was nevertheless in every way a smaller man than he. It is not unlikely that the melancholy which shows itself occasionally in his letters was in some small measure due to the consciousness of these deficiencies. So he writes one day to Lowell: "Except for George, I have been very solitary. From year to year I seem to myself to grow more and more silent, and to express less of what is in my soul. I should like to have the power of expression — at least long enough to give form and utterance to a few of the deeper conceptions of Life and its significance and uses which come to one as one grows old and draws the lessons from his own experience." It is true, as he says, that he never embodied his wisdom of experience in literary form, but this wisdom is precisely what he stood for among his contemporaries, and just because we feel this in his letters we shall treasure them. He was, in the deepest sense of the word, the man of culture, the ripe scholar, to whom the lessons of the past had become a personal experience. To the multiform flowering of the time he brought the true cosmopolitanism.

But he brought also with that culture, and this was his finest gift, a peculiar virtue of inheritance. More than any other man of his group, he represented the naked

New England conscience and its tenacity of character. It may seem that his powers were manifested chiefly in negation. To the individual, and particularly to the young student who showed promise of achievement, he could be generous of help and encouragement. But in relation to the community at large he stood undeniably as critic and check; and this attitude was often deeply resented. What has this man done, people would ask in a tone of cavilling rebellion, that he should set himself up as judge over others? Well, the question was not unnatural; yet is not character always in some way negative? Is it not of its very essence to act as a check upon the impulsive temperament, and even upon the ranging enthusiasms of the soul? And especially in the hour of expansive liberty that came to New England when it had broken from the bondage of religion, it was desirable that the principle of restraint, broadened indeed by contact with the world, but not weakened or clouded, should have had its voice and embodiment. On the ship which brought Norton home from Europe in May of 1873 Emerson also sailed, and we have in Norton's journal a record of his wonderful conversation, with the journalist's comment and criticism. For one who reflects on the later course of New England and America these are memorable pages.

Emerson was the greatest talker in the ship's company. He talked with all men, and yet was fresh and zealous for talk at night. His serene sweetness, the pure whiteness of his soul, the reflection of his soul in his face, were never more apparent to me; but never before in intercourse with him had I been so impressed with the limits of his mind. His optimistic philosophy has hardened into a creed, with the usual effects of a creed in closing the avenues of truth. . . . He refuses to believe in

disorder or evil. Order is the absolute law; disorder is but a phenomenon. . . .

But such inveterate and persistent optimism, though it may show only its pleasant side in such a character as Emerson's, is dangerous doctrine for a people. It degenerates into fatalistic indifference to moral considerations and to personal responsibilities; it is the root of much of the irrational sentimentalism in our American politics. . . .

Never were truer words put on paper. The pure whiteness of Emerson's soul is, when all has been reckoned up, the finest thing that New England has given to the world; but in the society for which he ministered as a high priest of ecstatic vision, there was a place also, an indispensable place, for the questioner who stood for the traditional New England conscience and sense of evil. We shall do well to honor Norton in our memory as one who through all spiritual temptations kept his feet firmly planted on the bedrock of character.

The winds of folly blew about him as they blow about us, the dust of pedantries smote his eyes, cant and sentimentalism fouled his air, but he held to his course unmoved, cherishing always in his heart what is lovely and of good report, a faithful teacher, to whom were well applied the words of the poet who had been the chief study of his life:

"Felice te, che si parli a tua posta."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

By A. D. Noyes

(March 25, 1915)

Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" [1] is one of those books which occupy a place by themselves in the library of well-read men. It was the labor of a lifetime, and it was a labor of love. First compiled as long ago as 1855, this "collection of passages, phrases, and proverbs, traced to their sources in ancient and modern literature," was constantly enlarged. The duties of senior partner in an important publishing house did not divert Mr. Bartlett from his interesting avocation. The ninth edition, published in 1891, when the author had reached the age of seventy-one, was announced by him as his final revision; or, as he modestly put it, the volume with that edition "closed its tentative life."

Bartlett died in 1905; twenty-four years have, therefore, elapsed since his own last revision of the book, and ten since the author's death. During such a lapse of time, not only are new "familiar quotations" certain to enter the field of literary and popular favor, but quotations as old as those already in the collection, as familiar, and yet overlooked by the collector, will be brought to the attention of readers, and the process of "tracing to their sources" the well-known passages and phrases will be extended. Revision of Bartlett's own last edition, such as is undertaken in the volume under review, was, therefore, timely, and the work has produced some tangible results. How far it can be said fully to have per-

[1] *Familiar Quotations.* By John Bartlett. Tenth edition; revised and enlarged by Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

formed the task of rounding out, completing, and bringing up to date the collection as it left the author's hands, is a question which will require careful examination, both of the old and the new edition.

Nobody knows better than readers who have for years used Barlett as a *vade mecum* that the title "Familiar Quotations" is far from describing the bulk of the contents of his book. In the preface to his own ninth and last edition, Bartlett remarks that "numberless curious and happy turns, from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them; but to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the reader would recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection." The collector, however, consistently disregarded his own criterion, and the reader is glad of it. The words, phrases, and sayings that all the world knows, and for a search of whose authorship or pedigree a book of this sort is invaluable, are in his collection, and readily traced through his very copious index. But it would not be overstating the case to say that quotations which will strictly answer to his title make up possibly only a tenth part of the contents of Bartlett's last edition. The rest consists of what might more accurately be called "Striking Quotations," or "Characteristic Quotations," or "Apposite Quotations." But these are so admirably selected that no reader would willingly dispense with them. Anthologies of the right sort are vastly more readable than dictionaries, and the fact that Bartlett does not live up severely to the title of his book explains the charm of it.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who has undertaken the work of revision for the tenth edition, does not pretend to apply the rule as rigidly as Bartlett professed to do. His preface merely assures us that selections from older

authors have been filled out, and that new authors "are represented by passages which have met with the seal of popular approval and are distinctly worthy of perpetuation." This does not necessarily mean "Familiar Quotations," and, as a matter of fact, the four pages of Whitman (whom Bartlett did not quote at all), the five extracts newly introduced from Gladstone, the page of Thoreau, — not to mention a dozen other writers, including Stevenson, — are made up entirely of citations which may interest the general reader, but which are not in the least familiar to him. In the two pages added under Longfellow, "Ships that pass in the night" is perhaps the only widely known passage; Bartlett had all the rest that would be recognized at sight.

This latitude in applying the test has not prevented Mr. Dole from adding numerous really familiar quotations overlooked by Bartlett, and still others from writers not in vogue during Bartlett's time. A good many of these had been included in other collections published since Bartlett's own last edition; but that was no reason for not including them in the present revision. Carlyle's "respectable professors of the dismal science," apropos of the political economists, his "unspeakable Turk," from a paper of 1831, and his remark on the press as the "fourth estate," should have been found by Bartlett — though it will be observed that Mr. Dole does not quote the last-named passage correctly, nor call attention to the fact that Carlyle virtually repeats Macaulay's "the gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm," published a dozen years earlier. Bartlett had overlooked the extract from Macaulay entirely, and it appears without cross-reference in the new edition.

Two other quotations from Carlyle — the definition

of genius as "the transcendent capacity of taking trouble," from the chapter on Frederick the Great's father, and the description of Parliamentary debates as addressed to "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools" — are rightly added to Bartlett's citations, especially since the first of them is usually quoted inaccurately as "capacity for infinite painstaking." The old edition had missed Disraeli's "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me"; "The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes"; his "Sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" — all of which Mr. Dole incorporates, and all of which are undoubtedly familiar. Lincoln's "It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river" is from a duly reported speech, which Bartlett had overlooked. Joel Chandler Harris now appears for the first time, and "Brer Fox, he lay low," will meet the severest test.

"He chortled in his joy" and "'The time has come,' the Walrus said, 'to speak of many things,'" were possibly not so familiar in 1891 as now, though "Alice in Wonderland" had long been in print, even then. W. S. Gilbert's "I am the cook and the captain bold," "The policeman's lot is not a happy one," and "To let the punishment fit the crime," are certainly familiar quotations; even Bartlett probably ignored them because of the curious notion of his day that Gilbert was not literature, but comic opera. As for Mr. Roosevelt's "square deal" and "strenuous life" aphorisms, they saw the light long after Bartlett's own last edition. Mr. Dole judges rightly in including them, with the date and occasion of their utterance. He might have hunted up also the first allusion to "muckraking," "undesirable citizens," and "malefactors of great wealth," to which nobody would

at present refuse a place; any more than he would, since last July, to Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's "Just for a scrap of paper" — so rapidly do Familiar Quotations accumulate.

The editor of the new edition, then, makes good his promise of amplifying and supplementing Bartlett's last edition with other undoubtedly familiar citations. In a number of his additions, he has rescued passages which Bartlett himself would presumably have placed on the list, had they not escaped his search or memory. But while recognizing Mr. Dole's actual amplifications, it is also possible to cite a fairly substantial list of unquestionably Familiar Quotations, even from classic English writers, omitted by Bartlett and not included in this edition.

In spite of the recognized scope and fulness of Bartlett's collection, the experienced reader will often be most impressed with the collector's inexplicable forgetfulness of some of the best-known sayings of some of the best-known authors. Few writers with the gift of trenchant aphorism are more widely known or more habitually quoted than Dr. Samuel Johnson and Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and the citations actually collected by Bartlett prove that he carefully examined "Boswell's Life" and "Poor Richard." This being so, one wonders what curious perversity excluded from the "Familiar Quotations" such remarks of the London philosopher as "I have always said, the first Whig was the Devil," "Marriages would in general be as happy, if not more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor," and "All theory is against the freedom of the will, all experience for it" (these from Boswell); "That stroke of death which eclipsed the gaiety of nations," from the remark on Garrick in the "Life of Edmund Smith"; "Excise, a hateful

tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid" (from the celebrated Dictionary); not to mention the famous reply to the lady who asked why the lexicographer defined pastern as the knee of the horse — "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." These are of the essence of Familiar Quotations; but Bartlett passed them over in favor of two or three score of far less well-known passages, and so does the present editor.

As for Franklin, it is true that a good many of "Poor Richard's" proverbs were from the common stock of past generations. But that is also true of those which Bartlett selects, and no aphorisms are either better known or more peculiarly characteristic of Franklin's American shrewdness than "One to-day is worth two to-morrows"; "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths"; "What maintains one vice would bring up two children"; "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some" — all of which, with others nearly as familiar, are lacking in the latest edition, as they were in the editions which preceded.

The old and the new editions both devote 121 pages to selections from Shakespeare, and the pages are fascinating reading. Yet one might have expected to find among them "It is a man's office, but not yours"; "What's the matter, that you have such a February face?" "Reformation in a flood"; "Talk with a man out at a window — a proper saying!" "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." These singular omissions from so perfectly familiar a source possibly render it less surprising that Bartlett, and with him the revised edition of his book, pass over in the Old Testament citations two such constantly quoted sayings as "The thunder of the captains and the shouting," from Job, and "If I do not

remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," from the 137th Psalm.

As to well-known passages of more recent origin, overlooked by Bartlett, I have shown to what extent the new edition has incorporated them. There is nevertheless a considerable number of omissions which have escaped the notice of the reviser. Mr. Dole, in his preface, names Lowell as one author selections from whom have been filled out extensively; and in fact, two pages of citations are added. These are mostly of the less familiar order — which makes it a little singular that not only Bartlett, but his later editor, should have passed over two such well-known extracts from the "Biglow Papers" as these:

> "'T ain't a knowin' kind of cattle
> That is ketched with mouldy corn,"

and

> "It takes a mind like Dannel's, fact, ez big ez all ou'doors,
> To find out that it looks like rain arter it fairly pours."

There are other omissions from more celebrated modern authors. The elder Pitt's famous assertion, in his speech on the American Revolution, — "Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest," — was worth citing, both on its own account and because it inspired an equally famous paraphrase by Daniel Webster; but it has not yet been included in the collection. Two passages from Webster himself, both occurring in the Speech on the Presidential Protest, — the one which declares of the American colonists that "they went to war against a preamble, they fought seven years against a declaration," and the other which reminds the Senate that "we have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a

sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty," — are possibly less familiar, but would certainly be more readily recognized than some others which Bartlett and the revised edition have accepted. Both editions have three quotations from Washington, all of them most familiar; but each has overlooked the famous passage from the speech to the Constitutional Convention of 1787: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God."

Molière is freely translated and cited by Bartlett; yet the often-quoted remark of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, "By my faith, I have been talking prose for more than forty years, without ever knowing it," does not appear in either edition. Bartlett made a number of interesting discoveries of present-day Familiar Quotations in Voltaire, and the revised edition does not add to them; but they do not include the French philosopher's citation from Louis XIV, in the "Siècle de Louis Quatorze," "Every time I fill a vacant office I make ten malcontents and one ingrate," a saying which is constantly repeated by writers who never suspect its origin — if indeed its real origin did not antedate Louis and Voltaire. Nor does he recall the same author's often quoted description, in his "Essai sur les Mœurs," of the Holy Roman Empire of the Hapsburgs as "neither holy, nor Roman, nor Empire." Neither edition has anything from Turgot, whose epigram on Franklin — "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis" — is nevertheless a quotation very familiar to the reading public.

Bartlett's success in collecting pithy sayings of eminent men, made on incidental occasions, which have yet stuck in the world's memory, is remarkable. The list could, however, have been enlarged. It does not include, for instance, nor does the present revision of his book,

three such extremely familiar citations as Bismarck's declaration to the Prussian House of Delegates, on September 30, 1862, that "the great questions of the day are not decided by speeches and majority votes, but by blood and iron"; or Napoleon III's remark on the Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire," in his letter to Empress Eugénie after Saarbrücken; or General Bragg's "We love him for the enemies he has made," in his nominating speech for Cleveland at the Convention of 1884. The first of these three very well-known quotations does not, so far as I am aware, appear in any collection of familiar sayings, except those of exclusively German origin. It is a singular sidelight on the lapses of collectors that Mr. Benham's copious London "Book of Quotations" gives "Blood and iron" in its index; the reference being, however, not to Bismarck's historic speech, but to a couple of lines of Swinburne, obviously suggested by it:

> "Not with dreams, but with blood and iron,
> Shall a nation be moulded at last."

It would not be altogether fair to criticize Bartlett for shortcomings in familiar quotations from the ancient classics; because the selections actually made show the greatest industry and judgment, and because he himself probably realized that those citations, being largely an afterthought, were incomplete in his own last edition. Mr. Dole adds nothing to this branch of Familiar Quotations.

Nevertheless, it should not require a classical scholar to discover such an omission in Bartlett's own list as Horace's "Daughter more beautiful than her beautiful mother." Bartlett's general practice of not quoting foreign authors in the original may have ruled out, in the old and the new editions, such passages as Horace's "In-

teger vitæ"; "Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume, labuntur anni"; "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus"; "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"; "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede," and "Non omnis moriar." Still, Bartlett himself includes, in their English rendering, the "Parturiunt montes," from the "Ars Poetica," and "In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello," from the "Satires," and no cultivated reader would fail to recognize as old friends the omitted passages to which I have referred. The "Familiar Quotations" gives three passages from Juvenal; but none of them matches in popular familiarity the "Scribendi cacoethes," "Mens sana in corpore sano," "Maxima debetur puero reverentia," "Voluptates commendat rarior usus," and "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" — all of which were susceptible of translation into English, and none of which is included. The exceedingly familiar "Omne ignotum pro magnifico," from the "Agricola" of Tacitus, is similarly missing, though Tacitus has a page to himself, even in the older edition.

When all such occasional omissions have been summarized, the completeness, good taste, and paramount value of Bartlett's work will none the less be recognized. The editor or publisher who sees to it that the collection is judiciously amplified on the author's own lines, performs a public service. Perhaps nobody could make the collection actually complete. The foregoing list of omissions by Bartlett and his later editor, of really Familiar Quotations, is submitted not at all in a spirit of depreciation, but in the wish that it may contribute toward a still more perfect edition at some future date — a task in which all well-read men should be able to help.

In no respect is there larger opportunity for this service than in amplifying one part of Bartlett's work in which he surpassed all other collectors, and yet in

which there is almost indefinite chance for greater completeness. This is what may be called fixing the genealogy of famous sayings, metaphors, or literary passages. For instance, at the time when Bartlett was compiling his "Familiar Quotations," a newspaper controversy had arisen as to whether the remark, in a speech of 1885, that "Public office is a public trust," was original with Mr. Cleveland or not. It was soon proved not to have been original. The newspapers traced it back to identical utterances of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt in 1883, and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton in 1881, and most of them stopped there. Bartlett, in his last edition, carried it along to Charles Sumner's remark, in 1872, that "the phrase, 'public office is a public trust,' has of late become public property," and to a speech of Calhoun in 1835, wherein it is declared that "the very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts." He also unearths still older passages embodying the same general thought; but misses two much closer parallels — "The English doctrine that all power is a trust for the public good," from Macaulay's essay on Horace Walpole (1833), and "All political power is a trust," from a speech by Charles James Fox in 1788. Probably the saying is much older even than the last-named date.

Now the writers or speakers who repeated or substantially repeated the language of Fox may knowingly have borrowed the phrase, or they may have done so unconsciously. In either case, such repetitions are far removed from plagiarism. Nobody charges that offence against Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," in his Gettysburg Address of 1863, because Theodore Parker, in his speech at the Boston Anti-Slavery Convention of 1850, had defined a democracy as "government of all the people, by all

the people, for all the people," or because Webster, in a celebrated speech of 1830, had spoken of government "made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." It would certainly not be fair to describe as plagiarism Wendell Phillips's assertion, in his speech of February, 1861, that "Revolutions never go backwards," because Seward had said in his "Irrepressible Conflict" speech of October, 1858: "I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward."

Such parallelisms may occur through intentional, though wholly legitimate, borrowing. But they may also arise either from the fact that a saying had already become part of the common stock, or from a purely fortuitous recurrence of the same image or idea, or, finally, from the fact that the mind of a writer or speaker was so impregnated with his reading of certain other authors as to reproduce unconsciously the thought or words of an older period. A striking instance of the last-named process, not set forth by Bartlett, occurs in the famous peroration of the "Reply to Hayne." Might his last glance, said Webster, behold "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre." Let the reader compare this with the passage in "Paradise Lost" which describes the rebel angel unfurling

> "Th' Imperial *ensign*, which, *full high advanced*,
> Shone like a meteor, *streaming* to the wind,
> With gems and golden *lustre* rich emblazed,
> Seraphic *arms and trophies*."

This is almost certainly an unconscious, though so very close, reproduction of Milton's imagery and words by Webster. And Webster was not the only borrower —

witness Gray's "Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air," from "The Bard," and Campbell's "Meteor flag of England," from "Ye Mariners." Only the citation from Gray is given in the "Familiar Quotations" as a parallel passage. "Corporations have no souls" is rightly ascribed by Bartlett to Lord Coke's remark, in a legal opinion of the early seventeenth century, that corporations "cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls." But he and the editor of the revised edition have missed the interesting parallel statement from the bench by Lord Thurlow, two centuries later: "Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned and no body to be kicked?" Recent American jurisprudence might throw a shadow of doubt on the concluding words of the second of these *obiter dicta*.

These are but incidental and haphazard illustrations of the rich field which remains as yet hardly tilled in the study of Familiar Quotations. The kind of literary harvest which should still be reasonably looked for may be judged from the extremely interesting character of some of the literary pedigrees established by Bartlett's own investigations. Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand, who at some remote future date may, "in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," strikes the reader as a Macaulayism pure and simple. Macaulay wrote the passage in 1840; Bartlett produces a published letter of Horace Walpole, dated 1774, describing how "at last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul."

Probably few people would hesitate to ascribe to Na-

poleon Bonaparte the familiar saying that "Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions." But Bartlett shows, first, that Napoleon's actual statement was that "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve"; next, that Voltaire, in a letter dated 1770, had remarked, "It is said that God is always on the side of the big battalions"; and finally reproduces from Gibson the interesting parallel, in 1776, that "winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators." Benham's dictionary of quotations adds the considerably older parallelism of the remark of the Comte Bussy-Rabutin, in 1677, "Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits." The often-quoted saying that we hate most those whom we have injured (frequently repeated since the German invasion of Belgium) would be attributed correctly by most well-read men to the "Proprium humani ingenii odisse quem læseris" of Tacitus. But Bartlett carries it back to the much earlier "Quos læserunt, et oderunt" of Seneca, and parallels it with Dryden's

> "Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong;"

and with the Italian popular proverb, "Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai." His attention was not called to Lowell's matching of Shakespeare's "sea of troubles," in "Hamlet," with the κακῶν πέλαγος in the "Hippolytus" of Euripides. But that was literary coincidence rather than a literary pedigree.

Whether a complete investigation of these literary parallelisms and genealogies would or would not outgrow the scope of a single volume — even the new Tenth Edition comprises 1458 pages, as against 1158 in Bartlett's Ninth — may be debatable; but the prospect of

enlarged and interesting discoveries is unquestionable. Readers who have grown used to "Bartlett" as a library companion will hope that some further future revision of his incomparable collection will not fail to enrich that side of it.

THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS

By William MacDonald

(October 21, 1915)

There is probably no city in America which would have been so likely to diffuse, through every part of a great international exposition, its own peculiar spirit, atmosphere, and color as the city of San Francisco. From the rough, buoyant days of the first gold-seekers, through all the years in which other wealth than gold has steadily come to the ascendant, San Francisco has remained, as it began, a place of distinction. Its great bay, one of the most superb in all the world; its steep hills opening to view the mountains and the sea; the semi-tropical vegetation of its gardens and parks; its parti-colored population drawn from the four quarters of the globe; its eager, venturesome business life, with the spending of money, quickly made; the long-time corruption of its politics, punctuated by the fervid oratory of the sand-lots or by short-lived spasms of reform; the mellowing tradition of its Spanish past, set with missions and priests and a Roman faith; the penetrating chill of its summer fogs and winds; the gorgeous sunsets of its Golden Gate: all these and more, recounted by writers, artists, travellers, or men of affairs, have combined to surround San Francisco with the halo of a city apart, a unique community of indefinable attractiveness, a place where life, and the people who lived it, were different.

Such externals, however, were, after all, only the setting. What gave San Francisco its charm, alike for the resident as for the casual visitor, was its pervading at-

mosphere of freedom. Accessible to the rest of the Union, for twenty years after the first influx of English-speaking population, only by mail-coach or pony express across the plains, or a tedious voyage of weeks by way of the Isthmus or Cape Horn, and still remote in important domains of thought and interest from some of the currents of American life, the men and women of the formative period were thrown back upon themselves. Largely free from conventional restraints, and with no dominating social caste to bring them to book, they ordered their lives as they pleased. Personal and corporate conduct, if it so be that open lawlessness and public scandal were avoided, was largely unrestrained. No one asked the newcomer who he was or what he had been: it sufficed to know the name by which he wished to be called and the kind of work he could do. It was a society in which liberty was often license, in which money counted for more than virtue, and in which the cup of pleasure was drunk and drained. What has only slowly been perceived, however, what for the older American East has as yet hardly been perceived at all, is that underneath this energetic pursuit of wealth, lavish expenditure, and moral relaxation lay a profound and strenuous concern for art, for music, for literature; for everything, in fact, which embodied intellectual interest or the spirit of beauty. Around the Bay of San Francisco has steadily grown up a distinctive and worthy literature. The annual plays of the Bohemian Club, quite apart from their romantic staging, embody some of the best dramatic and musical work done in the United States. Here, too, has developed a group of painters, sculptors, architects, illustrators, and designers whose work need not fear comparison with good work in similar fields anywhere. One knows but little of San Francisco who does not

know its higher life, or who sees only its business "hustle," its open-handed spending, or its brilliant cafés.

Naturally, this higher life of the intellect and the imagination, like the society in which it is set, has been throughout somewhat a life of unconventionality and even of revolt. Doubtless beauty, in whatever form it is expressed, has its sure foundations and its immutable laws, but its forms have found acceptance, in the Pacific metropolis, rather because they were themselves beautiful than because they were sanctioned by time or tradition. The love of classical simplicity and nobleness which builds a Greek theatre at Berkeley is as sincere as is the passion for romance which develops the wonderful stage-setting of the Bohemian Club plays; but the Berkeley theatre is loved because it is an embodiment of beauty, not because it is Greek. And so with every other manifestation of beauty or of thought. The men and women who best typify the spirit of San Francisco have consciously sought, not simply orientation in world culture, but an adequate self-expression. Where historical forms have met the need, they have used historical forms; where such forms have failed to satisfy, they have freely worked out novel, or at least unusual, forms for themselves. For them, at least, the sea was not always purple; nor were the groves of olive, nor the rocks of marble, nor life itself an alternation of tragedy and comedy. To the keen light and prodigal wealth of color spread before them in the external world, life added the allurement and picturesqueness of romance; while to color and romance was further added the resource of a free life out-of-doors. That the pursuit of self-expression has often been highly self-conscious, that the lines of effort have not always been successfully concealed, and that the result has sometimes been bizarre, San Fran-

cisco itself would be the first to admit; for nowhere in America have artists so deliberately lived heatedly in order that they might speak vividly; but the ultimate aim, at least, has been always clear.

I have made these preliminary observations because, unless the local characteristics which they briefly summarize are kept in mind, both the aim and the achievement of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, are almost certain to be misjudged. Of international expositions we have had a sufficiency, if not a surfeit; and there was unquestionably a widespread doubt whether another great show, especially in time of war, would or could be worth while. While, however, each previous exposition has had its distinctive features, all have possessed suggestive points in common. The occasion, broadly crossed by the demands and ambitions of local or national display, has been some anniversary which, though appealing to patriotism or to the historical sense, has stirred national pride rather than the imagination. The architecture of the vast and numerous buildings, when not an attempt to reproduce, in unfamiliar surroundings, the principles or forms of some familiar type, has represented a conscious effort to produce a novel structure, more or less elaborately decorated, assumed to be typical of a great international bazaar; while the exhibits, widely chosen and elaborately displayed, have aimed, as a rule, to give a comprehensive view of the progress of civilization, particularly in industrial directions.

At all of these points the San Francisco Exposition, taken as a whole, is different from its predecessors. Those who planned and executed it have had two aims — one practical and historical, the other symbolical. On its historical and practical side the Exposition commemorates

and celebrates the opening of the Panama Canal. No event in American history has appealed so powerfully to the imagination of the Pacific Coast as the construction of this great waterway. Beyond its significance as a great scientific achievement or a commercial aid, the Canal stands as a triumph of man over nature, a new linking of the East and the West, a new step towards national unity, a new act of national expansion. Like the watershed that divides the streams in their courses, it marks off the old time from the new. And out of this appeal to the imagination sprang the symbolism. Here was to be displayed, not examples of all that the world had ever done, but the choicest of what it had accomplished during the decade in which the Canal was building, and the opening of the new time could be foreseen. Here were to be symbolized, in one vast but unified group of buildings, avenues, and gardens, the past, present, and future of San Francisco, of California, and of the New World. In and about a Tower of Jewels, a Court of Abundance, a Court of the Four Seasons, a Court of the Universe, or an Avenue of Nations were to be grouped memorials of all that had made the Pacific littoral what it was, and all that, in the new era here commemorated, should make it what it might be. Here, at gateways or fountains, on walls, cornices, friezes, tympani, or pinnacles, was to be read the story of the West: the Indian, the buccaneer, the friar, the gold-seeker, the farmer, the mechanic; the discoverer, the soldier, and the pioneer; the canoe, the prairie-schooner, and the locomotive; the wealth of forests, fields, and mines beckoning the workers of the East and South, of Asia and the islands of the sea. What of history was portrayed was to be accurate, of course, but it was to be history spiritualized, the everyday and commonplace made ideal. With their feet

planted on the past, the designers of the Exposition nevertheless looked towards the future. The western confines of the New World were their standpoint, but their outlook was towards a newer world beyond the setting sun.

It is significant that the architecture which sought to embody this symbolical conception should have found its inspiration so largely in the Orient and the Moorish age of Spain. To California, simplicity in art would appear to make as scanty an appeal as does Stoicism in conduct or Puritanism in religion. What was sought, apparently, next to spaciousness and even vastness — an indispensable condition, perhaps, of any exposition architecture — was color and gorgeousness, a sensuous beauty at once mystical and commanding. If buildings and their setting could ever be made to produce an impression of limitless and voluptuous wealth, or frame the matter-of-fact achievements of man in rich and scintillating color, the Panama-Pacific Exposition attained that end. It was not barbaric, for it was distinctly harmonious, symmetrical, and carefully wrought; yet it was not pagan, for it was neither severe nor impersonal; and it was not Christian, for it spoke no self-denial. Pleasure, ease, imagination, self-expression, and, most of all, unconventional freedom and unbounded ambition, were its keynotes.

Whether such an ideal is in itself worthy, or whether, if it is, its working-out in the present instance is on the whole successful, are questions on which volumes might be written. Critics for whom the art of the classical world or of Christian Europe is the last word, or with whom historical evolution must needs proceed by slow and guarded steps, could not but be startled by the bold mixing of architectural types, the frank departure from

hallowed precepts, and the prodigal overlay of decorative device. The symbolism of some of the frescoes, figures, and figure-groups, seems at times far-fetched, and the brilliant Tower of Jewels is obviously too low. Studied attentively by aid of the printed descriptions, both the structures and their details may clearly be seen to embody the ideals which they are said to embody; but it is also clear that they might as easily, in some instances, typify something else, or even nothing very definite at all. Something, too, would depend upon the physical point of view, for the high ridge of houses which forms the background of the Exposition on the south is not beautiful, and upon that part of the surroundings one does well to turn one's back.

In some other respects the success attained is certainly noteworthy. At no previous American exposition has the entire group of buildings given so marked an impression of artistic unity. Not only were the exhibition buildings proper built, as has been said, with a central aim, but the national, State, and administrative structures were kept strictly in harmony with the general scheme. Whether in style, color, or position, no building has been allowed to obtrude. Everywhere, too, both within and without, there was a commendable absence of garish signs or advertisements. The unified color scheme, studiously worked out to accord with the characteristic lights, shadows, and atmospheric effects of the locality, was harmonious and impressive; while the electrical illumination at night turned grounds and buildings into a wonderland of beauty and gorgeousness. Nor should the remarkable floral scheme, with its succession of flowers from season to season, and it skilful use of masses of green to break the great wall spaces, fail of appreciative recognition.

In estimating the range and significance of the exhibits, one again must keep in mind the theory on which their acceptance was determined. With a few exceptions, and those mainly in the foreign art exhibits, nothing, as has been said, was intended to be shown which had not been discovered or invented, or the process or application of which had not been substantially developed, within the last decade. Like the architectural and artistic scheme of buildings and grounds, the things shown were to be the latest words, the newest thought, the edge of day for the new world. Those, accordingly, who looked for comprehensive displays of progress in industry, science, or art from early times were disappointed; the test of acceptance was to-day, what is being done now. The barest attempt at enumeration, however, even under these limitations, would be only a catalogue of ships. Speaking broadly, the predominant characteristic of the American exhibits was utility. The widely ramified uses of electricity, particularly for travel and communication and in domestic processes; the elaborate but economical processes of manufacture and mining; the endless variety of tools and instruments of precision; the control and transmission of steam and electrical power; the array of devices for facilitating business or insuring personal safety, were among the things which bulked largest in the exhibition halls. Not everything was insistently utilitarian, however. One of the striking impressions made by the industrial exhibits was the extent to which objects of utility, notably textiles and articles of domestic use, were receiving artistic forms even where the cost was small. Some of the exhibits of pottery and gold and silver work were very rich, and there was a small but choice display of book-bindings and an alluring book-shop.

The Federal Government, though contributing largely

to the collections, had no building of its own, but scattered its numerous departmental exhibits throughout the Exposition halls and grounds. Never has the scientific and educational work of the Government, and its widespread activities in agriculture, irrigation, public health and safety, and the protection and encouragement of industry and commerce, been so amply and instructively displayed. Here, as elsewhere, extensive use was made of pictures, charts, and models, the finest example of the last being a model of the Isthmus of Panama and the Canal. The anthropological exhibit was beyond praise. The educational exhibits proper, generously representative of State and city school systems, were an informing illustration of the diversified range and practical spirit of the modern school curriculum. Several religious sects prepared exhibits showing their material activities in missionary and educational lines, from tracts and pictures to railway chapel coaches; the enormous growth of organized philanthropy and schemes of social betterment was set forth in pictures, diagrams, and models; while for those whose spiritual longings, attuned to the dominant note of the whole Exposition, demanded ampler fields, there were literary offerings in Christian Science, theosophy, and "new thought" of several strains.

The war, as was to be expected, narrowed the range of foreign exhibits; nevertheless twenty-two foreign Governments were represented by buildings, Great Britain and Germany being the two most prominent exceptions, while thirty-one Governments altogether were represented either by buildings or by exhibits in the great departmental halls, or by both. As a whole, the foreign displays made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Selection here, like comparison, can hardly be made without injustice, yet the most casual visitor could not fail to

be struck by the exquisite beauty of the collection of fabrics, metal work, tapestries, and paintings sent by the Government of France, and housed in a building which reproduced the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur; the brilliant richness and variety of the Chinese and Japanese exhibits (the former, indeed, rather outshining the latter), both grouped in one of the main buildings; the solid industrial and commercial quality of the Netherlandish and Swedish offerings; or the economic and educational development shown in Argentina and Brazil. Germany, participating unofficially, caught the spirit of the Exposition with characteristic exactitude and thoroughness, sending a small but choice exhibit of its latest products in chemicals, dyestuffs, and photographic devices, and a specimen of mesothorium, one of the newest derivatives of radium, valued at $300,000. As a skilful advertisement of a country's resources, however, the admirably housed Canadian exhibit must receive the first place, as the crowds which thronged it eloquently testified. The State and Territorial buildings, twenty-eight in number, with Massachusetts holding the place of honor at the head of the Avenue of Nations, were for the most part used only as social centres; but California in addition assembled a display of fruits and flowers which was a veritable orgy of richness and color.

In the great wealth of musical offerings which the managers of the Exposition provided, the most significant was the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. San Francisco has never lacked good musicians, nor orchestral and ensemble organizations; and it has also done something to develop the resources of the orchestra for performances out of doors. But its instrumental performers, however great their ability, must seek a living mainly in the cafés, where music of a popular or highly

modern sort naturally holds the chief place. In the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the music-lovers of California had, for the first time on their own soil, an opportunity to hear the works of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn played as they should be played, and by artists whose interpretations could not but be accepted as authoritative. The generous recognition of what was, to most who heard it, a revelation of the beauties of classical music and of the possibilities of chaste and dignified rendering, augurs much for the future of musical art on the Pacific Coast.

Very many of the travellers who journeyed to San Francisco went on also to the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego; and the briefest survey of this year of Western splendor would be incomplete if it failed to pay honor to the beauty and enterprise which the latter exposition displayed. Like the Grand Cañon of Arizona and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, something of the comparative impression depended upon which was seen first. Yet it may well be doubted if any one who, whether in memory or in mere chronological sequence, exchanged the fogs and winds of San Francisco for the warmth and brightness of San Diego, will fail to recall the latter with peculiar satisfaction and delight. Where the northern Exposition was vast and overpowering, the southern was compassed and friendly. Where the artists of the one sought and attained an eager, passionate brilliancy, those of the other strove, with equal success, for restfulness, devotion, and quiet charm. The one voiced exuberance and revolt; the other, while no less joyous, was delicate and self-contained. Nowhere has the Spanish mission architecture been employed so successfully on so large a scale; while the landscape gardening, thanks in part to the superior artistic possibilities of the site —

a high mesa overlooking the "Harbor of the Sun" — was distinctly richer and more fascinating than that at San Francisco.

One's residual impression of a great exposition is likely to be compounded of two somewhat diverse elements: the probable effect of the display upon those who participated in it, and its significance as a kind of cross-section of national or international culture. Both directly and incidentally, I think, the effect in this instance may very possibly turn out to be considerable. For one thing, the transcontinental journey, to far the larger porportion of the thousands who made it, was little less than a new discovery of America. The traveller to whom the only beauty worth seeing had thus far been the Alps, or Norway, or Greece, touched elbows with those to whom New England, or Ohio, or Kentucky had been almost the only known world; and to all alike the plains, the deserts, and the mountains revealed their wonders. Thousands made the journey, in whole or in large part, by automobile, and learned to their surprise that there were good roads, good hotels, cultivated people, and imposing scenery beyond the Mississippi. The novel types of architecture, the richness of a semi-tropical vegetation, the possibilities of life in the open air, and the picturesque reminders of a Spanish civilization indefinitely old, were full of suggestiveness for a more prosaic and formal East, as were the free, gracious, and hearty social ways of a cosmopolitan community. The distinctly educational character of most of the exhibits, with their emphasis upon that which was newest or most highly perfected, made in itself a strong appeal. It was worth while to have given, to some hundreds of thousands of the American people, an enlarged vision of their own country and of the world's life and interests; for without vision the people perish.

The cultural significance is less easy to appraise with certitude. With notable exceptions like those of France and China, the exhibits at San Francisco gave an overwhelming impression of practicality: a practicality which was, indeed, enhancing in every direction the physical comfort of life, and developing on every hand the resources of nature for the betterment of man; but an overpowering practicality, nevertheless. Yet it was a practicality set in marvellous external beauty, and opening everywhere to the sun and the air. Whether the imagination which seized upon the occasion as marking the dividing line between an old America and a new, and strove to symbolize the concept by a daring union of Oriental and Occidental ideas, will turn out to have been well grounded in the facts and tendencies of our national life, only time can show. Certain it is, however, that the San Francisco Exposition, in the whole scheme of its planning as well as in the details of its execution, has been a challenge to old forms, old methods, old standards, and old faiths. In Burke's phrase, it is the dissidence of dissent. One would fain hope that it may prove, to those who conceived it, as fruitful an inspiration to more permanent achievement as it is certain to remain, for those who saw it, a gracious memory.

THE END

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